



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

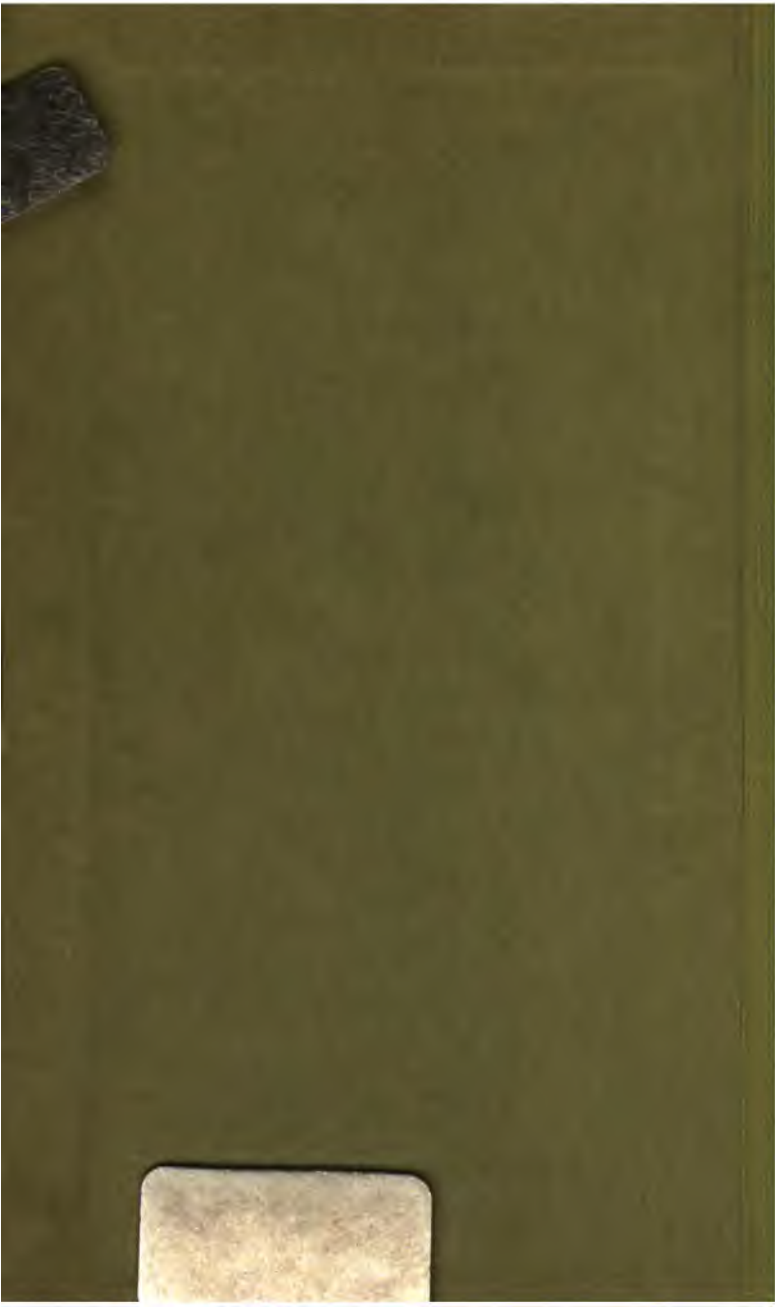
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

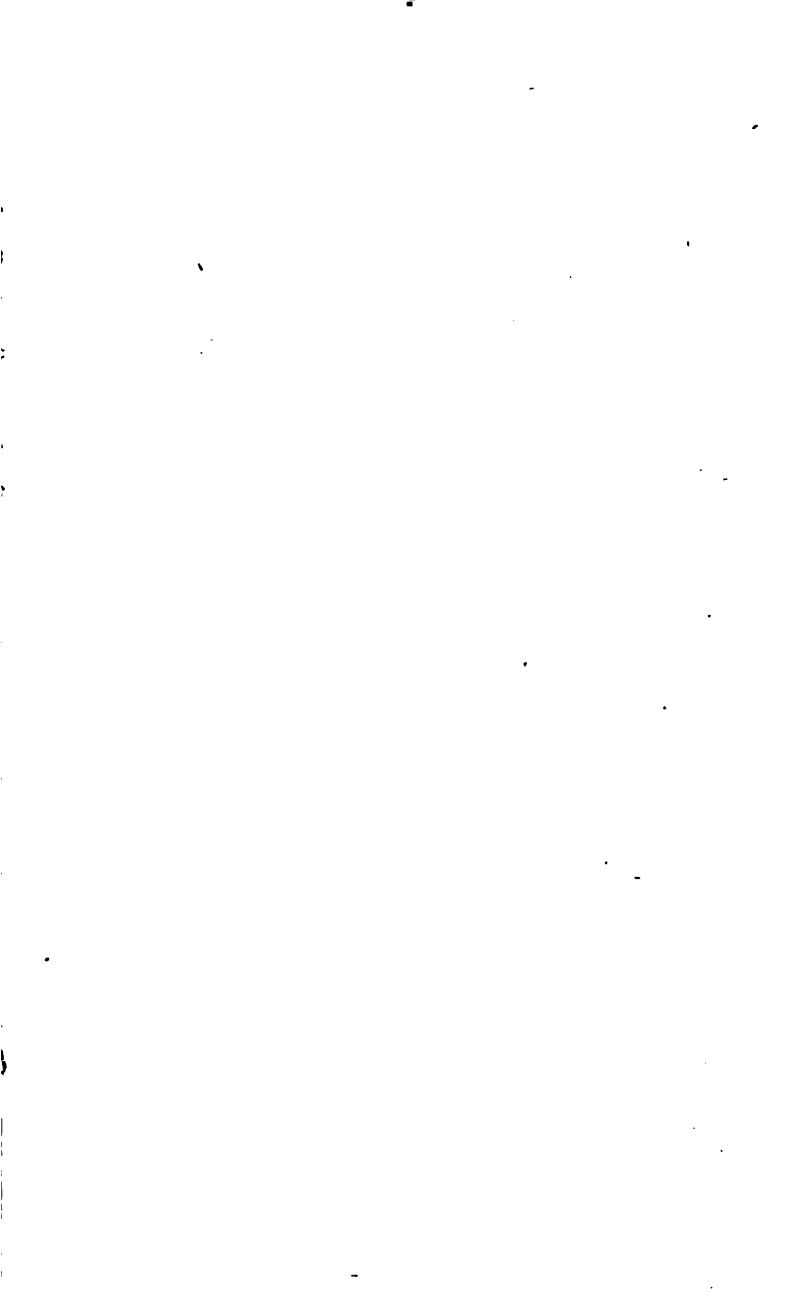
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



BYA
Newett





PASSAGES
IN
FOREIGN TRAVEL.

BY ISAAC APPLETON JEWETT.

"To know one's-self is, according to a Milesian sage, the only wisdom. I doubt if there be a man living, who so truly knows himself, that of himself he can deliver a true opinion. And yet one man hesitates not, to pronounce concerning the state and character of another man, of whom he most necessarily know still less than of himself; nay, your *Traveller* presumes to frame and deliver opinions about whole nations, in which work, the chances against truth of opinion, are multiplied some fifteen or twenty millions of times."—*De La Fontaine*.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

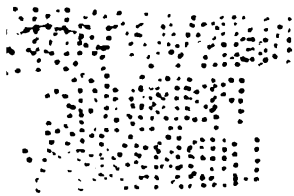
VOL. I.



BOSTON:
CHARLES C. LITTLE AND JAMES BROWN.

M.DCCC.XXXVIII.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1838,
By CHARLES C. LITTLE AND JAMES BROWN,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.



BOSTON:
PRINTED BY FREEMAN AND BOLLES,
WASHINGTON-STREET.

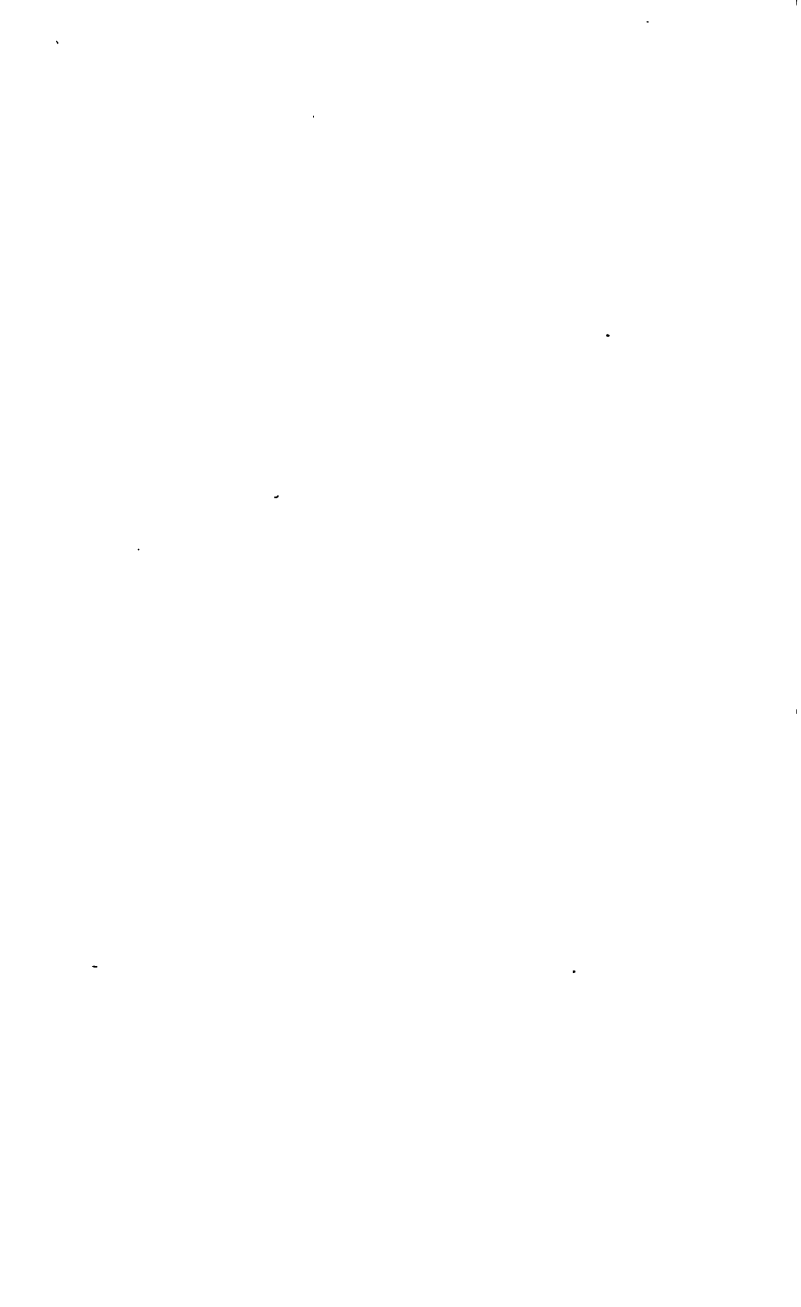
CONTENTS OF VOLUME FIRST.

I.	Page.
ENTERING LONDON.	3
II.	
A VISIT TO HOLKHAM HALL.	16
III.	
A HIGHLAND FESTIVAL.	28
IV.	
SCOTCH SCENERY—SCOTCH PREACHING.	39
V.	
LIVERPOOL AND MANCHESTER RAILWAY.	51
VI.	
MANCHESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL—MALIBRAN'S DEATH.	63
VII.	
SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN LONDON—THE PRESS.	74
VIII.	
A PARISIAN SABBATH.	85
IX.	
SHAKESPEARE IN PARIS.	107

iv CONTENTS OF VOLUME FIRST.

X.	
THE PALACE OF JUSTICE.	Page. 123
XI.	
TAGLIONI.	142
XII.	
THE PARISIAN PRESS IN JANUARY, 1837. . . .	155
XIII.	
THE ITALIAN OPERA.	189
XIV.	
A BALL AT THE TUILERIES.	201
XV.	
THE PARISIAN CAFÉS.	221
XVI.	
THE CHILDREN'S THEATRES.	244
XVII.	
THE TOMBS AT ST. DENIS.	261
XVIII.	
THE PARISIAN MARKETS.	273
XIX.	
EATING HOUSES IN PARIS.	293
XX.	
THE SECOND RATE RESTAURANTS.	310

PASSAGES IN FOREIGN TRAVEL.



PASSAGES IN FOREIGN TRAVEL.

I.

ENTERING LONDON.

Through coaches, drays, choked turnpikes, and a whirl
Of wheels, and roar of voices, and confusion ;
Here taverns wooing to a pint of ' purl,'
There mails fast flying off like a delusion ;
There barbers' blocks, with periwigs in curl
In windows ; here the lamplighter's infusion
Slowly distill'd into the glimmering glass,—
(For in those days we had not got to gas) :

Through this, and much and more, is the approach
Of travellers to mighty Babylon.

DON JUAN.

I SOMETIMES thank my stars that I am an *American* Traveller in the Old World. It seems to me that my interest as such must be far greater, than that of a mere native European passing over the same region. He cannot be so continually startled with sights and sounds. He cannot enjoy half so much wonder and admiration. He cannot have such remarkable points

for contrast and comparison. He, the native and resident of old countries, is still but a surveyor of old countries. I, the native of a new world, familiar only with its people and ideas, pass through European travel, into an almost opposite set of ideas. Wherever I turn my eyes, the wonderful, the strange, the new continually meet them. I find political institutions here, altogether unlike those in my own country. I see forms of social life, quite different from those I have left behind. The subjects of thought are not the same. The modes of expression, the tones of voice, the accent, the gesture are all different;—and when I come to painting, and sculpture, and architecture, I find myself translated into worlds of mortal creation, that as yet can hardly be said to have more than an infant existence in my own land.

There is nothing from which I derive more pleasure, than comparisons on divers points, between my own country and those through which I pass. Some of them seem to be quite stationary. Their energies, physical, moral, and intellectual have been disclosed. Their soil has shown all its capabilities. Their literature has been written. Their works of art have been created. Their political and social features seem for the present, to be unchangeably fixed. Their epochs of glory and power are among the 'have beens.' They cannot go up, nor do they go down. They have revealed and exhausted all their capacities. They live on, from age to age, on about the same level. Though their society may now and then take little dif-

ferent forms and shades, it does not much ascend above, or descend below that level. With such nations and my own, the points of contrast are innumerable and most striking.

Then here again are States which seem to be on the eve of mighty changes, and changes too that will not merely alter their forms, leaving them in the same old footsteps, but such as must inevitably carry them higher or lower than heretofore they have ever been. These are the States in which liberal principles of politics, and the inventions of mechanical genius have gotten a foothold. While the former nations stand still, like old worn out steeds that have had their day of prizes and of triumph, with these latter do we now seem to be upon the course. With them are we racing onwards to the goal. Our epochs are all in the future; if indeed those of France and England may not almost be said to be in the present. But how wonderfully advanced are these latter people! How far on are they towards society's highest point! How largely are they developed! And when I contemplate these developements, and, with the same eye, those in my own land, I see between them chasms wide, very, very wide. How much have we to achieve! Nothing like foreign observation enables an American thoroughly to feel this truth. Nothing like such observation qualifies him to perceive that place in the scale of physical and moral progress, up to which his country has advanced. Of how little literature can we boast! What small advancements have we made in science! How

few good original paintings do we possess! What a dearth among us of sculpture, and of good specimens in architecture! What a small number of charitable and educational institutions! In short, how poor are we in those agents which bear upon the hearts, the minds, the civilization of a people! But then, in this early stage of our national existence, it seems to me we *ought* to be thus poor. Our greatest energies ought not now to be directed mainly into these departments. They should be given to those other subjects, without whose hale and flourishing condition, neither art nor literature, nor noble institutions can ever flourish;—I mean, the making permanent and salutary the action of our still young political system, and the application of effective agents to develop the immense resources of our soil. They should be devoted, indeed, just as hitherto they have been devoted. We have begun at the right end. We have begun with the great centre and source of national wealth and glory. We have begun by turning to account the riches on our soil, and in it, and under it. Our great anxiety is to devise good means, good machinery, wherewith to make available all these riches, and in all the forms of which they are susceptible.

Here is the foundation of our great future. Let these physical powers be well brought forth, and all good things will surely follow. We must be material before we are ideal. We must have food, and raiment, and shelter and wealth, before we can, as a nation, be intellectual. Nothing more vexes, or rather amuses

me, than to hear divers persons railing at us all, in good set terms, for not cherishing more devotion to the elegant arts, and to literature. We should be fools if we did so. Our nation has commenced its youth like a wise child, by bringing out its muscles and sinews, the only means of securing a hale manhood, an honorable age, and with them, vigorous and enterprising thought. I rejoice that at this opening era of our national existence, the character of the American people is a practical one. I see in that character the elements of our coming glory as a literary, a scientific, an intellectual people. Through the mighty agency of that character, I see our forests levelled, our fields cultivated, our mines laid open, manufactories every where springing up, our territory intersected by railroads, our lakes and streams covered with steamboats, and our ships thronging all the ports of the world. Attendant upon this physical advancement is wealth, national and individual. With wealth comes the fostering of science, and art, and literature. The beautiful forms of architecture may then arise amongst us. The triumphs of the chisel and the pencil may then be ours. Schools and colleges may more generally abound, and those noble institutions of charity, which bless both giver and receiver, may every where more thickly adorn our land. This, we flatter ourselves, will be the progress of our country, and in such progress, the voice of after ages will, we trust, be heard, speaking some praise for those who consented to the stigma of being characterized as a practical, material, mechanical people.

In Europe, the American contemplates higher conditions of certain things than can be found in his own country. But to such advanced points is that country fast hastening. He meets a thousand objects he would carry home with him, and in almost every department does he see a spirit which he would gladly have transported thither. He is indeed unfortunate who, disliking these political systems, can therefore find nothing to admire in certain noble institutions and forms of life which have grown up beneath them. If in their contemplation, his heart be not expanded with wishes to see a kindred spirit to that which created them, active in his own yet undeveloped land, upon him may foreign travel well be said to have left unwrought one of its best influences.

I happened to be thus reflecting as, on this 25th morning of June, 1836, I, for the first time, ascended the Thames, in the *Batavier* from Rotterdam. I know not what may be the chief impression on others' minds, when thus approaching and first entering London. Nothing, I know, has so much impressed me, as the grand scale, the enormous magnitude, upon which every thing seems to be done. Within two hours previous to my landing, I had seen at least fifty steamboats, storming down the river, thronged, completely thronged with passengers. Then what multitudes of ships, merchantmen and men of war, momentarily, for miles and miles, met the eye! As we advanced, upon our left arose the great Greenwich hospital, that

immense repository of broken limbs and naval valor. Upon the right are now those vast works, the East India, the West India, and the London Docks, crowded with vessels, and showing forth, even in the distance, a bewildering wilderness of masts. England is said to be mistress of the sea. One cannot but be assured of her greatness on that element, if he approach the metropolis through the avenue of the river Thames. And yet, the thousands on thousands of vessels, I have this day seen, are but a small part of her maritime power.

Judging from the great number of buildings that lined the river-banks, I expected every moment to land. 'We are yet three miles from the custom-house,' said the helmsman. At length London bridge appeared. Barges, wherries, ships, coal vessels, steam-boats of all sizes and shapes, seemed now to be trebly multiplied, all crowded together in the confusion that appeared not more inextricable than hazardous. 'We are here just over the Grand Tunnel,' says a passenger; 'more than forty men are at work, some fifty feet beneath our steamer.' At last we stood in front of the custom-house, itself a stupendous building, and one moreover wherein the traveller learns that if much is here done on a large scale, something is likewise done on a most minute and scrutinizing one.

The custom-house vexations ended, suppose that for curiosity's sake, you at once engage a conveyance to take you a few hours ride through the city. You may, if you like, get into 'Hansom's Patent Safety,'

an easy, cushion-like, one-horse vehicle, the lower part of whose body rises not more than six inches from the ground, and whose driver is perched right over your head. Or far better, you may ascend cabriolet No. 2005. Though upon its outside, under a crown flanked by the royal letters, W. R. you read, 'licensed to carry two persons,' you yet resolve to have the whole interior to yourself. The driver sits at your right hand, on a little seat constructed quite on the outside of the cab, and touches his hat every time he speaks to you.

Passing the lofty fire monument of 1666, you leave the Bank of England and the Exchange upon your right, and enter Cheapside. Here is a crowd in the streets, only to be paralleled by that which you have just left upon the water. Your cab now walks along slowly in a line of carriages, itself between two other lines, moving in the opposite direction. What shouts of drivers! what crying out of pedestrians! what cracking of whips! what rattling of vehicles! Here are cars drawn by dogs, and cars drawn by men; omnibuses with two horses, gigs with one horse, and coaches with four; and every now and then shall you see one of those enormous vehicles, only to be found in London, whose body reminds you of Noah's ark, drawn forward by animals whose stature and prodigious muscular developement proclaim the antediluvian,—the veritable horse-mammoth. The confusion seems to be inextricable; and yet this little world of counter and cross interests moves on, slowly to be sure, but yet harmoniously and quite surely.

Now relieved from the crowd, you dart on past St. Paul's Church, pausing just long enough to wonder that any one could ever think of comparing it, discolored as it all is, and hemmed in by common-place buildings, to the isolated beauty and majesty of St. Peter's at Rome. Moving on through Fleet Street and the Strand, you may catch distant glimpses of Blackfriars and Waterloo bridges, among the finest in the world. You now enter Trafalgar Square, and turning by the large Italian Opera House, up Haymarket, you pass through the beautiful crescent, adorned with its hundred and forty cast iron columns, into Regent Street,—a street which after five minutes' observation you pronounce, from the regularity of its architecture, the splendor of its shops, its great breadth, and the gorgeous equipages that are coursing thickly over it, to be the most magnificent you have seen in foreign parts. Bid your cabman drive right ahead. You are thus conducted through Portland Place past the Colosseum. On your right now range those princely mansions, the Chester and Cumberland Terraces, while far away upon the left expands Regent's Park, with its four hundred acres of shrubberies, its beautiful sheet of water, its numerous intersecting paths, themselves shaded by noble English oaks. Under them you see clustering herds of cattle and sheep, the paths are full of promenaders, while here and there appears a villa, to complete a picture of grand and rural beauty, whose tout ensemble can be matched by no similar scene on all

the continent. It seems a noble specimen of the English Park, whereof perchance you have often read, but of which until now your eyes have never judged. Sweeping around it, you pass Hanover Terrace, and Sussex Place, and Clarence Terrace, and Cornwall Terrace, and, more magnificent than all, York Terrace. The designs of all these edifices are grand, and when you have passed them, you seem to have left behind, a city of palaces.

You may now come back to Oxford Street, and though you have travelled some five or six miles, you have found no thinning-out of houses, no less crowding of streets, and you feel that no less tremendous is the rush of life here, than where you this morning commenced your journey near the stairs of the custom-house. Men, women, and children are perpetually on the *qui vive*. This is certainly no place for loungers. The men with faces that speak of moneys to be made, not merely walk, they run, they rush. The women seemingly imbued with the business-enthusiasm, move as if issues momentous depended on their motions. And the children, alas! they have not countenances exuberant with the careless joy of childhood, even *they* look solemn and calculating, they have the spirit of the day, they already help to carry on the energetic business amidst which they have just been born. How different these scenes from some I have lately left behind me! Imagine this Oxford Street and High Holborn, with their anxious faces and bustling bodies, suddenly trans-

ported into Venice, or Milan. *Corpo di Bacco!* What stares of amazement would possess the Italian! '*Che demenza, che pazzia!*' might he exclaim. His coffee would grow cold in his cup, and his ice melt away in the sun, and he himself look more stupid than ever, wondering what, in this little farce of life, could so fill human beings with bustle, fuss and seriousness.

Dashing down Oxford Street we reach an open space. 'What's this, cabman?' 'Ide Park, zur.' 'Well, drive on through it.' 'They vont let such vehicles has this go hin, zur.' I now began to perceive that I was not moving in sufficient style for the gratification of all my curiosity; so paying off my man, I alighted and walked into the park.

Surely, said I pausing, nothing can be desired more ample and magnificent than this. Here again, as I have just been told, are near four hundred acres of fine country scenery, waters, and undulating vales, and here are flocks, and herds, and forests flourishing right in the metropolis. But what are all these compared to the wealth, the rank, the beauty and the splendor, swiftly dashing through the park? The season is now in its glory, and this is one of the important hours of the season,—five o'clock in the afternoon. 'Pray, sir, can you tell me who is this on horseback, galloping so finely, he with a single groom behind him?' 'That, sir, why the Duke of Wellington.' 'And the lady alone in that vehicle, guiding her horses with her own hand, the little white dog

sitting on the seat beside her?' 'The Countess of B——; and the mounted gentleman near by is Count D——: every body knows them.' And they move on with the rest, a countless throng of carriages in all shapes and sizes, some carrying one person, some whole families; of men on horseback and ladies on horseback; of gentlemen on foot and women on foot; merchants, lords, great men, and small men, passing and repassing, recognising and *cutting*, and all, particularly the last, done in a style of grandeur well becoming the greatest metropolis of the world.

There seems to be no limit to the vast crowding of the Londoners into Hyde Park at this hour. And then the air of self-confident independence and substantial opulence, which surrounds each equipage. Every man seems here to enjoy himself out of certain enormous superfluities. There is no apparent narrowness of means. Horses, carriages, coachmen, grooms, all are of the most wealthy, permanent, substantial build. I had seen similar grand gatherings in Italy,—at Naples, Rome and Milan. But there, and particularly at the first-named city, there is a great deal of tinsel style. Every traveller thither well knows that many a Neapolitan starves himself during the week, that he may be enabled, on a fete or sabbath day, to sport a carriage over the Tolédo or the Chiaja. But depend upon it, there is no starving for purposes of show in yonder gorgeous vehicle, and that which comes after, and those others which still follow. The flaunting of those plumes, the rustling

of those veritable silks, the abounding fullness of that stomach, and the blazing fullness of those cheeks, proclaim in signs not to be mistaken, that before me is none other than mighty John Bull taking his evening ride, in all the glory of riches and of independence.

Moving at my leisure onwards, my eye was arrested, among the thousand objects, by a semi-colossal statue in a defensive attitude, with a shield some eighteen feet high, standing on a granite basement. Underneath I read the following inscription:—

‘To Arthur, Duke of Wellington, and his brave companions in arms, this statue of Achilles, cast from cannon taken in the battles of Salamanca, Vittoria, Toulouse, and Waterloo, is inscribed by their countrywomen.’ Within a stone’s throw is the fine town residence of the Duke, and opposite to it, extend far away other Parks—the Green and St. James’—of equal, and perhaps superior magnitude to those I have just beheld.

I have now seen but a very little part of the exterior of London. A few hours only have been employed;—and yet what an impression have they not left of its vast extent, its splendid architecture, the endless thronging of its streets, the gorgeous displays in its parks, the anxious bustle of business, the laughter and show of fashion, and the ever-onward rush of its millions to mysterious and unknown destinies!

II.

A VISIT TO HOLKHAM HALL.

Here Holkham rears in graceful pride
 Her marble halls and crested towers,
 And stretches o'er the champaign wide
 Her lengthened suite of social bowers.

Roscoe.

TRAVELLING over England and Scotland, my impressions with regard to the gigantic scale on which things are done in this little island, have each day been strengthened. I leave out of consideration the numerous and immense manufactories, the extensive system of internal communication, the large benevolent, literary, and religious institutions, the vast naval depots, and the enormous commercial establishments. I will look only at the state and style surrounding individual noblemen, and certain wealthy gentlemen of the kingdom. I will, in my view, embrace only their extensive grounds, their parks thronged with deer, their numerous tenantry, their large mansions filled with choice productions of the pencil and the chisel, and the scores of servants, carriages, horses, and what not, that go to make up their entire worldly establishment. What proofs do they not furnish of individual power ! What an illustration do they not afford of the grand style deemed by many Englishmen essential to their dignity, in passing from their cradles to their graves !

Do they likewise go to prove national advancement? That is a question I do not now pretend to answer. Would it be better, were these enormous establishments broken up and distributed among a greater number of more equal enjoyers? Would it more conduce to national and individual happiness if the ten thousand acres of land, now possessed by a single individual,—a part for pleasure and a part for profit,—were divided among twenty cultivators, of five hundred acres each? These are questions that may enter an American's mind as he rides through these large domains, now regarding their sole proprietor, idling away time in luxurious ease, and anon beholds some hundreds of his hard-laboring tenantry,—hard-laboring that, among other things, such ease may not be disturbed. To answer them requires a thorough insight into this social organization, large comparisons and closely scrutinized reasoning. I do not now presume to attempt it.

I was led into the foregoing reflections by my first approach this morning to Holkham Hall, the residence of Thomas W. Coke, Esq., the great Norfolk farmer. 'Certainly,' said a fellow passenger in yesterday's coach, 'you will not leave this part of the country without seeing Holkham Hall.' 'And be assured,' added another, 'your reception will be gratifying. There is not a house of equal hospitality in the kingdom. Strangers, or acquaintance—none are neglected. Ah, but the proprietor is a nice old gentleman—eighty-three years old, and still hearty as a man of fifty.

Thirteen years ago he, childless, married a lady aged nineteen. He has now five children. I don't know what you would call that in America, but here in England we think it doing very well.' 'Capital,' said I, and assuring the gentleman that we were not altogether insensible to the application of Malthusian doctrines, resolved at once to visit the establishment.

The grounds, including gardens, and park, and forest, and meadows, and fields of *corn* (for this latter word, designating in our country a product seldom or never grown in England, is synonymous with our word *grain*), are bounded by a circumference of ten miles. Within this circumference is an artificial lake, regarded by many as the most superb in England. Walks and rides intersect these grounds in every convenient direction. Here you move under a triumphal arch; before you arises soon a lofty obelisk; upon your right spread out five hundred acres of barley, and anon you enter Lady Anne Coke's beautiful flower garden, planned by the taste of Chantrey. Sheep, whereof here are twenty-two hundred of the veritable South Downing breed; cattle, of which there are three hundred belonging to the stock of Devon; milch cows, whereof thirty constitute the dairy; horses, whereof fifty enjoy stalls at Holkham; tenantry, of whom two hundred are happy to acknowledge this excellent landlord; and laborers, of whom two thousand are said to be continually in his employ, meet your eye wherever it is turned. And nearly in the centre of this circumference stands the House of Holkham. A magnificent

pile, it was erected about eighty years since by the Earl and Countess of Leicester. It consists of a large central building with four wings, and you are informed that, 'measuring closely by all the angles,' it is just one mile in circumference. The house is open for public inspection on two days of each week; and well may it thus be opened; for it contains treasures in tapestry, sculpture, and painting, that richly repay the visiter for his time and trouble. In this respect,—as a repository of Art,—Holkham is one of the many valuable houses in England. There is in all the island, no Louvre, no completed National Gallery for the products of the chisel and pencil,—no centre of Art. England is truly rich in these works, but they are scattered, a Claude here, a Titian there, and distant a hundred miles or more, amidst sculpture both ancient and modern, may be found a Salvator Rosa, and a Raphael. If you would enjoy them, you cannot, as in Paris, walk to a single centre; you must ferret them out from those numerous nooks and private corners, in which the private pride of the nobility has, I had almost said, *concealed* them.

And here I digress for a moment to say, that of all sight-seeing in England, that which includes statuary and painting, is the least satisfactory. If haply you have an acquaintance with a possessor of worthy products of art, and hence enjoy free and frequent admission to his collection, it is all very well. If, however, like a thousand other travellers, you must content yourself with a single visit, that visit will afford little

pleasure and less instruction. You will, by pampered servants, be hurried hastily through the halls, and when at length you leave them, the master-pieces just seen, are scattered here and there through your memory, in as much disorder as they are throughout the kingdom. Blenheim House suggests a very apt illustration of this. But far better is Hampton Court. 'I should be happy to see the cartoons of Raphael,' you mildly say to a youthful portress sitting at the door. 'Will you please to wait a moment, sir?' asks the damsel insinuatingly. Now you are requested to wait this moment, sometimes a rather long one, in order that other company arriving, the course of the attendant through the rooms may be a profitable one. A key is taken along, and so soon as the door leading into one apartment is opened, that through which you have passed is closely locked. Hence, you must keep right at the heels of the inexorable guide. This guide walks onwards enumerating rapidly, 'This is by Sir Peter Lely; this is by Holbein; this is a Rubens; here is a Weenix.' It is contrary to all regulations for you to remain behind, in admiration of a particular work, and you are thus constrained to hurry along with the hurrying attendant, and the stranger-party. A little surprised to find that you have despatched fifty or more paintings of the masters, in less than ten minutes, you resolve that the cartoons, at least, shall be properly seen and enjoyed. Vain resolution! The party, in whose company you unfortunately chance to be a visiter of the rooms, caring little

perhaps for these productions, are now anxious to get out, and certainly you cannot be so ungenerous as to detain them all, for the selfish sake of merely gratifying your own private curiosity. Raphael is of course left behind with the others, and you find all at once, that you have made the entire circuit of the apartments, and moreover, that you enjoy therefrom, just that degree of satisfaction, which one derives from walking through a large library, and hearing announced the title of the books composing it. You rejoice, however, that you know *what* pictures may here be seen, although that knowledge might be furnished as completely by a catalogue, as a visit of thirteen miles from London to Hampton Court. As the establishment is hardly a private one, if, while you are depositing the *consideration* within the damsel's palms, you do not pronounce this system of exhibition a disgraceful humbug, be assured it is because your sensibility to Art is for the moment quite overcome by your sensibility to a very good looking countenance before you. I could never imagine why these rooms were not left open somewhat like those of the Borghese palace at Rome, where the visiter might linger at his pleasure, and stand some chance of having his love for Art in some small degree gratified.

The stranger who desires to visit merely the *apartments* at Holkham House may meet, as he enters the magnificent Egyptian Hall, a portly dame in most aristocratic turban and white gloves, who is no less, nor indeed no greater than *next* to the mistress of the

whole establishment. She has the true quiet of English good breeding, and when you consider that out of the sixty servants belonging to the Hall, twenty-six of the females are subject to her single control, you can understand why authority sits not merely in her eye, but in all her motions. Nothing, however, can exceed the civil grace with which she conducts you through thirty-one apartments remarkable either for architecture, paintings, sculpture, or tapestry. I paused sometime in the rooms composing part of the 'Stranger's Wing.' There were the 'red and yellow bed-chamber,' and the 'blue and yellow bed-chamber,' and the 'crown bed-chamber,' and appended to them were 'dressing rooms,' all furnished in most costly style, and adorned with numerous paintings, while in the story above, were many similar rooms, designed for a similar purpose, to which the mere visiter has not access. That purpose, as the name indicates is, the accommodation of numerous strangers, who, at any season of the year, may sojourn beneath the hospitable roof of Holkham Hall, and of the private and noble friends of its proprietor, who, in the shooting months of October and November, throng hither from many parts, to enjoy their favorite sport. The 'brown dressing room' is curious, as containing a goodly number of original sketches with the pen, and in white, black, and red chalk, by such masters as Michael Angelo, Raphael, Perugino, Carlo Maratti, the Caracci, Lanfranco, and others.

I was next extremely interested in the statue gallery,

its tribune and vestibule. This gallery is one hundred and more feet in length, and contains twenty-eight antiques, of which many are full-grown statues. I was pleased with one of Diana. It is conjectured to have been the property of Cicero. It was purchased by the Earl of Leicester, at a great price, and *secretly* sent out of Rome. For this offence the Earl was arrested, but soon released at the solicitation of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. It is of Parian marble, in excellent preservation, and is enfolded in that drapery, that *glorious* drapery, which could have come from none other than the Grecian chisel. There is likewise here a very pretty specimen of art by Chantrey, the model of which I had seen in the artist's studio at London. Sir Francis, whose shooting feats have given the name of 'Chantrey hills,' to certain rising grounds near the triumphal arch, happening on one occasion to bring down two woodcocks at a shot, in commemoration of the event, transferred them into marble, and presented them to Mr. Coke. Nothing can exceed the sweet delicacy of this composition. And then so natural. The birds are done not indeed to the life, but truly, *to the death*.

The Landscape Room, as it is called, gave me much pleasure. The ceiling and chimney-piece are exquisitely wrought, and the walls are hung about with richest crimson embossed Genoa velvet. It contains, among others, a landscape by Salvator Rosa, another by Domenichino, three by Caspar Poussin, and seven by Claude Lorraine. Of this last master, there are

thirteen productions at Holkham ; a number altogether extraordinary for a private collection, and most of them possess extraordinary merit. Having fully enjoyed these admirable landscapes, and caught a glimpse through the window of one still fairer without, we walked into the manuscript library.

Here is a full-length portrait of the celebrated Roscoe. To this gentleman's taste and zeal are the eight hundred volumes of manuscripts in this library indebted, for many excellent literary notes and for numerous facts respecting their age and value. This collection is extremely curious, and such as I hardly expected to find in the possession of one who, while he has served fifty years in Parliament, has never been particularly devoted to literature. What excites one's attention and admiration is, the marvellous beauty with which some of these manuscripts are executed. Here are Latin copies of the four Evangelists on vellum, preserved in covers of gold and silver, adorned with colored stones and richly illuminated. These are more than six hundred years old. And yet, what clear and polished beauty is in the material ! How distinct is the hand ! How surprisingly brilliant are the illuminations ! I was likewise attracted by a miniature missal of the fifteenth century, supposed to have been the work of the skilful Julio Clovio, whose caligraphy and poetical illustration seemed to me outrivalling the finest achievements of the press at the present day. Then was shown a copy of the Pentateuch three hundred years old, written on deerskin, extending its single leaf

one hundred and six feet, in a width of twenty-five inches. There are many other curious compositions similar to these, within this library, which is moreover very rich in the Greek Fathers, and the Latin Classics. In the mansion are two other libraries, one of which is scrupulously classical, and the other miscellaneous. The literary part of the establishment seems to be indeed princely, and in harmonious keeping with that magnificence, which an income of near two hundred thousand dollars per annum enables its proprietor to sustain.

That proprietor, as already stated, is eighty-three years of age. He receives you with extreme cheerfulness, and even vivacity, as if he had a great deal to expect from your friendship. Hospitality seems to shine forth in every expression. He completely embodies your idea of the real old English gentleman. The character of the landlord pervades all around him. No one can fail to be impressed by the mild and hospitable deportment which marks his numerous tenantry. And then, with what enthusiastic love do they all speak of him! My experience extended beyond that tenantry, to the inhabitants of the little town of Wells, three or four miles distant. There is among them but one accordant voice, respecting the good heart and condescending bearing of the venerable man. Every one speaks of the 'Hall,' as of some central source of enjoyment. None pass near it, without calling to shake the porter by the hand, and look into the ever-open treasures of the larder. The feeling of good will

is common to old and young ; and while the proprietor takes his evening drive among his extensive grounds, you are pleased to see the laughing children of his tenantry, running before his carriage with rival steps, to open the various gates through which it is about to pass.

I have never seen happier faces, or plumper forms, than in my rambles of to-day. The servants of the establishment, particularly, are in admirable condition. Really, one feels healthier in merely looking at them. But of all the jovial expressions there, what one can match the visage of the old butler ? It is a prodigy of good humor. You cannot call it intensely red. It is rather a brilliant copper. It images

‘ The shadowy livery of the burnished sun.’

With the round body beneath, it proclaims a life passed among mugs, and bottles, and tankards. It is indeed irresistible. You actually feel warmed in its presence. You know not how to describe it. In despair, you pronounce it the word *jolly* melted down, and are ready to burst forth into admiration of that ale which can work such marvellous results.

As the turrets of Holkham Hall faded for the last time from my sight, I reflected that soon its worthy proprietor must pass away. And what a glorious evening is this to the day of his life, a life long spent in the service of his country, and in sowing within the condition of the humble around him, seeds whose fruits are their own contentment, and unbounded love of

him. I cannot but believe their happiness well based, and their affection sincere. A pleasant reflection indeed must this be, shining into a heart around which the shadows of a long night are beginning to gather. And now, were present *feeling* to decide the matter, I can hardly deny, that if all establishments of noblemen and wealthy gentlemen in the kingdom, were under such benevolent principles as seem to govern this, some questions that arose on my first approach this morning to the Hall, might without great difficulty be answered.

•

III.

A HIGHLAND FESTIVAL.

MIDNIGHT. I sit down at this late hour to transfer into my diary the sights and sounds of this day. They may serve to illustrate one of the phases of Highland life.

I am at St. Fillans, at the foot of Loch Earn. This is the little village at which, on this day each year, assembles the St. Fillan's Highland Society. This society was organized in 1819. It consists of about three hundred of the gentlemen of Western Perthshire. Its professed object is to keep in existence the old Highland games, and the Highland costume. Since its organization, some hundred others have sprung up in various parts of Scotland, governed by similar rules, and having in view the same objects.

The Games commenced at twelve o'clock. They are always performed in the open air. Imagine yourself before a stage thirty feet square, and raised some eighteen inches from the earth. On your right hand and left, are tents filled with ladies, the nobility of this region. Opposite to you, on the other side of the stage, are numerous carriages likewise filled with ladies, and strangers, hither come from a distance of forty or fifty miles. Behind you rises, two hundred feet, an amphitheatrical hill, over whose sides are

distributed hundreds of the strong and the fair, dam-sels in their native tartan, and young men in hose and philabegs. Sir John Muir Mackenzie of Delvine, Bart. Chieftain, announces that the games will now commence. The first is a competition of bagpipes. The best performer of the pibroch selected for him, is to carry off as prize, a handsome full-mounted pipe with silver inscription plates. The second best performer will be presented with a handsome silver-mounted dirk.

‘Jame McIntyre, piper to Sir Henry Bradistone,’ shouted the herald. Forth walked the announced, in Highland bonnet, with a broad plaid sash curved over his left shoulder and tied beneath his right arm, richly belted, bearing two beautiful pistols under his belt, and a long dirk suspended therefrom. His sporan molach, a sort of convenient pouch, hung down before him from his waist. His philabeg, or petticoats, descended as far as his naked knees thence naked to the striped hose, which, concealing a well-developed calf, ran down into a delicate shoe, whose front shone with a silver buckle. James McIntyre having tuned his pipe, walked struttingly up and down the stage, playing McIntosh’s lament.

I had long wished to hear the great Highland bagpipe well played. I have had enough of its sounds to-day. But whether they were well executed or not, my ear could hardly inform me. I can as yet make nothing of bagpipe music. The Scotch like it of course. This is their national instrument. It is asso-

ciated with their youth, their homes, their parents, their heroic ancestors and with all the past. To me, having no moral influences to endear it, its voice is extremely unpleasant. What a horrid monotony! I can hardly distinguish one tune from another. They all seem to me but variations of the same hum-drum tiresomeness. And then what a looking instrument! That huge wind-bag, and those four long pipes awkwardly projecting out therefrom. I hate its sight; I hate its sound, and when it 'sings i' the nose,' I am quite ready to believe in that peculiar influence which, according to Shylock, it has been sometimes known to exert.

James McIntyre having concluded his walk and his effort, touched his bonnet to the ladies and retired. George McPherson of the 49th regiment succeeded him. His costume was similar, his strut was similar, and to me his tune was the same, and so seemed his style of playing. There was, however, a certain flourish of fingers, and an air of self-confidence in the look which he bestowed upon the assembled throng, which seemed to say, 'I go in for the first prize.' After playing about five minutes, he gave way to another, who seemed to take up the droning tones just where his predecessor let them fall. Then came a fourth and a fifth. 'Not yet ended,' said I, in vexation, as a sixth advanced, and then, alas, a seventh, and to fill up the circle of monotonous concord, an *eighth* appears. 'I'll *hear* no more.'

When the contention of pipes was finished, the chief-

tain, in a loud voice asked, 'who goes in for throwing the sledge-hammer?' A space was immediately cleared. Several men stripped for the contest. The prize for the best throw was a handsome sporan molach; that for the second best, a pair of stocking hose. The names of the competitors have passed from my memory. I shall get them near enough, however, by prefixing an Mc to any monosyllable. Well then, McNab took the hammer. It weighed twenty-two pounds. With both hands striving, he flung it easily fifty-eight feet. McDab followed. He strained hard, but alas, for want of bottom or breath, his cast fell short of the preceding about five inches. McGill now advanced. He was indeed a small body, but you had only to look at his walk, and the elastic style in which he made the pendulum-like swings preparatory to the grand fling, to feel yourself in the presence of muscle unusually condensed. His cast leaped over McNab's at least two feet. I readily joined in the 'hurra,' for McGill was a mere Lilliput by the side of McNab. McNab looked unconcerned, for each competitor was entitled to five trials. McBib now entered the lists. But he had evidently taken too much ale in his day. The contrast between the lean long handle of the hammer, and the bursting rotundity of his belly, set several in a roar. It is quite unnecessary to record his throw, or that of McMillin, or McMore. The competitors having each had one trial, McNab did girt himself once more for the prize. In his first effort he appeared strong; in this second he was mighty. As

he stood with his left foot somewhat advanced, his hands clenched around the hammer's handle, his eye intently fixed upon the distance before him, and every sinew seemingly strained up for the terrible feat, an old crone by my side whispered, 'aweel, he is a braw mon.' I felt sure that the sporan molach was for him. Out from his hands flew the twenty-two pounds. The fling was sixty-four feet and four inches.—Shall I attempt to depict the consternation upon the visages of McDab, McBib, McMillin, McMore? They showed the merit of ambition, however, and cheerfully exhausted their respective right of trial. But completely were they outdone by that Herculean throw of McNab. McGill was constrained to be satisfied with the pair of stocking hose; McBib winked something about another time, and the other competitors doubtless felt it sufficient glory to be beaten by so 'braw a mon' as McNab.

Then came the throwing of the Putting Stone, an iron ball weighing, like the hammer, twenty-two pounds. To the best thrower thereof was to be presented a handsome silver-mounted snuff mull, and to the second best, a silver crest for the bonnet. The weight is taken into the right hand and, as it were, *shoved* forward. There is a vast deal of knack necessary here. I felt that McFillin would be successful. How admirably did he bring *all* the necessary muscular energies to act *precisely* at the instant when the ball was taking leave of his hand! He cast it thirty-three feet and two inches.

The tossing the Cabar now followed. The cabar is a piece of wood about eighteen feet long, six inches in diameter at one end and four at the other. The competitor elevates it to his right shoulder, and with his two hands under the smaller end, he strives to cast it ahead, and likewise to make it turn a sort of somerset. This exercise was so very arduous that we enjoyed it less than the others. Only one succeeded in making it perform the revolution, and for that achievement, he received a silver brooch. The second best tosser was presented with a Highland bonnet.

Then came the shooting with the plain gun, and while McMoran at the distance of one hundred yards, was planting a bullet within two inches of a crown piece, the ladies lunched. A powder horn was Mc Moran's prize.

Then followed the dancing of Highland reels. 'Will Lady B. and Lady C. and Lady D. do us the favor to judge between the dancers?' said Sir John Muir Mackenzie to three noble dames who now advanced. Four dancers ascended the stage. The successful bagpiper struck up the tune, and legs began to move. I was not favorably impressed by the movements. There was life, but little grace or character. I afterwards found that I was not altogether wrong in my impression, as the ladies refused to award the prizes: the first of which was a pair of silver buckles, and the second a Highland plaid. But if disappointed in this, I certainly was not in the sword dance, or Gille Callum, which succeeded. Two claymores were

laid down upon the stage, crossing each other at their centre, at right angles. A lightly framed Highlander ascended, touching his bonnet to the fair judges, and placed himself in a position to join the commencing bagpipe. He danced once around the swords, pausing for a moment coquettishly, before each point and hilt. He then—but it is utterly in vain for me to attempt a description of the complicated steps which, during the ensuing five minutes, he executed. My eye was actually bewildered in their mazes. Imagine something like the directions traced by the most beautiful and diversified spider's web. So diversified and beautiful were the directions traced by toe and heel athwart the claymores.. The great object is to execute these various movements with delicacy and grace, and without touching the swords. McIvor performed the beautiful feat, and received therefor, not merely a steel pistol, but applause from the fairest hands I have seen in Scotland. McLeven went in for the second prize, a silver mounted skian dhu,—that is, a dagger usually worn on the outer side of the right leg, stuck in under the hose. His steps were fine, but they lacked the airy and self-possessed grace which characterized those of McIvor. Moreover he did once slightly touch the claymores.

The broad sword exercise was now gone through, and a set of sword belts was the promised reward of him whose first five cuts were pronounced the best. McDougal having in the course of five minutes, five times sounded his weapon, not of steel, full upon the chest of his antagonist, received the prize.

Then came the last assignment of honors, a silver medal with a suitable inscription, to that Highland shepherd, who produced the highest testimonials for length of service and fidelity to his master's interest. John Baillie,—ah, what a composed and honest physiognomy was thine, John Baillie,—presented a certificate from his master stating, that for thirty-six years he had deported himself so unexceptionably as not to warrant the slightest rebuke. Thine was perhaps an humble prize, John ; and few attended to the reading of that worthy character given of thee ; and yet I doubt not, if higher spirits have deigned to take an interest in this day's competitions, the unseen goodness of heart, whereof thy paper was a testimonial, has awakened in them joy far greater than the whole combination of muscular efforts, which alone seem to have excited *our* mortal interest and admiration.

The games having been concluded, the prizes awarded, and nine cheers bestowed upon the ladies for having graced the festival with their presence, the members of the association and several strangers, repaired to mine host's inn, and while the successful bagpiper played, partook of a dinner of venison, grouse, black cock and partridge, all washed down by plentiful glenlivet, the veritable mountain dew.

Toasting time having arrived, we first drank the usual loyal sentiments. Then the society drank to the strangers, and then the strangers to the society, and then we all drank to Lord Willoughby, without whose generosity we should have lacked the two splen-

did haunches of venison. Then we drank to Sir John Muir Mackenzie, and to Sir David Dundas, without whose admirable management and courteous bearing, the pleasures of the day had been less. Then a glass was filled to the departed ladies. But this must be quaffed in the Highland style. So we all mounted our chairs. The chieftain elevated his left foot to the table, holding in his right hand an unemptied glass. 'A good picture that,' said a travelling artist at my side. The glasses were emptied. 'Nine cheers,' shouted the chieftain, in Gaelic. 'Nieht, Nieht, Nieht, hip, hip, hurra, hip, hip, hurra, hurra, hurra, hurra, &c. &c. &c.'

After an hour of boisterous glee and Highland songs, it was resolved to give our enjoyment a new form. The tables were cleared away, some Highland reels were danced by the first Scotch noblemen present, and Sir David gave us the sword dance in a style which surpassed even that of the successful competitor of the day.

But this was all somewhat dry tripping of the toe, since no females joined. The ladies had two hours since departed for their homes. Now it so chanced that some score of rustic Highland lassies, ingeniously suspecting that their presence might be wanted ere the festivities closed, had delayed their departure, and for a long time, had either been wandering on the banks of the beautiful lake, or sitting in solitude at the open windows of the inn's chambers. Nothing could equal the efforts of the Highlanders in conveying this lovely

gear into the hall, save perhaps the affected struggles of the maidens themselves to prevent it. The Sabine fable, such as it shines in Italian paintings, rose vividly before me. However, the dancing was soon renewed under more favorable circumstances. The spirit of motion was irresistible. Those who could not secure fair partners, were content with foul ones. A French gentleman seized upon a crone who but a moment before had spaed his fortune, and though she was but a crippled fortune teller, she was a most energetic and nimble dancer. A tall Canadian walked into the kitchen, and politely solicited the hand, or rather the foot, of fat Mrs. McDibdin, the mistress of the house, and she, nothing loth, was soon steaming in the reel. Indeed all was life, and vivacity, and good will and enjoyment. There was perhaps one drawback, and that was in the presence of half a dozen of the unsuccessful pipers, who were mournfully walking about the hall with this eternal remark:—‘Every body says as how *I* should have had the pipes.’ At eleven o’clock the Chieftain and other noblemen took their leave amidst hand-shaking and cheers.

I get some glimpses of the reason why clansmen are devoted even to death, unto their chief. With what frank, and generous, and noble cordiality have they not this day intermingled hands and hearts! The viewless cords that bind them all together, are made stronger and tied more closely. The chieftain looks with kindlier interest upon those who, though below him, are still linked to him, and *their* hearts leap with

freer energy towards their leader so full of unaffected courtesy, and of that dauntless Highland spirit which they all adore. This is among the influences of such an association. Moreover, while it preserves the Highland spirit, and games and garb, it tends to keep alive that recollection and reverence of the past, which is a part of the basis of the truest patriotism. And while it tends to physical developement, it serves likewise to make firmer the sinews of the mind and heart. The people are brought together with feelings worthily elevated. The presence of superiors, while it checks, furnishes to them noble models. Each one is anxious to appear well. Good manners and good feelings universally prevail. Acquaintance and friendships are formed. The day is looked forward to, with delightful hope ; it is enthusiastically enjoyed ; and then with sad pleasure is it remembered.

Full two long hours have now elapsed, and still can I hear in the hall below my chamber, the drowsy tones of the bagpipe, and the clapping hands and laughing voices of the Highlanders.

Adieu, my pen and page. My eyes are heavy, and the morning comes on apace.

IV.

SCOTCH SCENERY—SCOTCH PREACHING.

‘Ecce Tiber, ecce Campus Martius!’—Thus exclaimed Agricola, when for the first time he looked on Perth, the river Tay, and the country around them, from the hill whereon I now stand. The scene still retains some features faintly resembling those which it brought into the memory of the Roman General. Its characteristic features, however, are not altogether Roman.

I look far to the north and west, and see the Grampian hills ridged into an uneven boundary, not quite unlike that which limits the campagna in the vicinity of Tivoli and ancient Tusculum. Below me is Perth with its ten thousand inhabitants; and the river Tay, Tyber-like, cuts it into two unequal parts. But the Tyber is of a thick, muddy, yellow color; the Tay is crystal clear, and at this moment looks like a stream of silver in the sun. Perth is a little place of manufactures. What a poor offspring of that regal parent from whom it came! We look in vain for that solemnity which surrounds the ancient, the old. There is but one little ruin, and that can boast of but a few hundred years of associations. But the scenery in this vicinity,—how unlike that in the region of the

Italian city!—There, for miles spreads out the vast *campagna*, level, desert and unrelieved, save by the aqueducts which still, in spite of time, hold their place upon it. Here, all is variety; variety in form, and in colors. Mountain, hill, dale, bold sweep and mild inclination, in hues black and white and green and yellow, meet the eye at every turn. Here is still life, and active, noisy life,—the still life of woods, and meadows and cultivated fields; the noisy life of birds, and waters, and lowing herds and active husbandmen. Your vision wanders over the Roman *campagna*, and you feel dreary, and mournful, and dissatisfied. Here, from this high crag, you watch the gigantic cloud shadows, stalking spirit-like over the vales; you look upon the transparent Tay and its bordering hills clothed in freshness, and you feel your heart sweetly harmonising into sympathy with the freshness, and purity, and tranquillity around. Indeed, this is among the most famed scenery in Scotland. And with what bountiful exuberance is it not lavished forth on every side! Mark yonder little space. It is a picture by itself, and would, with its single beauty, make the reputation of any other spot. And yet it is but one among a thousand neighboring spaces of equal or superior loveliness.

From the Janiculum, you survey Rome, too often in a hot sun, and in airs, delicious indeed, yet so mild that they dissolve the firm and healthy tone of the nerves. Here, on the contrary, clouds are every moment shading you; the vigorous breeze elevates your

physical frame; the nerves are brought into elastic and keen tension, and outward nature touches them pleasantly, as does some harpist the strings of his well-tuned instrument. Then again, in the Italian firmament, you have that eternal, uniform, characterless, dazzling glare. Can it interest the eye like these ever-shifting heavens, these bold bursts of sunlight, these clouds that in one short half hour pass through so many beautiful forms; that in one part of the horizon are black with storms, and in another reposing in mild brightness; now sweeping athwart the sky, hand in hand with the wind, and then again gently dissolved into the sprayey lightness of eider down, and lost to vision as seemingly they intermingle with the over-arching blue? Some of these appearances are too beautiful to be so fleeting. You hardly begin to enjoy, ere the sight vanishes. You almost wish for some enchanter's power to arrest it. Abide still for an instant, you would say to some passing features in the scene above you, till I may impress your images upon this memory. Alas, your voice is not heard, or not obeyed. The seal is taken off ere the impression be made. It is a dreamy delight which you enjoy, and yet you bless God therefor, and thank your eye, which, while it can circle a surface no larger than a shilling's, can yet embrace that wide circumference of beauty and of grandeur.

'Are these wondrous scenes of nature devised alone for man?' I ask myself. Man would fain think so, deeming himself the centre of the universe. And

yet though crowned as lord of the creation, he can control but a very insignificant portion of it. He cannot stay the cloud, nor the wind, nor the rain, nor the sunlight, nor put his hand on the Pleiades, nor guide Arcturus and his Sons. It is a humble thought which deems the beauty and sublimity of the outward world made for the contemplation of beings higher and purer, but whereof man is permitted to partake in some brief portions, during his sad pilgrimage below. For ages after ages, and in the fairest parts of the earth, what streams have rolled, what fields have bloomed, what skies have shone, and all in solitude. Believe you their beauty was all for nought till man came among them, not perhaps so much to enjoy as to lay waste?

And yet though man may realize in his own heart but a little portion of the enjoyment which natural scenery is capable of inspiring, yet over that scenery, to mortal feelings, can he pour an interest deep and mysterious. Human and noble deeds in the past—how do ye not consecrate a spot! Nay more, let but a worthy deed be associated only in imagination with some stream, or hill, or valley, what an accession of pleasure-giving power is theirs! 'Tis all a falsehood, and yet the falsehood has made the spot immortal. No one can more deeply feel this old truth than he who has travelled in Scotland. Much indeed is there that would be always beautiful, though man had never existed. And yet how greatly is the beauty enhanced by the moral idea which is around, and in them. And

some scenes meet the eye that would not for an instant arrest the thought, but that human hearts have there loved or hated. Nay human love or hate has not been there, the Northern Enchanter has only so imagined, and that imagination, though airy as a dream, has opened around that spot new fountains of delight, spiritual fountains for ever running, yet never to be exhausted.

Descending the hill into Perth, I saw its citizens in their Sabbath suits thronging into the church. I joined the throng. A Scottish church, particularly when it has no steeple, is to me somewhat repulsive. It is as broad as it is long, and high as it is broad. It has sometimes one, sometimes two, or three, or four wings. And yet they often look more like huge buttresses than wings. If there be a steeple, it is seldom in harmony with the body of the building; too long or too short, constructed without reference to beauty, and flung upon some part of the roof, as if by blind chance. The building is of a dingy brown. It looks cold, and dreary, and unsociable. It is hard and stern. Seeing it for the first time, a stranger, you are prompted to inquire, 'pray, what outlandish looking building is that?' When informed that it is a 'Scottish kirk,' all the hard words in John Knox's creed seem to be embodied before you. I speak not of all the edifices, but of a large class, such as may be found in almost every town, and whereof the Canon-gate in Edinburgh is a specimen.

Entering the church, I see, what indeed is to be

seen at the entrance of every Scottish church, a large plate, not unlike a Roman Catholic font, into which each passing hand casts some charity for the poor, and around which stand several argus-eyed sentinels with folded arms, to keenly watch, and keep in decorum that gentry, abounding here as every where else, which is more disposed to take than to give. I like this mode far better than our own, of taking collections with a long pole and a black bag at the end of it, or even with a silver plate. I never see that long pole and ominous bag slowly advancing through the pew, without thinking of a *coax*, or a *demand*, both of which a freeman will deem unworthy of him. Neither of them can be reasonably implied in this ingenious Scotch system, and you make your contribution cheerfully, because it is made at the suggestion of your own will.

I was pointed to a seat near a large coat of arms painted on the wall. It bore upon it these words, 'God blis our craft.' I was in the Tailors' department of the church, and beneath those supplicatory words were suspended the immortal shears. Adjacent to me were the seats of the Glovers; this name being inscribed on every bench, and near by was hanging their coat of arms. Upon my right was the Smiths' Gallery. That upon the left was called the Shoemakers'. A coat of arms, on which I recognised the crown of Crispin surmounting a knife, looked out boldly from its front.

The church was thronged. In the midst of the con-

gregation, before the pulpit, in the most eligible part of the church, I observed two full grown negroes. Now as I am an American, and not an abolitionist, or an amalgamationist, a host of what are called early prejudices, instantly arose within me, and I queried by what right the men of color were there. 'Why, sir, they are human beings, and good citizens,' said a tailor beside me. This is not the first instance I have witnessed in Scotland of such familiarity between the races. I do not speak of the dark, elegant East Indian ladies, who may be seen walking daily, arm in arm, with the fashionables of Edinburgh. It is the crispy-haired, flat-nosed, thick-lipped, and ebony black gentleman, whom you shall see in fraternal confab with the polished sons of this modern Athens, to whom I allude. But the prejudices of early education do not here exist, and your negro is deemed nearly as much of a human being as a white man. The last one I saw, intermingling with the whites on a public occasion, was at the theatre in Edinburgh. He was a lad, and of a most painfully intense black. He was right in the centre of a pit filled with white ladies and gentlemen. Seen from a distance, he resembled a mere little black dot on a piece of white paper, or perhaps a dark wafer surrounded by myriad white ones. He enjoyed the comedy with an exuberance that delighted me. Indeed, with many others in the boxes, my attention was first attracted towards him by repeated chuckles, and boisterous 'ya, ya, ya's,' which Mr. Rice himself might have deemed worthy models in his

study of negro laughter. The good-humored and intellectual people around him seemed to enjoy his mirth, and the gentleman who had the superintendence of him, every now and then whispered something into his ear, which invariably brought up new and overflowing bursts of gladness. Happy they if so organized, that in his physical excitement, the peculiarities of his constitution were not distinguishable by more than one of their senses. I turned my eye inward to contemplate that feeling, which I possess in common with most of my countrymen, which abhors the heart-and-hand companionship of the negro, that feeling which is associated with all our thoughts and sympathies, and which, if able here, would have instantly elevated into a higher atmosphere the youth so cordially associated with, by an apparently respectable portion of a theatrical audience, in one of the most refined and intellectual cities of Europe.

As I have said, the church was thronged. I read in the anxious faces around, that something unusual was expected. In the pulpit, which by the way stands within a few feet of that, long ago demolished, from which John Knox was wont to thunder forth his thoughts against popery, I could see nothing but a mass of reddish hair. The congregation was at length composed, and the minister arose. I had just been told by a gentleman at my elbow, that he was a missionary of the society for promoting the principles of the Reformation, and that he was to discourse on the subject of the abominations of the Romish Church. Having read

a psalm, the precentor or leader, stood up in his desk situated just before the pulpit, and singing the first line of the first verse alone, was at the commencement of the second, joined and accompanied to the end, by the voices of the whole congregation,—men, women and children. Then came the prayer. With what apparent devotion was it not sympathized with, by every heart in reach of the minister's voice! There was not a stray eye, not a wandering expression, no shifting of positions to break the silence. After the prayer, the minister announced the chapter of the Bible which he proposed to read, not *to*, but *with*, the congregation. Immediately a thousand Bibles were opened at the designated portion, and as he read, the eyes of each in the house, followed him in the opened volume. When the text was announced, every book was opened to it, and I may here note down, that whenever reference was made in the sermon to any verse or any chapter, the whole congregation seized their Bibles, and forthwith searched out, with most zealous interest, the cited chapter and verse. I must confess that this visible sympathy on the part of the hearers with every thing the minister said and did, impressed me much. It is universal, I believe, in the Scottish church. I noticed many instances in Edinburgh, and there as well as here, even among the inferior classes, men and women, old and young, in several cases were engaged, most assiduously in taking notes. What an encouragement, and what a check to the preacher is this surrounding sympathy! Not a thought falls from his lips unappreciated. If deemed

sound, it passes inward as spiritual manna to the heart. If unsound, it is noted down, cogitated about, talked about, written about. What a contrast this to the comparative listlessness of congregations in my own country ! But I forget that I am among the most devotional and reflective people in the world.

There was nothing in the preacher's manner that I can well describe. And yet the eye was on him continually. He spoke without notes. His voice was harsh. His gesture was rare, and never made save when it forcibly contributed to aid his words in the developement of his thought. In illustration he was abundant and extremely felicitous. I cannot here transcribe the sermon, and yet there were some statements with their proofs and illustrations, which I desire not altogether to forget. I recollect his adducing as proof of the divine origin, and God's protecting care of the Scriptures, the fact that for ages, they had survived the worst assaults of popery. 'Suppose, mee freends,' said he, 'that a mon were to come intil this room eighteen hunder years auld. Suppose that for a' this time he had been attacked by the worst enemies ; and had escaped them a'. That he had been cast intil the sea, and not been drowned ; that he had been thrown intil the fire, and not been burned ; that he had been mangled and torn limb fra limb and, yet not slain. Would ye not say there was somewhat superhuman aboot him ? Would ye not say the Almighty Power was taking care o' him ? Mee freends,' added he, after a pause, and putting his hand with emphasis on the Bible before him, '*this* is that mon.'

In one part of his discourse, he brought forward facts to prove the alarming increase of popery in Great Britain. He stated that in England, in 1810, there were but forty Roman Catholic chapels, and that now the number was five hundred and ten; that in London there were now twenty-eight chapels, where twenty-six years since were but four; that in the metropolis were numbered two hundred and fifty thousand Catholics, and annually they distributed seventy thousand tracts in that single city; that in some places they had bought up Protestant churches, and converted them into chapels for their own worship. He said that their spirit of proselytism was more active now than it had been for many years; that their numbers were rapidly increasing, and that in Scotland at this moment were one hundred and ten thousand Roman Catholics. He asked if such was again to become the religion of this fair land; if the kirk was to descend, and the monastery to arise; if the true Bible were to be trampled under foot, and the Catholic mutilation to be substituted; if the simple form of worship they this day witnessed was to be done away, and the gewgaws and trappings of an idolatrous faith were to overspread the land? ‘And when that day shall come, mee freends, it will be a day of ashes and of bitterness; and weel may we mourn then, and weel may Scotland then exclaim, her mouth in the dust,—“Call me no longer Naomi the beautiful, but call me Martha, for God hath dealt very bitterly with me.”’

Before he concluded, he touched on another topic

that created a little sensation. He observed that seldom was found a Roman Catholic, however humble, who, when questioned, could not instantly bring forward some text of scripture, or some confident argument in support of what he believed. He lamented that such could not be said for the members of his own denomination, and that he feared many were now listening to him who could give no reason for the faith that was in them. 'Shame, shame,' shouted he, 'on a' such. Let them go hand and heart to work. Let them whet up the spiritual weapons. Let them be ready to do battle for God's truth, and as in the times when the banners of the Covenant floated over yonder moors and glens, and desert places, let them not flinch, but come forward at a moment's warning and speak aloud, and raise a glorious testimony for God and against the foe.'

He ended by exhorting them in the most energetic and soul-stirring language, to root deeper into their hearts a hatred of popery, the direst foe to Christian truth; and conjuring them by their fathers' bones, now lying right under their feet, by the mightier voice than his, which sounded from this spot more than two centuries ago, by the agonies of martyred saints, and by their hope of joining them in glory, not to rest safe in this age of danger, nor dream away their hours in looking at the beauty of the kirk, while Satan in cowl and surplice, was undermining its foundations, and striving to drag down that beauty to the earth.

V.

LIVERPOOL AND MANCHESTER RAILWAY.

IF I were called upon to select any single physical feature of modern times, which more widely than any other distinguishes them from the ancient, I should make choice of that which within the last two hours I have, for the first time, seen. I mean the Railway between Liverpool and Manchester, with its machinery of engines and cars, and all the diversified apparatus that belongs to it. This is manifestly a peculiar feature. There is no corresponding one upon the face of ancient society wherewith to compare it. That the ancients had the knowledge and application of immense mechanical powers, is amply attested, as well by the mighty monuments that are still standing, as by those fragments of fallen temples that extend their huge dimensions—the wonder of the traveller—along the plains of Balbec and Palmyra. But, so far as we know, their application of these powers was seldom made with reference to the common purposes of life. The ancients lacked what we call mechanical ingenuity. They had vast enterprise, and courage, and patriotism, genius, and talents, and taste. But only in peculiar spheres were these powers active. They were undoubtedly high spheres, though I cannot think them the highest. Acting therein, their powers

embodied principles of liberty, and forms of beauty and grandeur, which well have been the wonder of all succeeding times. In these spheres, it seems to me, the ancients may be said to have completely anticipated all posterity. But there is one department into which neither their philosophy nor their practice often descended. It is that in which modern enterprise has achieved some of its noblest triumphs,—I mean, the mechanical department. In almost every other, they had what was equal, or superior to any thing that since their time has been produced. With all forms of government, they were more or less conversant. They had patriots, and orators, and warriors and poets, as good as ours. In sculpture and architecture, they could more than match us, and perhaps they had music and paintings equal to those which have given glory to these after days. But they had no railroads, no steam-engines, no spinning-jennies. They could boast of Praxiteles, and Demosthenes, and of many deeply-thinking moral and political philosophers. But among them were no men like Fulton, and Watt, and Arkwright.

Strange, thought I, that so many thousand years should have passed away, before the mechanical field was begun to be successfully occupied. It is surely one quite immediate to human happiness, and yet how long has it been postponed to many others. To multiply and cheapen the means of being well sheltered, well clothed, well fed, and well cared for in all bodily wants, is no unimportant vocation. And yet the world

has comparatively neglected it, and the highest minds have been engaged in meditating battles, writing books, framing governments, chiseling marble and painting canvass. In the earth are the sources of all that sustain man, and yet what few and inadequate means have till lately been applied, to bring out those sources, to develop them thoroughly, in short, to manufacture and widely distribute them. That the mind's attention has at length been turned to this great subject, gives prospect of important changes in social existence and hope of vast accessions to worldly happiness. There has doubtless been human enjoyment in the past, equal to any that may exist in the future. But it has been confined within comparatively small circles. It has been the possession of a fortunate few. The application of mechanical principles is enlarging such circles. It is increasing the number of that fortunate few. I do not look forward in any confident enthusiasm, to those perfected modes of human life which many have deemed within the reach and destiny of man below. I only seem to see in the future, forms of social existence embracing vast multitudes of men, superior to any forms that heretofore have existed. I seem to see those forms wrought out, in a great measure, by the instrumentality of physical agents, and among these agents, I can at present discover none whose influence is to be more wide, more direct, more permanent, than that of the railway and the steam engine.

What successful and convincing results have they

not already wrought! Six thousand years of human hope and fear, and meditation and contrivance passed away, before they were conceived and fashioned. And yet within a few short years thereafter, were their capabilities revealed and their credit established. For ages, human ingenuity has been framing systems of morals, and politics, which still require so many ages more to confirm themselves in general confidence. But these machines whose influence will, we doubt not, go hand in hand with morals and politics in benefiting humanity, have almost instantly established their efficiency, and, as it were, springing up at once into public conviction, have thereof taken willing and entire possession.

There can be no doubt of the complete adaptation of railways to the ends for which they were designed. But if one, perchance, should be a little skeptical about them, I could do no better than advise for him a small acquaintance with that which lies between Liverpool and Manchester. Let him go up to the new Station House in the first-named city. Its large dimensions; the fine Corinthian columns that adorn its front; the ample, clean and elegant apartments of the interior will at once impress him, and he cannot but feel that here is a system of conveyance, on a somewhat larger scale than that to which he has been accustomed, and whose beginning and stopping points are the narrow, dirty coach-offices of the kingdom. 'Will you have a place in the first or second class train?' asks a gentlemanly Englishman from behind the counter; 'for the

former you pay five-and-sixpence, for the latter four shillings.' You resolve upon the first class train, and thereupon receive a ticket entitling you to No. 8, Car G. You are happy to read upon it that no porter or guard connected with the establishment is allowed to take any compensation for his services. And yet the rogue, when he has deposited your luggage upon the top of the car, walks up to you, brushing his hands, and with a most shilling-like expression upon his fat, red face, informs you—what you knew before—'that your portmanteau is *quite* safe.'

As fifteen minutes will elapse before the train starts, you spend the time in looking about. There are fourteen cars in the train. How admirable, how surpassingly elegant, is their construction! Each has its name. The Wellington is next to the Adelaide, and next to the Adelaide is a car of singular color, upon which you read, 'Royal Mail.' Behind this car, and terminating the train, is a sort of semi-car, whereon stands the open barouche of a travelling gentleman. The company begins to throng in. Men and women arrive on foot and in carriages. Luggage passes swiftly from this point to that. There are continual, hurried exclamations:—'Car H, madam? this is it.' 'In precisely ten minutes, sir.' 'You need not fear, ma'am, I've put up your handbox *myself*.' 'What an invention!' and this latter exclamation comes from a little round-bellied man with a red nose. You hear a great deal of confusion, and yet looking more closely, you perceive a symmetry and harmony

that delight you. In the mean time, a train for cattle is departing. Here is a large pen full of beeves. There are two cages, one above the other, crammed with sheep. Here are stalls filled with horses, and behind them is a pen of hogs. The beeves are lowing, the sheep are bleating, the horses neighing, and the pigs swell the symphony with their multitudinous grunts and squeals. This train starts off, and after it moves the train for goods. Here you see enormous masses of timber, and bags of grain, and barrels of drinkables, and bales upon bales of cotton whereon you read, 'Egyptian,' 'Sea Island,' 'New Orleans.'

But now approaches the engine, which is to drag onwards the train in which you have a place. It seems to be a rather small laborer to perform so great a work. It is not larger than two good yoke of oxen, and yet there is about it a certain bull, or bull-dog expression of energy that promises much. It looks condensed and muscular, and you are right in saying that its ribs of iron should close in none other than a soul of fire. It backs up composedly to the foremost car, and you now learn with pleasure, that its name is 'Lightning.' Suddenly the sound of a bell is heard. Turning towards whence it comes, you see a man, in whose left hand is a placard, whereon is largely written, 'Take your seats.' There is now a vast deal of rapid movement, but no confusion, for each passenger knows precisely his place. You enter your division of the Car G. It is richly carpeted and cushioned, and upon each side of your ample No. 8, are means

for reposing leisurely your arms. Indeed, you feel easy and independent as when lounging at home in your parlor arm-chair. 'Tickets, gentlemen, if you please,' says a voice ; and these having been delivered, you feel a gentle motion, for imperceptibly the train has started.

Nothing can exceed the delicacy of this motion. I have been upon the chief railways in my own country, and upon several in Great Britain. They have their merits, but they lack in this :—they have not such perfectly delightful quiet and ease. Take that between Carlisle and Newcastle-upon-Tyne. It is more than fifty miles in length. What jerking ! What jolting ! The result of traversing it is, pains in all the limbs ; and coupling these with its cinders and smoke flying momentarily into eyes and nostrils, I was not surprised to hear a Yorkshire man exclaim, 'I be coom twenty miles just to ride on this here railroad, and I'll be danged if I coom again.' But upon the Manchester and Liverpool railway, there is hardly the slightest agitation. As you sweep onwards, and the winds visit your face, you feel more as if swung through the air than rolled along the earth.

But what is this ? Darkness has suddenly descended, and by lamps previously lighted, you read on huge walls beside you, names of certain streets where-with you are familiar. The fact is, you have entered a Tunnel, six thousand seven hundred feet in length, twenty-two wide, and sixteen high, and you are now coursing under the streets, and churches, and grave-

yards of Liverpool. This single Tunnel cost more than two hundred thousand dollars, a little portion only of the expense of the entire road, which, I may here add, is estimated at about four millions. Coming forth into open light again, the speed of the train is increased. It moves, it flies, it darts, it whizzes onward. The little gentleman of round belly and red-nose memory happens to be at your right hand. Like yourself he is quite green in this mode of conveyance. He is continually and gravely looking out at the wheels, and the rails, and the engine, and occasionally he gets rid of his emotions by exclaiming, 'astonishing rapidity'—'wonderful invention!'—and also by that sapient query in which the present time is frequently used to embody its feeling towards the past,— 'What would our forefathers say, if they could only see this?' Opposite to you are a couple of little urchins, clapping their hands, tickled and delighted to death at this novel speed, and, as their eyes detect an approaching storm, wonder if it will catch up with the 'ingin.' Beside them is a stiff dame, such as, thank heaven, can seldom be found out of England, who deems it quite vulgar to exhibit emotions of any kind, and particularly those of wonder. She personifies the '*nil admirari*.' Nor earthquakes nor tornadoes shall stir her placidity, and surely not a railroad. Upon your left is a rich Manchester manufacturer. He has been over the road some forty times. To him it is an old story. Railways, with him, have passed into common-place remembrances, and so, with spectacles on

nose, he is settled down into his seat, intent upon an article in the Times. For yourself, though your doubts are not dispersed, you perceive the way thereunto gradually opening. It is not until you find that an hour and ten minutes have sufficed to convey you the thirty-one miles to Birmingham; not until you have seen the merchandise there coming in for transportation to Liverpool; not until you are informed how slow and expensive is the land carriage of goods from Leeds to Birmingham, how quick and cheap their carriage thence to where they embark for all quarters of the world; not until you have conversed with the intelligent men belonging to the company, been told of its enormous profits, perceived how deeply entrenched it is in their good favor, and reflected seriously upon its bearings on all the interests that lie within its active range;—it is not until *then* that your doubts are shattered, and broken up, and put to utter flight. If perchance you be still a little skeptical, bent on continuing among the invincibles of the age, you will find yourself in a minority which is each day diminishing. You will perceive your voice of doubt unheard amidst the loud convictions of the time. You will see your energies rendered inefficient, for not joining the energies of the age. Look around you. England, that has three hundred miles of railways completed, has five hundred more completing. In France you see them fast getting into favor. In Belgium one has been recently opened whose business has astonishingly surpassed the estimate of its most sanguine advocates,

and though in Italy is a power, that like the fabled iron skeleton, enfolds and crushes all spirits of noble and comprehensive enterprise, yet even there a railroad has been thought of, and men have dared to dream of thus joining Milan and Venice, hoping perchance thereby among other objects, to raise the latter from the weeds and slime into which she is so swiftly sinking.

It seems to me there is not a single point of comparison between railways, when so admirably constructed as this which I have to-day seen, and other modes of communication, wherein the vast superiority of the former is not made completely manifest. I leave out of consideration their mightier, moral, political and social influences. I leave them out of notice too as agents for transporting merchandise merely. I desire to look at them only as public means for conveying passengers. They have no feature, even when thus narrowly considered, which to me does not appear superior to the system of coaches now existing.

Take the coaches of England, for instance. I am happy here to express my admiration of them. I shall not soon forget the delight I experienced, when seated upon the top of the 'Tally Ho,' I, for the first time, was borne over the road from London, past the 'Bell at Edmonton,' on to Cambridge. How smooth, and sound, and marble-like was the way! How finely constructed was the vehicle! How easily it swung upon its springs! What spirited horses, dashing on-

wards, in their new and gilded harness, at a rate of ten or twelve miles the hour! With what self-possession and pride, were they not guided by the portly coachman before me, himself looking respectable enough for a member of Parliament! With what ready civility did not the scarlet-apparelled guard look from a face more scarlet than his coat, into all my interests of luggage, umbrella and bodily comfort! As we swept past parks, and mansions, and pleasant villages, I thought there could be no superior mode of transportation. At length, said I, I have found my beau ideal in this department realized;—and throughout England and Scotland I have often had occasion to renew the agreeable feelings of that first trip.

And yet to this mode are serious objections. It is very expensive. You will often pay sixteen shillings for passing a distance no greater than that between Liverpool and Manchester, which costs you only five and a half. In a storm, nine or ten persons on the outside are at the mercy of the rain, while the four in the interior consent to be jammed into jelly, as the price for their dry skin. Moreover its speed is slow compared with the railway, and as for safety, the most important element of all,—give me a railroad like this I have just passed over, before any coach in the kingdom. The number of accidents in this vehicle is truly astonishing; accidents which go not merely to the limbs, but likewise to the life. I had believed, that in this respect the western country of America was unequalled. Looking regularly through some ac-

cident columns of London papers has quite undeceived me. I believe that if the large multitudes who travel on the railways of England be considered in connexion with those who travel by coaches, and a balance be struck between the mischances that befall them, the result will be found vastly favoring the former mode of conveyance.

I dislike what is called proselytism, but, as an American, I am anxious to see converts made to the railroad system. In our country, it will be an agent well able to facilitate our very distant communications, and to help in developing and in distributing our immense resources. It seems to me that the vast extent of our territory, makes it more desirable with us than in England. Here, however, we see it supplanting every other mode of conveyance, and I have often thought it a lucky circumstance, that before our enterprise had gone far into expenses of labor, time and money for roads and canals, the railway and its utility have been well established. It is not perhaps vain to hope, that as the steamboat has, in a measure, taken the place of the sail vessel, and the spinning-jenny that of all machinery for similar purposes which preceded it, so, after some time, shall the railway supersede the canal and the usual road, however finely macadamized it may be; these huge waggons shall rot away unused, and their huge horses stand still in the stalls; the coach shall no longer gather a merry company of voyagers around its top, and the coachman and guard, fat and perdurable though now they seem, shall vanish into things only for remembrance.

VI.

**MANCHESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL—MALIBRAN'S
DEATH.**

HAVING always heard of Manchester as one of the great manufacturing centres of England, I had associated with it foul streets, dingy and smoke-capped houses, and a population bustling and mechanical. I hardly expected likewise to find its chief thoroughfares crowded, like the Italian Boulevard at Paris, or the Regent street of London, with splendor, rank, and beauty, and fashion. Such nevertheless was the fact, when this morning I entered it, passing onwards up through Market street to my hotel, the Albion.

I was evidently here upon some great occasion. The shop windows were crowded with strange and gorgeous dresses, and prying through them were multitudes of inquisitive eyes. Here was a personage in large moustaches and fantastic, foreign garment, walking leisurely up and down, bearing upon his shoulder an immense cross, whereon was written, 'Continental Novelties—Magnificent Spanish and French Costumes, at Newall's Buildings, for the grand Fancy Ball.' Here was another, his hat surmounted by an announcement in huge letters, 'Song on the Festival.' Behind him came another shouting out, 'Answer to the Song

on the Festival ;' and he himself was followed by still a third, whose hat likewise proclaimed, 'Answer to the Rival Song,' and they all three sang out continually, 'a penny, gentlemen, only a penny.' On one side the way was written, 'The Floral and Horticultural Exhibition is now open,' and upon another, 'The Gallery of Modern Paintings may here be seen.' Before me was a little fat man, round as the machine of which he spoke, proclaiming that the balloon would certainly go up this afternoon ; and on my right was a shabbily-genteel lean one, reading an advertisement pasted up in large letters, informing the citizens that the police had been trebled, and advising them, by all means, not to carry about them large sums of money during the coming festival. Through the streets rushed vehicles richly ornamented, and evidently filled with the Ton. Gentlemen were on horseback, and countrymen were on foot, and ladies were joined with them, and all was talk, and laughter, and frolic and joy. Surely, said I, this people cannot be thinking of cotton-spinning now, and whatever may be their general, sober, manufacturing, industrious character, at present, another and a gayer spirit has usurped its place. My eye soon read an explanation of all.

Before me was a vast placard at least fifteen feet high, upon whose top were the words, 'Manchester Grand Musical Festival, under the patronage of his most gracious Majesty the King, Duke of Lancaster ; her most gracious Majesty the Queen, Duchess of Lancaster ; and their Royal Highnesses the Duchess

of Kent, and the Princess Victoria. Then followed the names of about sixty vice-patrons, including some of the most distinguished gentlemen of the kingdom, among whom was Sir Robert Peel. Then came a list of the instrumental and vocal performers, among the latter of whom, the chief were Braham and Madame Malibran. A few moments were sufficient to satisfy me, that here was a combination of musical talent which perhaps had never been paralleled in Europe. I now read a list of the performances. Two mornings were to be occupied in performing the entire Sacred Oratorios by Haydn and Handel ;—the Creation and the Messiah ;—two more in performing selected portions of other famed compositions. There were to be three evening miscellaneous concerts, and the festival was to conclude with a grand fancy ball. The price of tickets to the different performances, varied from half a guinea to a guinea, and the surplus proceeds of the festival were to be given to the public charities of the city. A noble programme this, said I, nobly patronized, and its object nobler than all.

Seven years ago, Manchester got up a similar festival, and after paying about fifty thousand dollars for expenses, a surplus still remained of some twenty thousand dollars, which went to relieve the sick and the poor. In Birmingham, such festivals are triennial. In Liverpool a similar one for similar worthy objects, is to be held next month, and in Norwich and Worcester, and many other provincial towns, the same agent is to be set to work for the same charitable purposes.

Music, thought I, should be more cultivated in my own country, if for no other object, at least for this. If not cherished for itself, might it not be more cherished for that charitable good which it can achieve? If not regard it as an end, why not more worthily regard it as a means? Leave out of consideration its elevating, refining, sobering, bettering influence upon the heart. Look upon it only as a mighty agent in relieving human suffering. Take the practical view of it which here seems, very wisely, to be taken by the working men of England. In that view even, does it not present strong claims upon our encouragement? In this country, it has admirably subserved such noble end, and it seems to me that here is a reason for cultivating the delightful art, which the most material, practical, common-place leveller amongst us cannot for a moment gainsay.

Whether the English have a taste for music, national or otherwise, is to me matter of little concern. This I know, that besides all their operas and thousands of private concerts, these great festivals flourish and yearly increase in public favor. And while the performers are generally foreigners, and the pieces performed are from German and Italian genius, the English of all ranks and ages are the listeners, and they pay well and willingly for listening.

* * *

Wednesday.—I have just returned from hearing the Messiah of Handel. It is the first entire oratorio that I have ever listened to. I have not been disappointed.

The composition is perhaps the finest of its kind in the world. But what would that composition be, were there not adequate powers of voice and instrument, to embody and exhibit it? Such, it seems to me, have been here to-day engaged. Consider only their vast number. Here were one hundred and two *instruments* alone; whereof fifty were violins, and twenty violoncellos and double-basses. Joined to the instruments, was a chorus of two hundred and twenty-four voices, whereof sixty were female. But this enumeration does not include the masters; Braham, and Phillips, and Bennet, and Machin, and Nicholson on the flute, and Harper on the trumpet, and Lindley on the violoncello, and Mori and De Beriot on the violin. Nor does it include those other fair names known to the musical world;—Bishop, Knyvett, Novello, and Shaw, and Madame Caradori Allan. Malibran, from illness could not appear.

Braham opened with the strain, ‘Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God.’ I was seated far away in that part of the great church, called for the present the patron’s gallery. I must have been at least three hundred feet from the singer, and yet up came his full voice to me, through arches and the vaulted ceiling, swelling and fading away like some organ tones. ‘He sings as well as when I heard him forty years ago,’ said a gentleman at my side. In a few moments the chorus, accompanied by all the instruments, joined him in the words, ‘and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed.’ The mighty volume of sound

filled at once the vast cathedral. It died soon away, until it became no stronger than a lute's voice; and then again it rose, solemn and majestic. I could have had no finer proof of the great musical genius of Handel. Did he, in his solitary composing moments, hear imaginary sounds like these? Unquestionably, and perhaps far finer.

Emotions, surely, music can express. Can it likewise express events and scenes? Its power to do so was never more beautifully revealed, than in this sweet pastoral symphony, by Madame Caradori, 'There were shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night.' I suppose it must have been my own quickened imagination that brought up before me the original scene. Yet how was that power put into action, by the notes now heard all freshly various, and, as it seemed to me, distinctly speaking forth the quiet, the simplicity, the confidence of that life, that early pastoral life, wherewith, in mortal hearts, are linked so many sacred associations! The first part of the oratorio, which is descriptive particularly of Christ's coming, concludes with a call upon all who are heavy laden to come unto him for rest.

The second part speaks of the sufferings of our Saviour, of his ascension and final triumph. It is full of most emphatic passages, and though, without the words before me, I could not perhaps have conjectured what the music meant, yet when that fact was known, I perceived, or flattered myself that I perceived, how admirably it was adapted to the expression of those

events. In this feature, music is akin to many paintings, whereof the meaning cannot be clearly known without a verbal description; but when that description is before you, the expressive power of lights and shades is instantly and strikingly made manifest. One passage in this second part, I would not willingly forget. After the word has been given to Christ's followers to be preached among all nations, a voice softly breaks forth into that joyful exclamation, 'How beautiful are the feet of those that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things.' The voice was Miss Clara Novello's, but the music—that could have come only from the soul of Handel.

The concluding part of this Oratorio begins with, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth, and though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.' It speaks of the influence of Christ in redeeming man, of the soul's triumph over the grave, and ends with giving honor and glory to Him that sitteth on the throne for ever. To me it seemed full of pathos. 'Behold I tell you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet.' And then came the trumpet-obligato of Mr. Harper, with the air, 'The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.' I had never had an idea of the capabilities of this instrument until now. Its effect in such a passage as the above is quite indescribable. 'The trumpet shall sound,' said the

voice, and then softly swelled forth its clear, silver note,—then for a moment all was still, and the expecting multitude was breathless. I looked around me and beheld some of the best talents, the noblest rank, the vastest wealth, the loftiest pride, the fairest beauty of England. It was a scene of splendor to which all my travels could not furnish a parallel. And yet this scene shall soon fade away, and this splendor shall become dust, and ‘worms shall destroy these bodies.’ But not entirely shall they perish; and now was repeated far below me, in clearest tones, ‘the dead shall be raised incorruptible,’ and then the trumpet was again heard.

* * *

I attended one of the miscellaneous concerts. It was made up of overtures, and songs English and Italian, and of instrumental solos. Nicholson’s efforts on the flute were beyond all praise. Nothing can describe the ease, and grace, and self-possessed style within which he executed most complicated pieces. Lindley upon the violoncello did wonders. Under the bow of usual performers, that instrument is one thing, under that of old Mr. Lindley, it is quite another. He brought forth from it tones altogether peculiar, and as far above those ordinarily heard, as are the tones of a fine singer’s voice above those of ordinary conversation.

There is one circumstance that makes me dwell upon this evening’s performance with melancholy interest. Upon looking into another part of my diary,

I find that it was the last public occasion on which the voice of Malibran was to be heard. With what enthusiasm was she not greeted, on appearing with Novello, and Bennet, and Phillips to perform a quartetto from Beethoven! It went off faintly however. Something was wrong, and the applause which followed its execution was transient. Half an hour after, she again came on to perform with Caradori a duet from the *Andronico* of Mercadante. It was the last musical effort she was to make on earth. It was indeed a masterly one. Never were those strange, peculiar, mysterious tones, which occasionally she was wont to ring upon the ear, poured forth with more electric, and soul-subduing pathos. It was universally noticed that between the fair performers was a good deal of emulation, such indeed, I doubt not, as their generous friendship would unhesitatingly approve. The efforts of Caradori, admirable indeed, were uniformly followed by the more marvellous strains of Malibran. When they concluded, the applause that rose from the vast and brilliant assemblage, was loud and long. The latter part of the duet was consequently repeated. I take sometimes a sad pleasure in noting the last words, and thoughts, and acts of those who are to think and act no more among men. That impulse tells me to record the last stanza that ever came from the lips of Malibran. No one can fail being affected by the mournfully prophetic character of its strain. What a coincidence between some of its thoughts, and the dark

destiny that so soon was to press her down to the grave for ever !

Ah ! non resta più à sperar !
Quanto è barbaro il mio fato !
Ah restar più non degg' io !
Da lui grazia imploro Oh Dio !
Và felice a trionfar.

Judging of the place which one should hold in the scale of estimation, by the happiness, the rational delight which he or she has created, that to which Madame Malibran is entitled, is certainly very high. Her voice, like her fame, has passed over two continents. What enthusiasm has she not awakened in her day ! What hearts has she not filled with rapture, what mouths with praise ! She has fallen now,—fallen in the very prime of her dramatic and vocal powers, in the full bloom of her reputation, and when for her, but a few days ago, seemed to be reserved many, many triumphant years of public action. She has vanished, and with her has vanished all that to so many millions has given happiness. The achievements of the singer and the actor, unlike those in the sister arts, perish with those who wrought them. The voice, the dramatic expression, ever-shifting and only vital with their expressor, cannot alas, be perpetuated like painting and sculpture, to after ages. The grave which closes around their bodies, flings its shroud likewise around their deeds. They live only in the present, and when we mourn their death, it is not as we mourn the death of the sculptor, the painter, or the

poet, whose works survive them, and through which their spirit may still shine and be the companion and instructor of many coming generations. When we lament the departure of Malibran, we more lament the utter extinction of her power to create delight,—to do good. It is as if with Raphael's body, had likewise been swept away all his immortal productions.

Music is, to be sure, not the highest of human departments; but to me it seems to be the highest of human pleasures merely. And when I look over Europe, and see its millions flinging away hours, and days, and years on pleasure alone, and on pleasures too, whose paths are degradation, I look up with singular gratitude to that art which strives to raise higher the standard of those pleasures, and with no affected emotion, do I set down these small memorials to her whose walks in that art have been so useful and so glorious.

VII.

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN LONDON—THE PRESS.

I WAS this morning awaked by passing and repassing sounds beneath my window, that convinced me I could be in no other than a vast metropolis. Sounds they were, running through the whole compass of the voice, guttural and screaming, double and triple, now coming from men, then from women, and again from children. I could make of them little or nothing. There was one tone that oftener attracted my ear than any other. It was a monosyllable. It was intensely guttural. It had nothing human. It was more like the solitary note of your hoarse bullfrog, sometimes heard on a summer's evening. What that monosyllable was, I could not conjecture. Opening my window, I perceived it came from a man with an aquiline nose, piercing black eyes, long curled hair and a bag over his shoulders. I recognised the Jew, and he immediately hailed me on the subject of worn-out garments.

Here again was another voice that perplexed me exceedingly. It came forth in three syllables. Its regularity of utterance was truly clock-like. It was hoarse and grating, and recalled more than any thing else, those dreary notes oftentimes heard from a wheel, moaning as it were for relief. I could not for a long time make out its meaning, and yet it was only

a simple announcement of 'fine lobsters.' Then here were other notes,—two deeply bass, followed by two piercingly tenor. They proceeded from a little woman, who would fain have one buy her 'water-cresses.' She was walking tranquilly, but behind her stormed a boy with a huge basket on his shoulders, ringing a little bell continually, and crying out with most money-making impatience, 'hot muffins, muffins all hot.' I confess that I was exceedingly interested and amused, as sitting by my window, I now listened to these and some hundred other like announcements. They awakened many juvenile memories, and verified that wonder and delight of all boyhood, the 'London Cries.'

As I wandered out, I had additional occasions for amusement at the curious modes here established for spreading information. Before me was an enormous one-horse vehicle,—a sort of house twenty feet high,—a locomotive advertiser, all over whose sides were notices of departing coaches and steamboats into every quarter of the kingdom,—and from morning till night, does this travel through the principal streets of the city. Then every moment I came into contact with persons bearing upon their shoulders enormous guide boards, giving the direction where only can be purchased the unrivalled 'gossamer hats, the imperceptible Zephyr;' or announcing thus;—'Sold, *on oath*, the pure grease of a fine large bear,' or thus,—'The industrious Fleas, patronized by their Royal Highnesses, the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, may now be seen at No. 100, Piccadilly;' or again,—'Repair your tailor's

bills by going to the cheap Clothes Warehouse, No. 15, Strand,' or still worse,—'Awful disclosures of what was done in the Charlestown Convent, Massachusetts, have just been published,' &c., and beneath this notice is the picture of a priest choking a woman. Then there are men, sheepish, not to say guilty-looking beings who, standing at every frequented corner, slyly insinuate out towards you a bit of paper on whose top are the words, 'To the afflicted.' Then here are others, advertisers ambulatory, leisurely stalking through the streets, with hands thrust independently into their pockets, while around their hats are curved largely-lettered placards on which may be read, 'To Paris, 30 shillings.' And here again is an individual seemingly yoked within two immense placards, one falling down over his breast and the other declining upon his back. He walks with mournful gravity along. His expression is more truly gallows than any you have yet seen. His placards announce, 'Warm baths at reduced prices—vapor, sulphur, shampooing,—all for two shillings.' These men are generally able-bodied. They look healthy and fit for active labor, and the stranger is anxious to know more of that social organization, whereby so much vigorous bone and muscle are consigned to such comparatively idle vocations.

But here is a cluster of anxious citizens. They stand before a large lot of newspapers pasted against the wall. Some of these contain the daily news, and others announce what 'Bell's life in London' *will* contain on the coming Sunday. You are startled at the

greedy rage with which these sheets are devoured; and as you walk on, meeting every now and then some walking reader of the Times, or chance into Newsman's Hall where, morning and evening, the London Journals are distributed to hundreds of venders, you are ready to swear that this people actually live and banquet on news. Doubtless of such material is the aliment of their intellectual frame. For sustaining that frame, it seems to have become quite indispensable. What would become of the Englishman without it? Suppose the full-flowing channels of information under this government, suddenly dammed up, and in their stead the meager droppings vouchsafed by Absolutism. Imagine the Neapolitan, the Pontifical, or the Austrian system of publishing, miraculously transplanted hither. Fancy it suddenly substituted for that which at present exists. Instead of reviews and magazines poured monthly forth on all those topics of philosophy, science and government, which can engage the intelligent mind, imagine now and then appearing a little badly-printed volume on the Druidical Antiquities. Instead of these hundred thousand mammoth sheets sending forth, each morning and evening, intelligence on all matters from all parts of the world, and boldest speculations on the rights and destinies of man, fancy in their place, some half a dozen petty journals eight inches by twelve, announcing the barrenest facts about distant lands, or containing some vain movement of a court favorite. Instead of a hundred voices proclaiming aloud through every street all kinds

of news, commercial, political and even literary, imagine only the stillness of despotism, broken now and then, perchance, by some screaming of a wretched songster, or the pompous annunciations of a juggler. On such a substitution, what scenes would follow! What frowning upon the exchange! what impatient, damning execrations at the club-houses! what blank visages all along the Strand and Pall Mall! what wrathful exclamations from fair lips at Carleton Terrace, and St. James's Square! what chapfallen expressions in Paternoster Row! what Zahara-like solitude in the reading rooms! You shall see things upon the eve of a revolution. The ire of John Bull is kindling. He has been touched in a vital part. The food by which he intellectually lives has been wrested from him. You might as well venture with impunity to take from him his plumb pudding, his beef, his ale. The review, the magazine, the newspaper,—what are they but his necessary mind's diet? So much does he deem them co-essential that more than one such grouping meets your eye as this;—'Soup—Roast Beef at five—x x Ale—Newspapers—Porter, also a haunch of venison at six—also the Magazines.' He would not give up for the world the pleasure of knowing every thing that is going on abroad, of hearing his government railed at and defended, and of being able, as he carves a slice each day from the huge joint before him, to shout out imperiously, 'Waiter, bring me the Chronicle, the Globe, and the Times of to-day.'

The great subject of the present English periodical.

press is politics. The Americans have sometimes been denounced for continually wrangling upon this subject. Our institutions are said to make every man of us peculiarly a politician. We are reproached for spending that time in talking about Presidents and Governors, which might more profitably be devoted to honest industry. Now it seems to me that the good people in whose centre I find myself, are ten times more disposed to write and talk about politics than are we. Take such a fact as this, derived from the stamp office. In provincial England are one hundred and seventy-five newspapers. Of these, one hundred and seventy-two are decidedly political, whereof one hundred are called Liberal, and seventy-two advocate Tory principles. Can this fact be matched by a similar one in the United States?

But a stronger proof yet remains. Politics does not so deeply enter into our magazines, as in essential manner to determine their character. Nor do our larger reviews, while often containing articles upon those subjects that lie within the range of governmental policy, so ardently and fiercely espouse any system of measures, as to give them a strong political aspect. How different is the fact in England. Politics pervades almost universally, its higher periodical literature. Indeed, it may be doubted whether that literature could maintain its present firm and vigorous condition, were not this element intermingled with it. It shines forth in the magazine. It shines forth in the review; and there are thousands who, while they look

with indifference upon the purely literary portion of a Quarterly, are yet pleased to sustain it, since forsooth, each number contains one potent article, vindicating or denouncing those measures of governmental policy which they love or hate.

But more. We have no literary institutions which are likewise political. The far-dividing principles of federalism and anti-federalism, have not yet pervaded those high seats. But this is not true of the great Universities of England. The interests of Oxford and Cambridge are continually affected by political likes and dislikes.

And so look abroad all over England. For what are these numerous public meetings? For politics. For what are all these great whig, conservative, and O'Connel dinners? Why, all for politics. Now enter the saloons, and club-houses, and public conveyances. What is the topic that there is compelling gestures into even an Englishman's arms, and its superabundance of blood into his excited features? Why nothing less than politics. Shall the Church abide as it is? Shall the House of Lords stand as it is? Shall the principles of Reform triumph? These are the all-engrossing subjects of English thought and conversation. And well they may be so, for on the answers ultimately given to them, depends the happiness, not only of this generation, but of many which are yet to come.

If politics be the great subject of the present English press, and particularly of the daily press, great ability

is likewise a characteristic that must impress every reader. That ability very visibly appears in several of the leading journals. Take, for instance, many articles in the Times. What accurate and comprehensive knowledge do they contain ! What treasures of knowledge in their authors, do they imply ! They contain boldest and maturest thoughts on government, in finished and energetic language. They imply deep knowledge, not only of the English, but moreover of the Continental systems, and indicate an acquaintance with their past and present policy, which is indeed surprising. It is sufficient praise to assign for them a place by the side of those masterly essays, that for many past years, have characterized some of the higher journals in France, such as the *Constitutionnel*, and the *Journal des Debats*.

But aside from politics, nothing original and at the same time talented, finds its way to the English public through the daily or weekly papers. The French press gives you very frequently, admirable scientific, literary and philosophical compositions,—compositions whose framing has engaged some of the best intellect of the country. But through the English papers, you will look in vain for a corresponding feature. Such can only be found in the higher periodicals,—in the magazine and the review. Hence the great mass of English readers are entertained chiefly with what is called news, and with politics. I do not now speak of the Penny Magazine, and two or three other similar publications. I know their object, their influence, and

the many ends they worthily subserve. I speak of the daily press ; that press towards which the general eye is turned, whose sheets fly into every corner of the island, and which, now mightier than ever, is shaping the destinies of this people at a most eventful crisis in their history. With politics for its theme, and great ability discoursing thereon, what important effects are not each day produced ! That ability does not always seem to be exerted for patriotic ends. Too often is party rancor its prompter and its guide. The whig, believing that the principles of his political creed are those whereon depends the salvation of the country, proclaims those principles, and Tory hatred instantly denounces, pursues and stabs him therefor. Then again comes forth the Tory gentleman—as did Lord Lyndhurst lately in his celebrated vindication of the House of Lords,—what a mighty diapason of reproach and recrimination is instantly rung forth from the throat of every whig and radical press in the land ! The words ‘ knave,’ ‘ false,’ ‘ traitorous,’ are bandied about from one to the other, like so many holiday and lady terms.

Whatever may be said of the wide licentiousness of our democratic press, I do believe, and I judge from the experience which my own reading has given me, that we are not altogether alone in political scandal, that ours is not the only press which holds up the good to scorn, because, forsooth they proclaim their honest convictions, and moreover, that in this self-eulogizing, and at the same time, self-denouncing island of Great

Britain, is the voice of the press equally scandalous, vindictive, and rank with that offence which makes the virtuous grieve, as that whose notes are loud on the other side of the Atlantic. If a foreigner were to form his opinion of Englishmen, from the character given by the press to those public men of whom it has most occasion to speak, he must necessarily set them down as arrant knaves indeed. If his idea of British prosperity be derived from the Englishman's idea of the same, he can often think no less than that the nation is buried in wretchedness. For it is rather an amusing anomaly, that while John Bull pronounces himself the greatest, the mightiest, the most glorious personage in the world, he likewise complains most bitterly of his government, of his national progress, and is not satisfied in any argument, unless he has uttered the solemn words:—‘Sir, we are in a most perilous crisis.’ If you would see England raked fore and aft, set an English Tory and an Irish Catholic Priest into hot conversational conflict with each other. Not an institution, not a prominent man, not a prevailing measure of the times will survive that conflict. And yet your Tory will inform you that he helps to pay the enormous interest of the national debt, for the ‘honor and glory of being called an Englishman.’

I have had some opportunity of seeing John in his self-satisfaction, and his self-reproach. ‘Well, sir,’ asked a gentleman, as I left the royal arsenal and dock yard at Woolwich, knowing me to be an American, ‘what do you think of *these* works, sir?’ ‘Ah,

sir,' said another, 'if you have so good an opinion of us from what you see on the Thames, what will you say on travelling *throughout the Island*?' 'Depend upon it, sir,' said a little gentleman from Coventry, 'depend upon it, England in her commerce, in her naval powers, her 'wooden walls,' as we like to call them, ha, ha, ha, in her royal revenues, in her, in her, her *resources*, sir, is, be assured, sir, she is a prosperous nation, a *very* great nation, sir.' I was not disposed to contradict him. Leaving him alone, however, he may in a short time rather contradict himself. He is a Tory, and let only the note of politics be sounded, and lo! the words 'corruption,' 'national disgrace,' 'wide spread desolation,' 'irretrievable ruin,' and so forth, fly from his lips with as much alacrity as the blood flies into his visage. How far the press has been instrumental in bringing about the state of mind implied in the above violent expressions, I do not pretend to say. Suffice it for the present to remark, that the denouncing and inflammatory character of many of its harangues and criticisms, executed as they are by large ability, tend to create and keep up a state of public excitement, a sort of O'Connell agitation, which many of the judicious and the good most sincerely deplore.

VIII.

A PARISIAN SABBATH.

‘ Nous avons une littérature, une philosophie, une religion. * * * *
 Chose remarquable ! aucune nation dans l’univers n’a peut-être pris plus
 de soin que la France, de sa civilisation intellectuelle, et de sa civilisa-
 tion morale ; elle en recueille maintenant les fruits.’

Journal des Débats in January, 1837.

‘ THANK God,’—said I, as this morning I read the article from which the above sentences are taken—‘ thank God, religion has at length been restored to France. The evidences of such restoration may be doubtless seen in thronged churches, in the periodical press, in the literature, and particularly in the observance of those sacred institutions which religion claims as peculiarly her own. The sabbath, I have been taught to believe, is one of those institutions. It will be scrupulously observed by a people, who, with their philosophy and their literature, possess a *religion*, and who have taken the extremest care of their intellectual and *moral* cultivation. I will walk abroad,’ continued I. ‘ It is a pleasant sabbath morning. I wish to contemplate one impressive proof of the moral regeneration of France. I shall doubtless wander through tranquil streets, amidst a serious population bending its course piously towards the sanctuaries, and every moment will my eye and ear bear witness, that the mighty

heart of the city, for six days deeply agitated, has found a much-desired sabbath of rest.'

I had moved hardly twenty paces from No. 10, Rue de Rivoli, when my ears were saluted by the beating of drums, and the music of a martial band. A thousand soldiers were following these sounds into the Place Carrousel. A review was about to take place. I had witnessed many similar reviews on the same spot, but never before on the sabbath. 'Well,' said I, 'so far as the military are concerned, Paris does not, according to my notion, seem to be rallied about the banners of the Prince of Peace.'

Watching the manœuvring of several companies of the National Guards, I soon lost in laughter all recollection of the sanctity of the time. There can be no wider chasm between the physical appearance of men, than that which separates the National Guards from the Troops of the Line. How pitiful seem the latter, in those long gray coats and red pantaloons! How villanously diminutive is their stature! What good-for-nothing expressions look blank on their visages! And yet they handle their muskets with a precision, harmony, and dexterity that proclaim in every instant the omnipotence of the drill. But at their side is ranged a battalion of National Guards. Behold their portly stomachs, their massive frames, their fine complexions, their plump cheeks, their eyes full of expression, and their tout-ensemble abounding in consequential citizenship. They are your martial personification of the *embonpoint*; the idea of that

word in another vehicle ; the Falstaff *à la Française*. These are the men unto whom, by its sixty-sixth article, is confided the protection of the Charter of 1830. They are men of business. They have pecuniary interests in society, and of course are interested in the preservation of public tranquillity. They are the peculiar security of Louis Phillippe and his throne. Still do they look any thing but martial ; and as for their bearing, it is altogether unsoldierlike. Your National Guard marches along behind a pair of spectacles, caring little for his gait, still less for his musket ; laughing with his comrade, joking with his captain, or muttering to himself ; mistaking ' shut pan ' for ' shoulder arms,' and apparently requiring for the correspondence of his step with time, the benefit of legs visibly chalked ' left,' ' right.' When on duty, he is half the time laughed at by others, and the remaining half by himself. He knows that he cuts a laughable figure, that he is each night burlesqued upon the stage, and caricatured in every print-shop under the words, ' Tribulations of the National Guards.' Hence has he no particular ambition to look or walk the soldier. Sometimes he parades in a huge cloak ; sometimes he marches smoking a cigar ; sometimes he ' orders arms ' to take snuff ; and always is he talking, always does he laugh at his awkward blunders in tactics, and always does he look fat. Indeed slenderness and angularity are no longer national features. The age of lean marquesses has gone by. The French men are fat, the French women are fat, and so far as fatness is

concerned, the French children are following on in the footsteps of their parents.

Leaving the military parade, I directed my steps towards the Musée Royal. I perceived its huge doors flung widely open, while hundreds were rushing through them, and thousands were wandering within, among its works of art in marble and on canvass. 'Pray,' said I, to a crimson-liveried huissier at the portal, 'is the Louvre open on the sabbath?' 'Certainly, sir,' replied he. 'This is the *only* public day. The Royal Family visit it on Monday—on other week days it is opened to those who have permission, or passports, but all the world are free to enjoy it on the sabbath.' I took a turn through the apartments. They were thronged with the middle and lower classes; with respectable gentlemen in the red ribbon; with countrymen in wooden shoes, and grisettes in clean white caps. Sympathy with art, thought I, is indeed wide in this metropolis. It thrives under a dirty jacket as beneath an embroidered mantle, but Paris artistical is any thing but Paris evangelical.

Quitting the Louvre, I walked up through the gardens of the Tuileries. And here the scene was far more stirring, and ten thousand times more brilliant than that which I had just left. Some hundreds were reading newspapers; other hundreds were lounging listlessly upon the seats; hundreds of bucks were sporting their canes, and an elegant gait through the promenades; hundreds of ladies wandered in magnificent attire around the fountains; a thousand children jumped

the rope, or drove their hoops in every direction, while their nurses—those champaign nurses in hale red cheeks, and broad outbursting bosoms!—laughed, danced, chatted, and thus responded with exuberant joy, to all the shouts and all the laughter of the creatures under their charge. ‘This is certainly a very delightful scene,’ said I; ‘but it seems to be distinguished from its brethren on week days, only by more resolved enjoyment, more loud and impetuous sport.’ By a New Englander, who had been accustomed to *keep* Saturday night with scrupulous observance from sundown onwards, and who, moreover, in boyhood had been taught that even an idle whistle upon the sabbath was a profanation of its holiness, such a scene could hardly be deemed in harmony with the sixth commandment. Indeed, I was on the eve of running back for a moment to my apartment, just to see whether I had read aright the article from which is taken the motto of this sketch. And then again was my step arrested by the apprehension that I was falling into that worst and narrowest of all prejudices,—the applauding or condemning of others’ habits according as they corresponded with, or deviated from, the standards which I had been accustomed to contemplate in my own country. ‘Notwithstanding all I have seen and am seeing,’ said I, ‘the Parisians may have as much religion as any people on the face of the earth, only they are a little peculiar in their *forms* of keeping holy the Lord’s day;’—and so I walked on past the obelisk to the Champs Elysées.

I found the Champs Elysées thronged; thronged with elegant carriages; thronged with elegant men and women; thronged with jugglers at their diablerie, with Punch and Judy at their squabbles, with companies of men at their games of balls, with Turks crying out figs and prunes as 'good for the stomach,' with Savoyards grinding hand-organs, with old people each moment lighting and cracking up their matches, and with young people each moment apparently on the eve of making them. I paused for a while before a stationary carriage. In it was a large, fair-complexioned man, with enormous whiskers and moustaches, and whose hair, surmounted by a richly-gilded velvet cap, hung in enormous curls down over his shoulders. His jacket was fancifully decorated, and about his waist circled the belt of a splendid yagatan. His carriage was surrounded by fifty idle men, women, and children. The grinding of a hand-organ attached to his establishment having ceased, he arose to address his company. I now perceived that he lacked an arm and a leg. Moving his large black eyes significantly about him for a moment, he pompously began. He declared that he had been in the armies of the Republic and of Napoleon; that fighting for the former he had lost an arm, and for the latter a leg; that he had once spared an enemy from the death which was his due, and that in consideration thereof, said enemy had given him the receipt for a certain medicine capable of curing all diseases, and that too in the astonishingly brief space of five minutes. Hereupon he began to reveal certain bottles

and phials. I perceived what the fellow was at, and immediately took my leave to observe some other phases of Parisian life on Sunday.

Moving down the Rue St. Honoré, I found its shops all open. The milliners were sewing and ogling at the windows; the shoemakers were beating their lasts; the legs of the tailors were crossed; the hatters were at work; the trunk-makers were at work; the saddlers were at work; the ribbon-seller sold her ribbons; the marron-roaster sold his marrons; the pâtissier sold his *pâté de foie gras*, and at 'Aux Palmiers,' I saw, as on any profane day, its black-eyed divinity shrined within her customary pyramids all transparent, her pastilles and her bonbons. At length I stood before St. Roch. 'Ah, here's a church at last,' said I. Entering, I found it crowded. The Catholic service was proceeding in company with the most solemn and impressive music. Far be it from me to insinuate any thing derogatory to the motives which led that throng within those walls. It is one of my pleasures to give pictures true, though faint they may be, of some scenes which pass before me. I do not wish to distort the scene within this sanctuary. I saw there many kneeling forms, many devout expressions, and the eyes of many turned heavenwards, whose thoughts, I trust, were on the same divine pilgrimage. I sincerely hope that this may be a type of all Paris, nay, of all France.

A short walk brought me to the Market of the Innocents. The contrast was striking. A thousand women there trafficking, had been shrived for the day.

They were now at their work. All the markets of Paris are open on the sabbath. Indeed, how could it be otherwise? Suppose them closed. Fifty-two annual gaps in the till now perfect and harmonious history of Parisian gourmandism! You could not close the markets, without slightly troubling the restaurants. You could not slightly trouble the restaurants, without deeply troubling the gourmands who there banquet. And more safely may you derange Paris political, or Paris literary, or Paris commercial, than Paris *gourmande*. To speak out frankly, however, a dinner at the Rocher, at Grignon's, or even at Very's, will half reconcile you to this desecration.

Before leaving the Marché des Innocens, I paused an hour to note the forms and modes of its strange population. A brawny, muscular, hoarse-voiced race it is, and a worthy offspring will you soon pronounce it of those *poissardes*, who in *the* Revolution helped to storm Versailles, and for mere pastime, as they marched thither, tore a horse into a hundred fragments, devouring him raw, as a sweet morsel. Their faces are coarse and lack meaning. In their broadly-built and lusty frames, however, are revealed marvellous capacities for multiplying their image. They are in general, strongly and comfortably clothed, and about the head of each is invariably bound a parti-colored handkerchief. As an illustration of French peasantry, they are interesting. On them, the political tornadoes, upturning so much in France, have left but slight influences. They talk in the same out-

landish patois as ever. They move in nearly the same narrow spheres of action and of enjoyment, as did their grand-parents. They come up to Paris in the same huge, awkward, three-wheeled vehicles; and they bargain with their customers in the same grimaces, shrugs and 'bah's' which for ages have characterized the intercourse of the French. Passing one of their stalls, a gruff voice hails you; 'Eh, dites donc, Monsieur, tenez, voyez, Monsieur, voyez.' Not being able to arrest your steps, and deeming you English, the ancient and fish-like crone, discharges after you a certain quantity of slang, wherefrom you get your first ideas of Parisian Billingsgate. They take their meals conveniently. A little woman advances towards one of them hungry. This little woman carries, suspended from about her neck before her, a sort of tray whereon stands a cooking apparatus. At her left side is a basket, filled with slices of meat and rolls of bread at least three feet long. At her right, hangs a pair of bellows, and behind her, drags a sort of crutch upon which, when stationary, she may lean for repose. 'Eh ben, voul' vous mange?' 'Ouias,' responds the market woman. Thereupon the ambulatory cook claps a bit of tripe into her pan, blows up the coals beneath it, cuts two slices from her long bread roll, and placing between them the fried tripe, receives therefor three sous, and walks off to another stall. Does the eater desire some drinkables? The tinkling of a bell announces the approach of a man, bearing upon his back a large flask filled with wine or lemonade.

The pipes conducting from it, project forward under his right arm. Four bright goblets are outstanding from his chest, and three hang down from his girdle. He cracks up his beverage as the finest in all Paris, and sells a glass thereof to the market women for one sous. These people seem not to lack happiness. They are continually joking with each other; they have each the condensed health of half a dozen ordinary persons, and their boisterous rampant laughter has no parallel, save in the shouts of a Dutch burgo-master.

Passing from the *Marché des Innocens* to the *Palais Royal*, I stepped by chance into a cabinet-de-lecture just long enough to inform myself that the periodical press was active on this day as on any other; that every journal made its uninterrupted appearance, and that some of the most merry and roguish, whereof Paris can boast, husband themselves profanely for six long days, that they may send forth their diabolical waggery only on the seventh. The gardens of the *Palais Royal* were filled like those of the *Tuileries*. The *Passage d'Orleans* seemed all alive with promenaders. Gay grisettes laughed in the spray of the fountain, falling-sheaf-like. The shops shone dazzling as ever. The *dames-du-comptoir* presiding therein, told as pretty French lies about their wares as on a weekday, and as their moustached customers departed, streamed after them certain glances which, though issuing from very heavenly eyes, were certainly very far from being sanctified by any divineness in their source.

Walking beneath the arches, my eye was arrested at No. 36, by this sign ; 'Dentiste au 3me.' I ascended into the third story. Entering a little ante-room whose walls were hung about with hats and cloaks, a man holding a triply-pronged staff, like Neptune's trident, in his hand, and known by the emphatic appellation of *Bouledogue*, eyed me keenly for an instant, and then received my hat and cane. A servant in soiled livery, now opened a door leading to a large apartment. I saw within, some fifty faces disturbed and saddened. I heard a tinkling of silver, and then the roll of a little ivory ball, and then a sepulchral voice saying, 'rien ne va plus.' I was in one of the Hells of Paris. By what I had this morning already seen, I was prepared for witnessing almost any extremities, but hardly did I expect to find the gambling houses in full operation. It was now two o'clock. One hour since, was the room opened, to continue so until midnight. It contained two tables for roulette and rouge-et-noir. It was not magnificent. The walls were dingy ; the floor was dirty ; rules of the games were hung up in black frames here and there ; the garçon solemnly passed lemonade to this or that gambler ; no ladies wandered about in stereotyped smiles, lighting on raw youths to ruin, and the money was staked tremblingly down by the biggest and dirtiest hands I have lately seen. This is hardly a Frascati, said I. But it is ten thousand times worse than Frascati's. It is a gambling house for those who cannot afford to lose. It is for the laboring class,

and those old gamesters who are nearly used up. I saw there many pale faces, and many flushed ones, contrasting strangely in their wild agitation, with the careless, motionless, immovable visages of the *croupiers*. Your croupier, holding his natty rake upright while the wheel is turning, looks around upon the company with a complacency 'mild as cheese.' He even seems amiable. How affectionate is his manner, while changing your forty franc piece! But let only a dispute arise. You shall suddenly see several mad demons in his eye, and the worst passions of the arch-fiend himself, wrenching every feature. The rouge-et-noir table was thronged. My eye rested on an old man in black cotton cap and spectacles, whose face had once been intellectual, whose manner was that of the graceful French gentleman, and whose vestments were extremely shabby. How anxiously did his trembling hand prick down upon the bit of paper before him, the results momentarily announced by the *tailleur*, 'rouge gagne et couleur perd,'—'rouge perd et couleur gagne.' That man had once played high at the Cercle des Etrangers; afterwards strong at Frascati's; then moderate at No. 154, Palais Royal; and finally was he playing low at this degraded No. 36. His next legitimate descent will be to the Morgue. As, departing, I descended the stairs, into my memory came unbidden the paraphrase, 'This is indeed the den of Satan, and none other than the gate to Hell.'

Moving out from the Palais Royal through the avenue where now, as ever, you may hear the shrill cry,

'vingt cinq sous,' and entering the Passage Colbert, the Passage Vivienne, and the Passage Panorama, I perceived no cessation of business, not the slightest token that this was a day of observance among the Parisian French. Dropping for a moment into the Conservatoire-des-Arts-et-Métiers, I learned that at three o'clock, a certain Professor Dupin would there deliver his usual Sunday lecture on — *chemistry*. Not tarrying to hear it, I directed my steps towards the Boulevard-du-Temple. What rattling of carriages! What shouting of people! What pantomimes! What puppet-shows! What rope-dancing! What mountebanks! What tumblers! What music! What multitudes of boutiques! What vending and crying up of knick-knacks! 'Here is nothing more nor less than a fair,' said I. 'I must be mistaken in my day. This is certainly Saturday or Monday.' A man at my elbow set me right. 'It is Sunday, sir,' said he, cracking his whip, 'and if Monsieur wishes a drive to the Barrière du Combat, here is a cabriolet, tout-a-fait magnifique.' 'And what is to be seen at the Barrière du Combat?' asked I. 'A grand fight of animals, Monsieur.' 'I'll go,' said I, 'but wait a moment.'

Before some large squares of canvass covered with grotesque figures, stood a man in costume most bizarre. He was addressing an audience of fifty. His subject was the massacre of St. Bartholomew. A picture of said massacre was to be seen within. Having concluded his energetic description and harangue, he said, '*here* is the magnificent picture, gentlemen, enter, only

two sous, enter Messieurs, quick, quick ;' and then one comrade rang loudly a bell, and another blew a horn. The object was to take the curiosity of the audience by storm. That audience walked coolly off in an opposite direction.

At the side of this exhibition, stood another quite different. An enormous porker was there to be seen. It was from Bordeaux, and if it corresponded with the length, and breadth, and height of its portrait, must have been a monster indeed. Had that mammoth-hog been exhibiting in America, you would have seen at the entrance to its pen, a portly gentleman in blue dress-coat and bright buttons, with his hands thrust into his breeches pocket, deliberately stating that 'the animal within was *really* a *very* great curiosity, that it was raised in Ohio by a member of Congress, that it showed the progress of the State in breeding swine,' and his whole manner, as well as stomach, would have revealed some appropriate sympathy with the magnitude of his theme. Here however was a French pig exhibiting by French men. To draw spectators, one little man in green cap and feathers beat a drum ; another in red jacket and sword, stuffed enormous quantities of tow into one side of his mouth, and miraculously puffed out enormous quantities of smoke from the other, while a third in harlequin costume, and in waggery which none but a frequenter of the Boulevard du Temple could appreciate, rallied him about the peculiarity of his appetite, bobbing every now and then his head against his neighbor's, with grimaces beyond

number. A goodly company having at length been attracted, the drummer announced that the charge for seeing the animal was but two sous. A porcellian curiosity could be awakened in only one very old woman, and one small boy.

The cabriolet bore me swiftly through the Rue de Lancry to the Barrère du Combat. A miscellaneous barking, hoarse and shrill, announced the vicinity of animals. I approached a door. The ensigns of battle were thick about it. Sanguinary pictures of dogs pitted against wild boars, and bears, wolves, bulls, and jacks, and of dogs against dogs, met my eyes wherever they were turned. The woman who sold me a ticket of admission, looked ferocious and gorgon-like. The man who received it at the door, had a mouth like a bull-dog's, and the very handle of his bell-rope was a bear's paw. As the sport had not commenced, I amused myself in looking about the premises. Entering through a little gate, two hundred and thirty dogs of enormous magnitude, of most blood-thirsty expression, here collected from all parts of Europe, sprang towards me, the length of their two foot chains, with savage yelps, and barks and growls. Each had to himself a little oval kennel, and the tout-ensemble of their habitations resembled what you might imagine to be the appearance of a village of Hottentot dwarfs. There was a good deal of the truly infernal in the fiend-like energy with which these monsters fretted and raved to burst from their bonds, and seize an intruder into their territory by the thorax. The scene

might have looked not unbecomingly in the third circle of Dante's Hell. Before I had time to inspect the square arena, the opening of the combats was announced. I took my seat in a box, and was happy to notice, amidst the multitude of spectators, only two females.

The dog-fights, to the number of twelve or fifteen, were sufficiently sanguinary. Indeed you might fairly denounce them, with the whole exhibition, as horridly, degradingly brutal. You might perhaps be doubtful about a longer tarry. And yet here may you read a curious chapter in Natural History. Declaring that you desire to study 'The habits of Animals,' you remain.

Soon came the battle of a wolf, tied by a rope some thirty feet long to a ring in the centre of the arena, with ten or twelve dogs. The wolf looked extremely sheepish at first, and yet he dealt his fangs very generously into the flanks of his adversaries. For his trophies he had a score of keen, ear-piercing yelps. While these conflicts were going on, the wild animals in cages surrounding the arena, grew furious and impatient. The four or five wolves glared, and growled and yelled. The bears leaped about grinning horribly, and a boar of Ardennes momentarily thrust his snout and tusks all white with foam, through the iron bars of his pen, seemingly quite anxious to have a finger, or rather a tooth, in the pie.

Now followed the fight of the bear with the dogs. He was tied like the wolf. Three dogs were at once

let in upon him. They merely worried him. Three fiercer ones were soon added. They not only worried, but fought him. To them were at length superadded three others, still more ferocious than their predecessors. These latter made the acquaintance of Black-head with a speed that indicated their possession of the highest possible quantity of pluck. Bruin however patted them with his paw to the right and to the left, thus returning their compliments in a style which proved that his was no baby's play. He was at length brought down. The dogs had their fangs full into his throat. Two men dressed in crimson, pried their jaws open with long iron-pointed bars, while a third dragged them off their prostrate foe, *by the tail*.

This concluded, the bull-fight began. The bull was tied, as had been the wolf and the bear. He was evidently an old worker at this sort of business. First he bellowed deeply, then he pawed up the earth, and then he pricked forward his ears in confident expectation towards the door, through which four bull-dogs now furiously dashed at him. There was nothing very revolting in this spectacle. With his horns, the bull tossed off the dogs to this side and to that, with as much easy regularity as a Connecticut farmer would turn and toss hay. Indeed you might almost imagine him parodying the thought of the Augustan poet :

'Fœnam habet in cornu.'

Now and then was he attacked vigorously, *a posteriori*. And yet very happily did he retort the arguments from

that quarter, convincing his opponents, by what might be scientifically called the knock-down argument, the *argumentum ad canem*, that either *horn* of the dilemma was preferable to this proceeding. Not one of them was able to throttle him, and he was soon trotted out of the arena, decidedly victorious.

I supposed the games concluded. I rather wished them so. Not small was my surprise, however, when I saw entering from the passage through which the bull had just made his exit, a very handsome mouse-colored jackass. With the ass do we all have some pleasant associations,—associations of the patriarchal times, associations of the pastoral life, of the panniers filled with children, and ever since Sterne saw him leaning his disconsolate head over a French fence, he has been not altogether unpoetical. I was a little grieved to see him in such company as this. But I was never aware that he could show such wonderful fight. The first and second set of dogs seemed to have suspicions of his capacity in that way, and kept at a respectful barking distance. The third set, however, did him some damage; and yet in several instances, did he give them to feel, as well as to know, that he was not to be tampered with,—nay more, that he was a very disagreeable customer. There was a vigor in his action extremely exhilarating, and every instant did he seem to be pronouncing the sapient proverb in him originated, ‘Each one look out for himself.’ The object of one of the dogs seemed to be, to catch him by an ear, and for that end did he leap vigorously five or six times

across his head. A timely dodge prevented success. Once however, was he slightly nipped in that appendage, and thereupon he set up a bray of which even his ancestral kin, in the time of Balaam, might in no-wise have been ashamed. Whatever malicious wag-gery may insinuate, I do declare that now I began to feel great sympathy for the ass, and therefore was I extremely delighted to see him, through a well-directed aim, plank his left hind hoof compactly into the nether jaw of his foe. That heel-tap was of terribly spiteful, intense energy, satisfying me that however asinine might be his blood, his antagonist would never think of writing him down an ass. That antagonist expressing himself in a yelp, sulkily retired and the combat closed. 'When will there be another fight?' asked I retiring, of the old woman from whom I had purchased my ticket. 'Next Sunday, sir,' was the reply. The fact is, the *Combat-des-animaux* and the Louvre, are open to all the world on Sundays. At Paris, the highest works of art and the lowest spectacle in nature, can be seen by the public, only on the sabbath.

Dining at the *Trois Frères*, I cogitated how I should spend the evening. 'Were I in Boston,' said I, 'I might join the throngs which, in a few hours will crowd the churches and prayer-meetings; but I am in Paris; garçon, le *Courrier des Théâtres*.' 'Bien, Monsieur.' From this little periodical I ascertained that I could choose between three Royal Operas, twenty-one Theatres, and two Concerts. Shall I go to the Italians, said I, for Grisi, and Rubini, and Tamburini and La Blache;

and where may be seen the best blood and the best diamonds of Paris? Or shall I to the Grand Opera for Taglioni, with the bravos and bouquets momentarily rained down upon her? Or shall I enjoy the soft voice of Damoreau Cinti, at the Opera Comique. But here again are the Theatres. Mademoiselle Mars plays at the Français, and Lemaitre at the Variétés. Shall I see performed the 'Three Hearts of Woman,' at the Vaudeville, or this piece entitled 'Vive le Diable,' at the Porte St. Martin? But here moreover are the Concerts. Which shall be patronized, Jullien's or Musard's? Paying one franc, you may enjoy two hours of the finest music in the world. I resolved upon Musard's. In his magnificent rooms were ninety musicians, playing for their own and the pleasure of two thousand hearers. How many Parisians are this evening engaged in giving and receiving theatrical and musical pleasure? said I to myself, as the last strain of one of Musard's fine quadrilles died upon my ear. What with two concerts, twenty-one theatres, and three opera-houses, there cannot be less than fifteen hundred artists. Nay, this estimate is too small, for upon the single stage of the Grand Opera, you may often see at one time, more than three hundred performers. Say then, two thousand artists. And for their audiences, say eighty thousand. Imagine every inhabitant of Boston, looking, laughing and shouting at operas, concerts, ballets, vaudevilles, dramas and melo-dramas, and you get some notion of what on a sabbath evening is, 'Paris Gay.'

Having taken at eleven o'clock, the usual supper of *Riz-au-lait*, I was about retiring to my quiet chambers. I believed the amusements of the Parisian sabbath terminated. Miserable, baseless belief ! For thousands on thousands those amusements are just beginning. *Nine* masked balls are announced for this evening. The earliest commences precisely at eleven o'clock. Pray, shall we look for an hour or two, into the masked balls ? Shall we speer at frail Cyprians through the sombre domino ? Shall we join the impetuous gallopade, or whirl in the dreamy gyrations of the waltz ? Or far better, shall we don opera hat, white cravat and kids, and with glass at eye, gaze from a box in the *Academie Royale de Musique*, upon the *jaleodi Tripoli*, danced voluptuously in their native costume, by the first artists from the royal theatre of Madrid ? I doubt not that the fagged-out reader, who so kindly has journeyed with me through this day's scenes, will answer,—'no.' That reader, I trust, will join me in saying that a sabbath in this metropolis, so far from being set apart as a day of seriousness for its religion, is only set apart as a larger receptacle for its amusements, and that if for six days the rein be freely flung upon the neck of license, upon the seventh it is cast clean over its head. Paris wants a Luther in 1836, as much as Europe wanted one in the sixteenth century. And suppose the great Reformer, miraculously uprisen from his grave, and unroofed Paris exhibited to him as an illustration of the progress which the mighty impulse he commenced, had made. How vain would

seem his noble labors! The Reformation has wrought many worthy things; but Paris moral and Paris religious is, as if *the* Reformation, or any other Reformation had never for a moment been dreamt of.

And now were one to address the author of the motto to this sketch, justly might he say—‘ Mr. Chevalier, you have at Paris the grandest triumphal arch in the world; you have a lovely Madeleine, a magnificent Bourse, a Louvre thronged with immortal works, a learned Sorbonne, and great literary, scientific and medical institutions. You have likewise vast military establishments; you have the glorious memory of many victories; you have a classical drama, and, moreover, an Epic Poem. These things you have, and well may you rejoice in them; but from reverence for truth, if not for its Author, do not also lay claim to religion.’

IX.

SHAKSPEARE IN PARIS.

I HAVE just witnessed a representation of Hamlet on the great national stage of France, the stage of the Théâtre Français. The piece was announced as from the pen of Duçis, whom we know as among the most successful of the French translators of Shakspeare; and it was to be executed by some of the first artists of the company,—a company in whose ranks was once the great Talma, and of which the most distinguished member at present is, Mademoiselle Mars. I shall soon have an opportunity of judging how the English dramatist is appreciated by the French, thought I, as I entered No. 15 of the Stalles-de-Balcon. I shall soon be enabled to determine for myself, whether all the waggery I have read be true, of the style in which his plots are mutilated, his ideas caricatured, and his language travestied. At least, I shall have *one* instance to enlighten me on this subject.

The curtain rose, and before me was an apartment of a palace, into which I was somewhat surprised to see entering King Claudius and Polonius. The King was clad in loosely hanging red vestments. Over his shoulders was flung a black mantle, and his top was surmounted, not by a baby proof of sovereignty, but

by a velvet cap, whose loose crown projected forward in the mode called Phrygian at Naples, and which here may be seen chiefly upon the head of a French cook. Polonius was dressed similarly, except that his brow was surrounded by something in the shape of a Turk's turban. I may here remark, that the character of Polonius is as much revolutionized as his dress. He is no more a superannuated, self-conceited companion of a state. Through his dotage appears nothing to make you smile. He has no dotage, no ludicrous character. He is middle-aged, and he talks good wise advice to you, in regular French rhyme.

The Majesty of Denmark has been murdered; his place has been partially usurped by the murderer, who is now consulting with Polonius, how that place may be permanently secured to him. Thus is he engaged when a noise is heard. Polonius suddenly takes his leave, and the queen enters. Madame Paradol struck me at once as a very excellent Gertrude. She was brawny and sensual. Her body, her countenance, her voice, her smile, all loudly proclaimed the adulteress. I thought that Shakspeare himself would not have moulded his Gertrude otherwise. After a few moments, the king begins to importune her to have their nuptials solemnized. I was a little surprised to find that they were not yet married, and still more when I heard the queen, in stern round terms declare, that she did not intend to marry. She was filled with remorse at the recollection of her past career in guilt. She was not going to wade deeper

in. She was resolved to have Hamlet crowned king. The wrong done the husband was not to be continued over to the son.

‘Quand par un crime affreux, je l’ai privé d’un père,
Il est bien juste au moins qu’il retrouve une mère.’

The conclusion was certainly a motherly one. Polonius is instantly called in, and having received orders to make preparations for Hamlet’s coronation, makes his bow and departs, looking slyly at the king. Claudius is now advised by his repentant consort in crime, to betake himself as quickly as possible to virtuous courses, and to become a loyal subject. Before he has time to respond to this apparently unwelcome suggestion, the queen waves him away. Left in solitude, she is going on to congratulate herself upon her new and virtuous state of heart, when a *confidante* named Elvira, enters, to inform her that Norceste, the noble friend of her son, has just arrived from England. To him, continues Elvira, your son may perhaps reveal the *chagrin fatal* which alarms you. ‘Do you think so?’ asks the queen. ‘And why should I not?’ responds Elvira. Gertrude then sums up her feelings in the sentiment, that if her son should die without disclosing said *chagrin fatal*, nothing remained for her but to die with him; and so ends the first act. ‘Il est tout changé,’ said I to a Frenchman beside me. ‘Oui,’ replied he, ‘c’est arrangé pour la scène Française.’ ‘Vraiment,’ added I, ‘et pour le goût Français.’

At the beginning of the second act, the preceding

personages, Gertrudé and Elvira, re-appear. The queen now, for the first time, discloses to Elvira her share in the murder of the king, and as she goes on to relate how love was the cause of that foul deed, wishes to heaven, and heaven only knows why, that all her sex were present to hear her. In the course of a tedious narration of remorse, and horror and crime, she is interrupted by the entrance of Norceste. Him she at once beseeches to inquire into the secret cause of her dear son Hamlet's *chagrin*. Left alone, Norceste, in whom I recognised a shadow of the original Horatio, queries why his friend has not opened his heart to his mother. He concludes his cogitations by saying that strange suspicions are afloat at court, and that *there* a great secret is oftentimes no other than a great crime. As he is going out, Voltimond, captain of the guards, meets him, and begs him not to proceed, as the Prince, all trembling, and pale and wild, was hither rushing, pursued by some invisible vengeance. A sound is heard, a crash, a scream, and Hamlet dashes in, all madly exclaiming:—

‘Fuis, spectre épouvantable,
Porte au fond des tombeaux ton aspect redoutable.’

He was dressed in black. His coat,—a sort of frock,—was trimmed throughout with fur, and about his waist circled, three or four times, a large silken cord. Ligier made a very good French Hamlet; but I am almost sure that the walls of the Théâtre Français rang with serious applause of gestures, and attitudes, and tones

and expressions of visage, that at Covent Garden would have excited nothing but roars of laughter. 'Do you not see it?' continues Hamlet. 'It flies above my head; it clasps my very feet; je me meurs.' You see no ghost; you hear no ghost. You are startled by no sepulchral voice come up to earth from its dark prison-house. You see no form escaped from sulphurous flames for a brief space, till the matins be near. The poor ghost, alas, may not tell his own tale. But at the solicitation of Norceste, Hamlet tells it for him,—that is, Hamlet relates to Norceste what his father's spirit related to *him*. Thus we get at the matter, though in a sort of second-hand way. How tame, and lifeless and flat was this, in comparison with the solemn vigor of a similar narration in the original! I felt myself some of the *chagrin* which seemed to bear down Hamlet. I felt that the soul of the English bard was not in the scene before me. It was all Frenchified. The house, however, listened breathlessly. The scene was not without its pathos, and I must not fail to add that here and there among the spectators, I discovered a white handkerchief. Happy they! They had their own standards of judging and of enjoying. The work of art before them was in conformity therewith, and they were deeply impressed. I am not finding fault. Their standards on this subject are different, totally different, from those of an Englishman or an American. It is impossible, while those different standards are recognised, that we should all be similarly impressed by the same

work of dramatic art. The second act closes with a resolution by Hamlet and Norceste to take, as the ghost to the former had suggested, the urn holding his father's ashes from its humble resting place.

To make assurance doubly sure of what the *spectre épouvantable* had related as to the guilt of the royal sinners, Hamlet desires Norceste to narrate in their presence, how an English king was recently poignarded at London, and how the misery under which England now groans was caused by ambition, lust and adultery. He himself will, in the mean time, stand by, and watch the effect of said narration. This scene takes places in the next act. Nothing surely was ever more curiously managed than this. Claudius, Gertrude, Hamlet, and Norceste are on the stage. The latter has just stated the fact of the English king's death. Hamlet asks, in a somewhat significant tone, and with a knowing French shrug :—

- ' Mais, qui soupçonne-t-on de cet énorme crime ?
Norceste. Un mortal honoré de la publique estime.
Hamlet. Enfin, qui nomme-t-on ?
Norceste. Un prince de son sang,
 Qu'après lui la naissance appelait à son rang.
Gertrude. Vous a-t-on informé qu'il eut quelque complice ?
Norceste. Oui * * * *
Hamlet. La reine peut être ?
Gertrude. O ciel ! par quel indice
 A-t-on pu découvrir ?
Norceste. Je l'ignore.
Gertrude. En secret
 Quel motif donne-t-on d'un aussi grand forfait ?
Norceste. L'amour du diadème, une flamme adultère.
 Il n'est point troublé. [*bas d Hamlet.*]
Hamlet. [*bas d Norceste.*] Non, mais regarde ma mère.'

During all this dialogue, Hamlet looks most intensely and dagger-like into the king's features. But the king's features do not blench for an instant. The queen only seems a little touched. The king coolly says, 'Let England alone with her griefs, and mourning and crime ;' and he concludes with a cut which, reflecting that the piece first appeared in 1769, may well be called cut à la Française.

'L'Angleterre en forfaits trop souvent fut seconde.'

It is at the close of this third act that we get the first glimpse of Ophelia ; not the Ophelia of Shakspeare—that loveliest of the poet's dreams—so gentle, so timid, so spiritual, so true ; the being that even in the intellectual Hamlet, enkindled a love which that of forty thousand brothers could not equal. We see an Ophelia, daughter, not of Polonius but of Claudius, with a strong voice and a muscular arm ; one who even tries to produce some stage effect by her energetic-attitudes. Moreover she sometimes blusters and talks big ; now discoursing like a superannuated crone, then like a lusty matron, and very seldom like a trembling virgin in the early bloom and spring-time of her love. Ophelia never goes mad. Indeed, how *could* such a healthy, muscular, matron-like damsel ever go mad for love ? She never goes mad, and so I miss one of the most exquisite scenes that ever appeared on any stage. The Ophelia of this play has not a single one of those features which enchants you in the original. It is unspiritualized, it is unsouled.

All of the angelical which shines out in Shakspeare's creation has vanished, and you are presented with a strange compound, ordinary, unimpressive, unsatisfactory. You turn your back upon such a desecration, and yet you ought hardly so to do; for, remember that you are witnessing an English tragedy, so modified as to harmonize with French ideas of propriety and to gratify the French taste.

In the fourth act, which is likewise the last, Hamlet appears, *seul*. He is a little mortified to find that his king-trap did not spring better.

‘Quoi ! ce vll Claudius a donc eu la constance,
De voir son propre crime avec indifférence !’

Still he is inclined to give credence to the testimony of the ghost. Then he goes into something like that famous soliloquy, wherein Hamlet weighs the goods and ills of life. Here and there you catch glimpses of Shakspeare's thought; but they are only glimpses. ‘In what,’ he asks, ‘shall my cast-down soul take refuge?’

‘Mourons. Que craindre encor quand on a cessé d'être ?
La mort * * * c'est le sommeil * * * c'est un reveil peut-être.
Peut-être * * * Ah c'est ce mot qui glance épouvanté
L'homme à bord du cercueil par le doute arrêté.

This is not so very bad, and Ligier, whose countenance was thin and pale, whose eye glared wildly, and whose tout-ensemble had therein much of the haggard and the suicidal, embodied it well. The soliloquy terminates with ‘mais, je vois Ophelia.’

Ophelia enters. An interview somewhat protracted, ensues—an interview in which Hamlet avers to the damsel his wish to part with life. Ophelia, like an adroit counsellor, sums up with energy the motives, both public and private, which should prevent him from taking any deadly steps, concluding thus—‘these are thy duties; now die if thou darest.’

‘Ce sont là tes devoirs; meurs après, si tu l’oses.’

While they are thus discoursing, the queen enters and questions Hamlet about his sadness; his brow still gloomy and severe, his eye fixed ever on the earth. Just then his father’s spirit rises, and a scene follows whose dramatic effect was most electrical. The applause of *bravos* and hands together smote, was deafening. Claudius soon enters. Hamlet eyes him savagely, and threatening revenge, takes his leave. The king being in a few moments left alone, is rejoined by Polonius. Now follows a consultation. What shall the king do, who has with him the nobility and the soldiers, to defeat the hostile movements of Hamlet, on whose side is ranged the devotion of the people? The old trick is resorted to. A counsel is to be summoned. He is to be formally presented with the crown, which, with seeming reluctance, he is to accept. This matter arranged, they depart, and in comes Hamlet with Norceste, bearing the cinerary urn. Says Norceste—

‘La voilà donc, seigneur, cette urne redoutable,
Qui contient d’un héros la cendre déplorable.’

The urn was a good large urn; it required both arms of Norceste to embrace and carry it, and had it not been for the sable veil flung around it, you might, without bad taste, have mistaken it for a well-charged Pompeian wine-flask. Norceste warmly advises his friend to act with speedy energy for the attainment of his rightful throne. Hamlet says, 'No, I live only to revenge my father.' Norceste retiring, Ophelia enters. In the ensuing scene, all the masculine hardihood of Ophelia's character breaks forth. She almost *commands* Hamlet, out of love for her, to stifle his hostility against her father, who, she was assured, wished him well. Hamlet says no, and remains inexorable. The nymph Ophelia at once fills her eyes and gestures with the greatest possible quantity of indignation, and having, among other things, exclaimed, 'Va, tigre impitoyable,' rushes from the stage. Hamlet, now left alone, communes with the sacred urn. He conjures it under the address, 'O, poudre des tombeaux,' to strengthen him for the terrible feat soon to be performed. He swears that the barbarian Claudius shall not enjoy the fruits of his crime. He moreover adds, that when his revenge is wrought, he has nothing more for which to live. 'Mais, que vois-je?' It is his mother. The next scene is a sort of substitute for that in the original, where Hamlet wrings his parent's heart, holding up to her eyes the counterfeit presentment of two brothers. He desires her, if she be innocent of her husband's death, to swear it upon the urn;

'Prenez cette urne, et jurez-moi sur elle.'

She tries to place her hand upon it,—she hesitates,—she tries again, and again she fails. At length, falling back senseless into a chair, she exclaims—

'Je ne puis plus souffrir un objet si funeste.'

Elvira now rushes in, all frantic, announcing that Claudius is storming the palace, that Norceste defends the gates, but that he will not be long able to resist. 'Let the monster come,' shouts Hamlet, and at that moment, to his mental eye the spectre once more appears. This re-appearance was quite unnecessary. Hamlet's courage was sufficiently screwed up to the sticking point. But at the sight, he again quaked in all his limbs, his countenance grew pale, his bosom heaved, and a tremendous burst of applause announced that he had touched the heart of the Frenchmen. Now crowds in a vast variety of action. Among other things, Hamlet dashes out, and soon returns, proclaiming that vengeance is satisfied, for his father's poisoner has found a death at the portals of the palace. He generously pardons all whom cunning had seduced over to hostile ranks.

Now comes the last scene of the fourth act, and with it the lame and impotent conclusion of the whole drama. Norceste informs Hamlet that the people's voice is loud for his presence. Hamlet, not noticing this, asks his mother if his father's ghost is at length revenged. The mother answers in the negative. She herself was a partner in the crime. Her life must

atone therefor. [*Elle se tue*]. Hamlet, quite forgetting his former deadly resolutions, concludes to survive. My mother has done well to die; I will do better, I will live. He winds up the piece with this sentiment;

‘ Mais je suis homme et roi, réservé pour souffrir,
Je saurai vivre encore. Je fais plus que mourir.’

What becomes of the fair Ophelia? Heaven only knows. She was lost sight of some time ago. You may without much French impropriety, imagine her subsequently wedded to Hamlet. Her amorous propensities and muscular constitution warrant such a matrimonial result; and though it be not quite so poetical as sinking amidst swan-like melodies beneath the melancholy waves, yet may it be quite as well for the continuance of Hamlet’s blood in the line of future Danish kings.

‘ Well, what do you think of Shakspeare in Paris?’ said I to an English gentleman as the curtain fell. ‘ Abominable, wretched, wretched; I have hardly been able to sit it out.’ I understood his feelings. He could not endure so universal a revolution. He could not patiently bear to see Shakspeare thus stripped of all his attributes. He would have been right in saying, that for France, the greatest poet of all time has never for one moment existed.

The peculiarities and omissions which struck me, were very numerous. The curtain does not fall from the beginning to the end of the performance. There

is no shifting of scenes. Every visible and audible thing takes place in the same apartment of the palace. The unity of *place* is thus preserved, and in a strictness that well might have brought an approving smile into the visage of Aristotle himself. I may however here note down, that the Unities no longer hold a general sovereignty over the French stage. New pieces are continually brought out, violating them without remorse; and here before me lies a drama by Madame Ancelot, which Mademoiselle Mars has just made extremely popular, whose very title,—The Three Epochs,—indicates that it is based upon the total neglect of the unity of *time*.

Then again no ghost is seen or heard, save by Hamlet. There are no players, no Laertes, no Osric, no Rosencrantz or Guildenstern; and, alas! no gravedigger. The drama is not indeed performed, the part of Hamlet left out *by particular desire*; but it *is* performed with an omission of all those scenes wherein Hamlet's character might shine most strikingly forth. Not only are important personages and portions of plot thus recklessly omitted, the characters retained have little or nothing of the stamp impressed upon them by Shakspeare's hand. They seemed to me to be as nearly alike as possible. They had no strong salient points. They were, moreover, as mechanical as any of the automata manufactured by Corneille or Racine. One talked rhyme for a while, and having concluded, or rather having run down, another who happened to be wound up, touched his vocal spring, and forthwith

the organs began to play on nearly the same key, and in almost the same artificial strain. Hamlet himself is quite another person here from what he is on the other side of the channel. He seemed to me decidedly a flat. There is hardly a bas-relief in his whole character. He has not even the wretched merit of hypocrisy. You see through him at once. The king saw through his badly-managed stratagem, and did not betray himself. To me, as doubtless to all others, the charm of Hamlet lies much in the mournful mystery that enfolds him. But the French Hamlet has no mystery. He is as bare and broad as the common day. Moreover, in the Hamlet of Shakspeare, there are a thousand apparent contradictions, apparent only ; for to him who knows the secret impulses which guide and govern his moral frame, they are all harmonious. But the Hamlet I have just seen has neither seeming nor real contradictions. He is as regular as clock-work. There are no counter and cross-currents in the tides of his heart. He does not, as it were, double upon his courses. No. He keeps right on from the beginning to the end of the drama, the same commonplace, characterless young gentleman ; seldom looking even melancholy, and never intellectual.

What an impressive catastrophe has Shakspeare given to the action of his characters ! The guilty and the guiltless, the sensual and the pure, the lover and the loved, alike go down to darkness and to death. The king and queen know no more melancholy destiny than that which overmasters Hamlet, and closes

for ever around the fair Ophelia. You are perhaps saddened at this; but you would not have it otherwise for the world. What a pitiful exit has Duçis substituted for the gratification of French taste! Ophelia is not made way with at all. The King *is said* to have been killed. The Queen shuffles herself very unnecessarily out of existence, and Hamlet concludes to live on, until Nature shall see fit to despatch him herself. The end is perhaps worthy the beginning and the middle. It is all ordinary and characterless; without signification and without aim; and truly may you say, if Shakspeare be known to the French only through such translations as this by Duçis, he is not known to the French at all. To them is he now, as probably he will ever be, a closely-sealed volume.

The pieces which closed the evening's representation were, *L'École des Femmes*, and *La Critique de l'École des Femmes*. These fine productions of Moliere were most admirably performed, and most enthusiastically applauded. I perceived at once that here the French were completely at home. Here was French character embodied in French forms, French voices and French gestures. Moliere at London would doubtless make as sorry a figure as does Shakspeare at Paris. His felicities of thought are so intermingled, so intermarried with his felicities of language, that you cannot peaceably divorce them. There was moreover about the performance a piquancy, a raciness that enchanted me. Each of the *artistes* seemed a star. What universal propriety, and ease, and self-posses-

sion ! I shall not soon forget the ever-shifting expression of Mademoiselle Plessy, nor *thy* infinite variety of graceful gesticulation, Charles Mirecour.

The half-argumentative conversation in *La Critique de l'École des Femmes* was beyond all praise. There is nothing on the English stage that could approach it. The entire scene was to me a beau-ideal of genteel discourse and elegant manners. The graceful *abandon* of each performer was irresistible. I have seen nothing like it in any actor or actress of any other nation. If the French language be peculiarly fitted for conversation, the French are the peculiar people who know how to use it. By them is it intermingled with shrugs, and gestures ; numberless movements of body, turns of the eye, plays of the features and varyings of the voice. In the representation I have just seen, it was but one among these half a dozen avenues of thought. The combination was extremely expressive, and I left my box, not only with a new and keener appreciation of the genius of Moliere, but likewise with a livelier feeling of the charms of French conversation upon the French stage.

X.

THE PALACE OF JUSTICE.

THE Pont-du-Change conducted me across a branch of the Seine, into the little island known by the name of *Cité*. After a short walk, I found myself in a semi-circular space, before which arose an irregular and gloomy pile of antique buildings. In front thereof was a spacious court, enclosed partly by a richly-gilded and lofty iron railing. One side of the court was crowded with a miscellaneous assortment of shops and cafés, while upon the other I recognised, in a dark gothic edifice, the holy chapel of which I had recently read a description, and whose existence is ascribed to the piety of Saint Louis. Entering the court, I ascended, by a flight of many steps, through one of three portals surmounted by statues of Justice, Prudence, Abundance and Strength, into a large and dimly-lighted hall. It was a hall of the Palais de Justice. I was in the great centre of the administration of French law. I was where daily congregate the judges, the clients and the advocates of Paris.

The first object that particularly attracted my notice was a little red-visaged woman, located near the door in a sort of glass bureau, upon which were largely painted these words—‘Lecture et abonnement’

de journaux.' Around her were ranged some fifteen or twenty newspapers, among whose titles I recognised the following:—La Loi—Le Droit—Gazette des Tribunaux—Journal Général des Tribunaux. Every now and then a person would advance to the bureau, touch his hat, take a journal, walk off a few paces, read it intently for a few moments, then return it with a *sous*, receive the smile and the *mercie* of the dame, touch once more his hat, and profoundly bowing, walk away again. Nearly adjacent was a little room warmed by a central stove, and around whose sides ran a tier of benches. These were occupied by silent Frenchmen, the eyes of each fixed fiercely upon the loaned gazette before him, some of them in elegant apparel, and some in those shattered habiliments, which here as well as elsewhere reveal, alas! the patron and the victim of the law.

Walking onwards, my attention was next arrested by these words over the entrance to some small cabinets:—'Bosc; Costumier des Cours et Tribunaux.' Over these cabinets likewise presided a female. Their walls were hung about with black vestments, while upon their two or three shelves were ranged several small handboxes. The mystery which at first surrounded them was soon dispelled. A gay-looking gentleman, with an immense bundle of manuscripts—not a green bag,—briskly advanced, and entering one of them, twitched off his coat and hat, thrust his arms into a *manteau*, which the damsel held wide-extended for their reception, suspended a white band beneath

his chin, clapped a black unrimmed *toque*, or cap, upon his head, and seizing again the huge mass of papers, rushed away. Two minutes had sufficed to work an extraordinary metamorphosis. He who had entered the wardrobe, a brilliant Parisian smacking of the Boulevard des Italiens, or the garden of the Tuileries, came out therefrom a costumed *avocat*, much resembling those funereal portraits we sometimes see of the judges of the Inquisition, or the antique doctors of the Sorbonne.

Following his steps, I soon stood upon the vestibule of a larger hall to which that, through which I had just passed, seemed but an avenue. It is called La Salle-des-Pas-perdus. When, centuries ago, the palace was the residence of the kings of France, this hall was the hall of royal banquets, of nuptial festivals and for the reception of ambassadors. At yonder extremity stood a huge block of marble,—the state dining-table,—to which were admitted none save those in whose veins ran the blood of emperors, or kings, princes, or peers, or peeresses of the realm. The hall is of ample dimensions, more than two hundred feet in length, and eighty or ninety broad. It is divided by arches into two collateral naves with vaulted ceilings. Here and there upon the walls were large posted bills, legal notices and adjudications, among which I particularly noticed some enormous sheets containing an epitome of the criminal business of the preceding month. First came the date of the trial,—then the tribunal,—then the name, age and residence of the culprit, then a

description of his person,—then his crime, afterwards his punishment,—and finally, a reference to the articles of the code by which he was tried and condemned. A long and melancholy list it was, of the aged and the young,—perpetrators of crimes, many of them too dark and damning to be named ; such as legislation in its delicacy seldom provides against, and which may not often be found blackening other than the criminal annals of France.

The living scene before me was somewhat curious. This is the great Westminster Hall of Paris. It was thronged with moving multitudes of both sexes and of all ages. Here was the grisette in wooden shoes and neat night cap. There was the city dame in silks and plumes. Here were lounging country loons, and at their side was the mechanic, or the merchant, or the idle gentleman of the metropolis. Among them all was intermingled a suitable quantity of the police and the military. Some were here merely to promenade through the spacious hall ; some to witness the criminal trials ; some dragged hither by compulsory litigation ; and some perhaps, like myself, to see another form of Paris life. Here and there in the miscellaneous company was an *avocat*, or an *avoué*. In black cap and sombre robe, and bearing a huge portefeuille, or a huger bundle of manuscripts, he walks up and down the space. Sometimes he has his hands behind him, and his eyes intent upon the marble floor, for he is cogitating out a case. Sometimes he moves about this way and that, with an inquiring expression which

seems to ask if you have any thing in the legal way to be transacted. Sometimes with his brother avocat, he is engaged in discussing the justice of a recent decision whereby he loses. The extraordinary gesture, the queer modulations of voice arrest your steps; and, impressed by the costume, and the language and the tones, you almost fancy yourself translated, for a moment, back among those imaginary professors of the law, who live to be ridiculed in the *Plaideurs* of Moliere.

In different quarters of the hall were some dozen *Écrivains*. An *écrivain* is a little dried up man—sometimes a woman—who holds himself ready to do any sort of writing. He is in great favor with the *grisettes* and all the common people. They seem to place unbounded confidence in whatever he says or does. There he sits behind his desk in a comfortable arm chair, itself flanked by two others for the convenience of his customers. His black woollen cap is stuck significantly upon his head; his nose is pinched within a pair of huge green glasses; and as he listens to a dame or damsel, stating in her diabolical patois what she wishes to have written down in a petition, his mouth and eyes take an expression of important gravity which is quite irresistible. Before him upon his desk are, among other things, a seal, a calendar, a snuff-box, a bunch of used-up pens, a roll of bread, whereof every now and then he takes a crumb, and a little volume whose title you perceive to be *Les Six Codes*. Having listened to a case, he hems

two or three times, adjusts his green glasses, takes snuff, looks for a moment into *Les Six Codes*, and finally takes pen and paper to commence operations. He can afford to be important and at his ease, for he is in great demand. His desk is almost always surrounded by half a dozen white caps, whose wearers, quite unacquainted with the law and the quill, are patiently waiting to entrust some little commission to his ability.

From the Salle-des-Pas-perdus you may pass immediately into nearly all the court rooms of the palace. Before leaving it, I paused for a moment to contemplate a statue of Malesherbes, the upright minister, the fearless defender of Louis XVI. On one side is a representation of Fidelity, under the form of a female attended by a dog, and on the other, stands a statue of grateful France. The work is interesting from certain associations, but as a specimen of art, will detain you for only a moment.

Leaving the hall by a dark avenue, over whose entrance is written *Sixième Chambre*, I was soon in one of the eight chambers into which the Tribunal de Premier Instance is divided. Before me, in black silk robes, and long white bands depending from beneath their chins, and velvet caps with a silver braid encircling each, were ranged in a semicircular row, five judges and one deputy judge. This and the seventh chamber are for misdemeanors; the six others take cognisance of civil matters. Of these tribunals, which correspond to the English courts of Common Pleas,

there are three hundred and sixty-one in France. They rank next above the courts of Judges of the Peace, of which there are nearly three thousand in the kingdom. In them seldom practise the *avocats*, but *avoués* whose number at Paris is one hundred and fifty.

Entering, I perceived three or four of the municipal guards of Paris, armed with swords and muskets, stationed at the door and in different parts of the court room. A trial was going on. A middle-sized one-eyed woman was on the prisoners' bench. She was accused of having in a wrathful moment seized one of her neighbors by the throat, of having then and there held firmly on, wrenching the same, and thereby working much discomfort unto said neighbor. 'Un témoin,' shouted the huissier. 'Jean Battiste,' exclaimed a man with a paper in his hand, at the other end of the room, at the same instant opening the door of the witnesses' apartment. The witness advanced. The president judge addressed him, and received answers as follows: 'Vôtre nom et prénom?' 'Jean Battiste.' 'Vôtre âge?' 'Fifty years.' 'Vôtre profession?' 'Grocer.' 'Vôtre demeure?' 'Rue Clichy, No. 58.' 'Levez votre main. You swear to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth?' 'Oui, monsieur,' replied the witness. 'Faites votre déclaration,' said the judge. This was all despatched with a rapidity and nonchalance which surprised me. I could not but recall and contrast with it the administering of an oath, which a month previously, I had witnessed in Scotland. There the

judge first lectured each witness on the nature, solemnity and responsibilities of an oath. Then, himself solemnly rising, and raising his right hand, he bade the witness do the same, and to repeat after him, —‘I swear by Almighty God,’ ‘I swear by Almighty God,’—‘as I shall answer at the great day of judgment,’ ‘as I shall answer at the great day of judgment,’—‘to speak the truth,’ ‘to speak the truth,’—‘the whole truth,’ ‘the whole truth,’—‘and nothing but the truth,’ ‘and nothing but the truth,’—‘as you shall be asked,’ added the judge. The impressiveness of this form of service seemed to go beyond the witness to each one within the circumference of the judge’s voice. It was as good as a Sunday sermon on the ninth commandment.

As soon as the French judge before me had said, ‘faîtes votre déclaration,’ the witness began. He was going on with vociferations, and multitudinous shrugs and inexplicable gestures, when he was interrupted by the prisoner screaming out in her highest key, ‘Faux, faux, faux, faux.’ The wrath of her lost optic was concentrated in, and flashing forth from, the single one which remained. ‘Silence,’ said the huissier,—‘Chut,’ said the president judge,—‘Paix,’ said a gen-d’armes, and then the deputy-judge interposed *his* speech, and two avoués interjected *their* voices, and the assembled spectators burst into a roar, and still the cry of the prisoner was audible above them all. Peace was at length restored, and the prisoner sat down with a threatening wag of the head at the witness, which

seemed to say, 'I'll fix ye when the trial is over.' Alas! the result was against her, and in a few moments she was conducted out, her arm locked affectionately within that of a *gen-d'armes*, while her head and tongue still wagged, as much to the annoyance of the court, as to the amusement of divers curious spectators that thronged the apartment.

From this chamber I walked into one of those of the *Cour Royale*. Of these courts there are twenty-seven in France. They are composed each of a president, of as many vice-presidents as they have chambers, and of counsellors or judges to the number of twenty-four, and sometimes greater. This at Paris is peculiar, and does not seem to lack machinery. It has a *premier-president*; five presidents; fifty-four judges; seven *conseillers-auditeurs*; one *procureur-général-du-roi*; four *avocats-généraux*; eleven deputy advocates; one registrar in chief; five subordinate registrars; fourteen *huissiers* or executive officers; one printer; nine physicians; five surgeons; three chemists; and three interpreters of foreign languages. To this court belong about eight hundred and forty *avocats*, and *avoués* to the number of sixty. It is divided into five chambers, three of which are civil, one is for appeals from sentences for misdemeanors, and one for indictments. This is likewise the court from which are selected the judges who compose what is called the *Cour d'Assises*,—a tribunal of merely criminal jurisdiction. The *avocats* who practise in this court are *licenciés-en-droit*; that is, they have studied three years in one of the

nine law faculties of France, after having graduated at one of the forty royal colleges in the kingdom. They must likewise have passed two examinations; one in the Roman law, and another in the civil and commercial code of France, and practice of the courts. The title of *avoué* is given to one who, having studied one year at a faculty or law school, has passed one examination in the civil code and in the procedure of the courts. He is appointed by the king, on the recommendation of the court in which he designs to practise. The *avocats* and *avoués* have each their societies for maintaining the discipline under which they perform their duties.

The judges of the chamber into which I now passed, were costumed black and mysteriously, like those of the inferior court I had just visited. The case before them was not uninteresting. Jean Jacques Pillot had, without proper authority, established a church *unitaire et réformatrice*; and had moreover, himself usurped the sacerdotal robe. For these offences, he had by an inferior tribunal been sentenced to six months' imprisonment. From that sentence he had appealed to the Cour Royale. Ferdinand Barrot, brother of the celebrated orator of the Chamber of Deputies, was his defender. The throng in the court room indicated that the case had awakened some popular interest. It seemed to be one involving liberty of conscience. The speech of the procureur-général was full of warmth, and here and there burst forth strains which, judging from their effect upon the audience, must have been

good specimens of French eloquence. For myself, I was not much impressed. So far as the French *language* is concerned, I can comprehend a French lawyer; but when I come to the strange modulations of his voice, and his multitudinous gesticulation, I confess myself rather at fault. These avenues of his thought are to me incomprehensible. I have never been accustomed to hear ideas expressed by such startling, and wide vocal transitions. I have never been accustomed to see that expression attended by such rolling of the eye, such contortions of the visage, such shaking of the fingers, such countless combinations of body and arms,—combinations which seem to me to have nothing to do with the idea coming at the same time from the mouth of the gesticulator. The language of a French advocate's fingers, and arms and body, was ever to me far more difficult to interpret than the language of his lips. The famous shake of Lord Burleigh's head conveyed an intelligible sentence. When however a French lawyer in uttering an indignant sentiment, fiercely tears his *toque* from his brow, and dashing it upon the table before him, instantly re-seizes, to place it once more upon his discrowned top, I am less fortunate than those around me, since a mode of expression which seriously impressed them, is no otherwise than laughable to me. This violence of delivery is not peculiar to the Bar; it pervades all French conversation. You shall see it likewise at the theatre. It will speak to you even from the pulpit. When I say that the speaker before me was fluent in the extreme, I only

say that he was a Frenchman. To me his volubility seemed next to marvellous. Words chased words from his lips with speed incredible. When he had concluded, Ferdinand Barrot arose, and with energy uttered a good deal of French law and much good common sense. I was somewhat amused, upon his citing the authority of a learned judge of the Cour de Cassation, to hear the president interrupt him with the remark that living judges were continually changing their opinions, beseeching him at the same time to cite the authority of those who were deceased, 'of whom,' said he, 'there is quite a sufficiency.' With him, the death of their author was indispensable to confer validity upon his opinions. The power to change them having ceased, their value was no longer a question. Barrot smiled at the judge's superstition or his waggery, and continued his well-digested argument. The way was wide open for him to make a large and moving speech on freedom of conscience. He did no such thing. He walked within the narrow sphere prescribed by the facts of his case. It was not until the very last moment that he grew vivid and eloquent, while congratulating the court and country on the re-awakening of a purer religion in France, and the gradual decline of infidelity, of the *école Voltairienne*, as he was pleased to call it. This was done in a style which apparently went through every man in the room. The movement was universal. He did not succeed, however, in getting reversed the sentence of the inferior tribunal. Sieur Jean Jacques Pillot had indeed a right to the

benefit of the fifth article of the charter which provides: 'Chacun professe sa religion avec une égale liberté, et obtient pour son culte une égale protection.' But he must enjoy that right in conformity with certain legislative enactments. Jean Jacques had not so done; a huissier waited upon him to prison.

From the Cour Royale I passed, threading many dark and labyrinthine passages, into the *Cour d'Assises*. The name had in it something of sadness. It is given to those tribunals, before which is arraigned the crime of France. It recalls incests, and parricides, and all dark deeds in a number and atrocity that have no parallel. Of these courts there are eighty-six in the kingdom. As already stated, they are organized out of the royal courts, three or four judges being selected therefrom to perform the duties. An attendance upon them will, to the philosophical observer, lay far more widely open than any other single agent can do, one of the moral aspects of France. At the time I entered, a man was on the prisoners' bench, accused of the murder of his wife. The witnesses were all questioned *by the judge*. Their examination was not in the presence of each other. One feature in this part of the proceedings I was pleased with. After each witness had made his declaration, the judge asked the prisoner if he had any thing to say respecting that testimony. Whereupon the accused, if he pleased, arose, and either contradicted, or confirmed, or explained it. The judge listened patiently, pointing out familiarly any contradic-

tions, and sometimes even argued the matter with the prisoner. I am sure, that in several instances explanations of the accused threw an illumination over passages, that otherwise would have remained dark and inexplicable. The testimony having been heard, the jury were, by the officer of the government and the prisoner's counsel, addressed. These are the only courts of the kingdom in which juries are known. Their number is twelve, of whom *seven* are sufficient to convict an offender. In this case their verdict was Guilty, '*mais, avec des circonstances atténuantes.*' Now, under this *mais* is contained a very important qualification. When a jury find an accused guilty, '*but* with extenuating circumstances,' the court has no right to deliver the culprit over to the penalty which the law has made a consequence of his act; they are bound to sentence him to some punishment less severe. How much less severe, lies within the discretion of the judge.

Leaving this tribunal, I returned to the Salle-des-Pas-perdus, and reading upon a door, over which was a winged figure in bass-relief of Justice with her scales, — '*Cour de Cassation,*' I entered, and found myself in a circular anteroom. Here my companion paused to give me a few words of information about the court I was about to visit. '*Its origin,*' said he, '*goes no farther back than 1790. It is the highest tribunal in France. It is composed of a premier-president, three presidents, and forty-five judges, all appointed for life by the king. To it belong one procureur-général-du-*

roi, six general advocates, a chief clerk and four deputies, eight bailiffs, three interpreters of foreign languages; and in it a college of sixty advocates has the exclusive right to practise.' 'Another instance,' interrupted I, 'of vast machinery in your judicial organization.' 'Yes,' replied he; 'our system, though simple to comprehend, demands for its service a large quantity of heads and hands. We have nearly four thousand judges, and about three thousand justices of the peace. The system, however, works pretty well. We find it far preferable to the *bailliages* and the *parlements* which existed previously to the great Revolution. Nor do we pay very high salaries. Our lowest officers,—justices of the peace,—receive twenty-four thousand francs per annum; and our highest,—the judges of the Cour de Cassation,—but fifteen thousand. The presidents receive each twenty thousand francs, and the premier-president, forty thousand. This court, as I was about to observe,' continued he, 'does not take cognizance *du fond des affaires*, but only of cases brought up from inferior jurisdictions, and involving informality, or some misapplication of the law. *Elle casse les jugements et arrêts*. It quashes or breaks judgments, and hence its name. It is divided into three chambers, called Sections of Requests, of Civil and of Criminal Cassation. When these chambers are assembled, they may, among other things, censure the judges of the royal courts, and even suspend them from their functions.'

I chanced to be now present at one of these general

and solemn sessions. The scene was to me not uninteresting. The room is spacious, and most richly gilded and carpeted. Over the chair occupied, when he presides, by the Minister of Justice, is a portrait large as life, of Louis Philippe. At the opposite end of the apartment are two seated statues of D'Aguesseau and L'Hôpital, names illustrious in the jurisprudence of France, and on the latter of whom I had very recently heard an admirable eulogy. This room is that in which were held the *parlements* of Paris from the time of St. Louis till the Revolution of Eighty-Nine. Before me, ranged around one half the large apartment, were forty-five judges. Each was clad in a black robe of silk, with a wide crimson sash encircling his breast, whose down-hanging extremities were adorned with golden tassels, and over all was thrown a large red mantle richly embroidered. Some in their velvet caps looked senatorial, some half-slumbered, and some occasionally exchanged whispers. I heard a faint monotonous voice. It came from an individual at the farther end of the room, almost concealed in folds of particolored ermine, with a *toque* encircled by two golden bands upon his head, and a large star, the badge of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, suspended from his left breast. He was flanked by three venerable men in similar costume. This was Count Portalis, peer of France, and premier-president of the Cour de Cassation. He was reading a report. When he had concluded, he descended into the open space, assembled around him one half the judges, asked their judg-

ment for or against the principles advocated in the report just read, and then called upon the remaining half for a similar purpose. This body, of which many were peers of the realm, and all of whom were eminent in the law, impressed me by their elevated bearing, and their amiable and intellectual expressions.

The court soon rose. Each section retired to its apartment. I remained with that of criminal cassation. An appeal of interest had been brought up to it. An avocat had, for exceptionable language, been by the Cour d'Assises, suspended from his functions for one year. The Cour de Cassation was now to decide upon the justice of that suspension. Mr. Scribe, his defender, having spoken one hour, concluded thus:—'I now close. A voice long dear to all the Bar will soon be heard. That voice has seldom failed. I sincerely hope and trust in God, that on this solemn occasion it will be triumphant.' A man aged about fifty arose. There was nothing striking in his features. His forehead was rather low, his eyes small and grayish, and his mouth was any thing but intellectual. This man, nevertheless, was the most profound, the most comprehensive, the most renowned lawyer in all France. It was Charles Dupin, procureur-general-du-roi before this tribunal, and president of the Chamber of Deputies. I heard Dupin for two hours. I compared his with the highest specimens of judicial oratory I had heard in my own country. He has not the finished, Corinthian, illuminated eloquence which characterized Wirt, nor yet the Doric massiveness which belongs to

the voice, and manner and thought of Webster. He has, however, something which doubtless subserves his ends far better than either,—an elastic and quick vivacity, a fire that seems momentarily to set his little eyes and countenance in a blaze, with a vigor and *verve* in his action which proclaim that there is power within. The man enchains your eye and thought. His voice, however, wants tone. Indeed, uttering a language having so much of the nasal twang about it as the French, I hardly perceive how it could have tone, as that word is understood with us. Those full, round, solemn notes; those rich swells, those impressive cadenzas, which are heard in good pronunciation of the English, I have seldom found in French speakers. Charles Dupin makes use of the same wide and squeaking transitions, that characterize all the Parisian lawyers whom I have heard. His gesticulation, too, is of the common kind. The fingers play their usual conspicuous part. Now and then he smote loudly his hands together; and several times he folded swiftly and spasmodically his arms, and as suddenly out-thrust them from their fold. The listening Frenchmen liked all this. The crowd to hear the great lawyer was immense. There were several ‘prolonged sensations.’ I observed an individual taking frequent notes, continually exclaiming ‘parfaitement,’ and bowing his head in assenting admiration to every sentence the speaker uttered; and a man at my elbow pronounced it all a ‘most brilliant improvisation.’ The speech being concluded, the court retired to the council chamber for

consultation. I departed to visit the Cour des Comptes, and the adjacent prison of the Conciergerie,—a prison sanctified in my imagination by the memory of Marie Antoinette, who passed from its dungeons to her scaffold. The day, however, was too far advanced, and I reserve these visits for some future occasion.

XI.

TAGLIONI.

*'Like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill.'*

'It is a sweet valley that lies on the banks of the Danube, beneath the mountains of Ferenbach. The sun's light falls on flowers of all names and hues, garlanding it on every side. It is called the vale of roses, and in 1420 it became, with other possessions, the heritage of the young and handsome Baron de Willibald.'

Thus commences the story of the Fille du Danube, out of which is constructed the delightful ballet, wherein this evening, for the first time, I have seen Taglioni. The tale is of German origin, and has been illustrated by German poets. It goes on to tell how the elder brother of this Baron had been unfortunate in matrimony. His first wife died suddenly, within a month from the celebration of their nuptials; his second mysteriously disappeared eight days thereafter; and his third was a corpse within two hours from the moment that she passed, a laughing bride, into the Baron's arms. De Willibald was saddened at these disastrous recollections, but deeming the cause rather within the noble damsels whom his brother had taken to wife

than in his own family's blood, he henceforth swore eternal, though a secret, hate against all titled ladies, and resolved to seek a partner among the children of nature in the vale of roses. Now, in that vale was a damsel fairer than all its flowers, of parentage mysterious, who had one morning been found by old Irmengarde, kneeling upon the borders of the stream, among some forget-me-nots. Tradition relates a thousand things of her,—how beautiful she was, how gracefully she sported with the children of the valley, and how each morning she was seen standing upon the banks of the Danube, flinging flowers, as if in sacrifice, upon its waters.

Now it so chanced that young Rudolph, the Baron's squire, having one day seen *Fleur-des-Champs*—for such was the name given to this mysterious daughter of the Danube—fell desperately in love with her. His affection was returned. Happy hours succeeded; and once, as they were slumbering among roses, the nymph to whom old father Danube had entrusted the care of his gentle offspring, came up from the waves with a band of Undines, and sprinkling profound sleep over their eyelids, put upon each of their fingers a ring, and, as German imagination has it, 'wedded the perfume of their breaths.'

The Baron de Willibald was in haste to choose a wife. So he sent a herald to summon into his presence all the noble ladies of that region, and likewise all worthy damsels who dwelt in the vale of roses. The noble ladies thronged in, striving their best to capti-

vate the handsome Baron ; and soon arrived, in simple white robes and crowned with flowers, the children of the vale, among whom was the reluctant Fleur-des-Champs, distinguished only by a still simpler dress and a somewhat melancholy expression upon her countenance. Then follows a grand dance. The Baron looks on ; is moved by the grace and naïveté of Fleur-des-Champs ; offers her his hand, and what is more, a title. The damsel is in agony, and Rudolph raves. She however rejects the Baron's offer. The Baron is on his knees. Rudolph rushes madly between them. The Baron resolves on force. The damsel escapes, and standing on the balcony of the window, expresses her horror at a union with De Willibald, and her deep love for Rudolph ; hurls a malediction against the former, and flinging to the latter the wreath of roses which adorned her forehead, leaps into the Danube far flowing beneath her feet. 'It is too late,' continues the German story-teller, 'to fly to her rescue. The cries of her companions,—the horrible joy of the court ladies,—the Baron's grief,—the despair of Rudolph, complete the heart-rending picture.'

Rudolph now goes mad. With eyes all haggard and locks dishevelled, he wanders alone on the river's banks. There wandering, a melancholy music falls upon his ears, the fairy group of Undines surrounds him, and distantly he catches a glimpse of his well-beloved, or, in German phraseology, 'of his beautiful future.' Alas ! he is not permitted to touch her ; and old Danube from his depths proclaims, that never more

will he resign his daughter to a world unworthy of her, and that whoever would take her for his bride, must seek her in the arms of her parent. She disappears. Rudolph is more distracted than ever. The Baron now arrives, and strives to console his favorite squire, but all in vain. Suddenly the Danube surges, the thunder growls, a mystery is accomplished, for the lover has passed into the deep watery realms of the father of the stream. There comes to him the nymph whom he had formerly seen in the vale of roses, and restores him to reason. He is soon surrounded by all the Undines veiled. His task is to divine which among them is *Fleur-des-Champs*. They are all of fairest forms and most graceful motions, and yet he soon detects the object of his search. They both of them now pray to be restored to the upper regions of the earth. Their prayer is granted. The Undines bear them up in a sea-shell to the surface of the stream. They are now in the world, and never more shall they be disunited. So ends the fairy tale.

The ideas above contained in language, I have just seen at the Grand French Opera in a far different vehicle,—in the vehicle of a ballet; in the language, voiceless to be sure, yet in the expressive language of attitudes, and motions, and gestures, shiftings of the eye, smiles of the lip, and frowns of the brow. ‘How is a ballet composed?’ said I to my companion, musing between the acts. ‘Certainly it must be a difficult task. Its author must use those arms and bodies, features and legs, as his alphabet. They must

be his vowels, his consonants, his exclamation and his interrogation points. Is it not so? But how to combine them? That to me is a little mysterious. You perceive that it is complicated in the extreme, and yet there is not the slightest apparent irregularity. Here were several thousand different signs and gestures, and yet how gracefully and expressively have they been intermingled with each other. They have been so intermingled to express consecutive thoughts and events.' My companion replied, that to him it was all inexplicable dumb show; he cared for nothing but the motions of Taglioni. To me it seemed far otherwise, and its chief charm was in that I could read it as a volume of living poetry.

The curtain now once more arose. The scene was where the Baron had assembled around him, to choose therefrom a bride, the noble ladies and the damsels of the vale of roses. A very light and elegant form took a position in the centre of the stage to join the commencing music. The position was not unlike that which John of Bologna has given to his immortal Mercury. The strain begins, and with it are joined some motions that half enchant you. What majestic flings of the leg! you exclaim. How sweetly are the movements of the arms made to harmonize with those of the body! What graceful curves and bends of the neck and head! And now the form dots swiftly athwart the stage, on the extremest point of its great toes. And now it turns a pirouette that almost sets your brain a-reeling. You are ready to applaud to

the very echo. The dancer pauses and retires, for she has achieved her step. Why does not the house ring with acclamations? The dancer was *not* Taglioni. Madame Julia moves well, but she lacks that certain something, which is to Taglioni's style what genius is to art or poetry. Taglioni—who, by the way, is the Fleur-des-Champs of the tale—now appears. She seems a little subdued. You perceive, however, that her motions are easy and perfectly self-possessed. She leaps you twenty feet without any visible effort. Other dancers have an eternal smile on their visage, and their mouths ever half open to catch breath. Taglioni seldom smiles, and never unseals her lips. She performs her long, and graceful, and complicated feats without any apparent respiration. You are satisfied with this, and you lean tranquilly back in your comfortable Stalle d'Amphithéâtre, extremely delighted that she who now charms you, does it without any labor, any toil, any difficulty. How simple seem all her motions! 'Any body could dance like that,' you almost exclaim; and yet the highest efforts of other dancers are mere accessories to Taglioni's achievements. She has something which they would give all the world to possess, something which she herself probably cannot account for, something apart, peculiar, mysterious. Why does Taglioni dance so well? Because she dances out herself. Nature has given her a peculiar frame,—a frame whose natural action fulfils all the conditions necessary to perfect grace. Taglioni knows this. She

very well knows that no foreign grace could be successfully engrafted upon her. Were she to imitate even some beau-ideal of grace which her own imagination might possibly create, she would perhaps fail. She has only to act out herself—or rather, not to speak it profanely, she has only to let nature act itself out *through* her. Her chief feature is *unconsciousness*,—the feature indeed which characterizes all highest efforts in every department of thought or action. Your eye is delighted in her movements, as in the natural circlings of a bird through the air, or the swayings of an osier in the wind. As she does every thing without toil, so she does every thing without knowledge. Were it not for the applause momentarily rained down upon her, I am satisfied that she herself would never know or feel that she moved with more than ordinary grace.

Madame Julia is *conscious* that she dances well. Her manner proclaims to you that she is thus conscious. She takes hardly a step which does not seem to say, ‘was not *that* finely executed?’ There are continual drafts made on your astonishment and admiration. Sometimes you pay them, and sometimes not. Taglioni leaves you at liberty to be charmed or to be indifferent. She never astonishes; nay more, she never surprises you. She only fills you with a tranquil charm and a delight. What use is it for her to whirl about, times without number, in a pirouette? What use is it for her to stand upon her left foot’s great toe, with her right heel higher than her head? What use is it for

her to leap aloft, and snap her feet ten times together, ere they touch again the stage? Rightly she leaves these little tricks and clap-traps to inferior artists. She has another sphere. She knows enough not to o'erstep the modesty of that sphere. She is in the most artificial scene perhaps of all the world, and yet in every thing is she simple and unconscious as the simplest childhood. Not only does she *dance* well; all her pantomime is inimitable. A gentleman at my side pronounced her *walk* alone, to be worth a voyage across the Atlantic. . It is certainly very fine, and her gesticulation is likewise marked by that indescribable beauty, which characterizes the more complicated pantomime of her dance. With what captivating naïveté did she not fill the character of Fleur-des-Champs! Her grace ran through the entire story like a golden thread, binding together its dream-like fancies, from the time she is first seen in her cradle of roses, to the concluding moment when in her shell she ascends to the world through the waters of old father Danube.

This ballet is I think, one of the most delightful works of art in its way, that I have seen. I did not regard it merely as a graceful exhibition of plastic muscle, rather as a living and breathing language, embodying a story not altogether unpoetical. It has certainly nothing of the *utile*. It is all of the *dulce*. It is all lightness, and beauty, and grace; charming away your hour of rest, and seemingly of the same unsubstantial stuff whereof dreams are made. Pronounce it ridiculous if you please. It is still a part of

the great system of means for accomplishing this necessary end,—the amusement of the Parisians. So far as it illustrates a taste of the time, you cannot, hard-reasoning Utilitarian as you are, daff it aside with absolute indifference. With respect to it, even your beloved question of ‘What does all this *prove*?’ may not be entirely in vain.

Friday night.—I have just come from seeing Taglioni in another ballet, entitled the Sylphide. This and the Fille-du-Danube are now the only pieces in which she performs. I was more charmed than on the former occasion. The beauty of simplicity is inexhaustible. Taglioni is the beau-ideal of simplicity. Taglioni can never tire. Nay, the more I see her, the more of newness and of charm does she reveal.

What is the Sylphide? A fantastic and fairy thing, whose scenes are laid in Scotland. The curtain rising, you see a young Lowland shepherd slumbering, and over him, as if in guardiance, hangs a sylph. This sylph is Taglioni. She is in white; a garland is on her head; she bears wings like those which painters have given to Psyche, and her position is that to which you have been familiarized by numberless engravings in the musical windows of Paris and London. She rises, moves her wings to cool the air which the youthful Scot breathes, awakens him by a kiss on the forehead, and while in a dreamy confusion, he pursues her moving like a phantom, she swiftly disappears up the chimney of the apartment. Now awaking his comrade Gurn, he asks him if he has seen that fairy

form. No; Gurn has only dreamed of Effie, who, by-the-by, likes the young Scot far better than him. Effie is indeed the promised bride of this young Scot. Preparations are soon made for their nuptials, in the midst of which comes in an old witch, Madge by name, who reading the palms of all the lads and virgins present, foretells, among other things, that Effie will be the wife, not of the young Scot, but of Gurn. The former is soon left alone. He is half in love with the sylph, or rather with a certain vision of his sleep, for such to him does Taglioni seem. Well, while he is musing, up rises a distant window, and the sylph appears therein. By mysterious means she sails down to where stands her beloved. She appears sad, for he is soon to marry Effie. Notwithstanding her sadness, he resolves to abide true to his Scottish bride. Taglioni now goes through some steps of surpassing grace to win him. It is all in vain. And yet if there be any thing which may worthily cheat a young man into forgetfulness, not only of his vows, but of all the past, it is the style of Taglioni. She now folds around her the cloak which Effie had accidentally left behind. This trick succeeds. The recreant Scot salutes the sylph's lips. Gurn happens to see this. He gives notice to Effie and her companions that the Scot is billing and cooing with an unknown damsel. They rush in. The sylph had swiftly seated herself in a large arm-chair, over which, for concealment, is thrown Effie's cloak. Gurn suddenly jerks up said cloak, but lo! the form has vanished.

Mighty is the machinery of the Académie Royale de Musique. It is complete diablerie. There is nothing like it in all the world.

I shall not detail the various events which take place ere the Scot finds himself, alas ! quite disloyal to his first love, and led on, captivated by the sylph, far away into her own fairy realms. I think that never was stage scenery arranged, so as even in any remote degree, to equal that which these realms present. It is executed by French taste, out of abundant governmental funds ; and its ambition is to outrival any thing of the kind in Europe. It is indeed unique and magnificent beyond all parallel. In the theatres of my own country, I had been taught to think it a pretty clever feat, if but *one* good-looking actress were made to soar, by the aid of ropes and wires, from the nether to the upper regions. But fancy to yourself an entire *score* of French nymphs, flying at the same moment through what seemed the heavens, near and far away, over meadows and among groves, while approaching on the earth from the distance, appears a band of some forty or fifty others, each in white, adorned with rose wreaths, and beating their Psyche wings, as, with Taglioni at their head, they advance and retire in every line of beauty and of grace. What a magnificent succession of *tableaux*, could their successive positions have been transferred to the canvass ! Could only the lines written by Taglioni on the unretaining air, have been traced on paper, they would have formed a study for any sculptor or painter. All seems

enchantment. It is airy, and wavering, and noiseless as a dream. You hear not the fall of a single footstep. All is in motion, and all is in deep stillness. Surely there could be desired no more perfect realization of fairy land than this. The French do these things well. They understand exactly what will delight in this luxurious centre of all the world, where thousands on thousands congregate for no other mortal end than mere amusement. The ballet is a work of art. It must be executed on a grand scale, and with nicest delicacy in all its minutest details, that it may please the artificial tastes which have been created to enjoy it. It is so executed, and every night is it witnessed by thousands thronging the immense theatre to the very roof.

The part of the young Scot was performed by an Italian named Guerra. He dances with vigor and extreme legerity. His elastic springs surprise you. His pirouettes astonish. Therein lies his genius. He twirls about swiftly and painfully long. Indeed, the wags of the theatre declare that Guerra would pirouette until doomsday, did not the Police close the house each night at twelve. He however discloses a consciousness. He seems to know that he dances well. Like Madame Julia, his attitudes are continually saying, 'think of *that*.' It neutralizes half the effect of his fine motions.

But what is the denouement of the tale? the Scot is in fairy land. There, strange to say, the sylph plays the coquette. She delights him with her motions, but

she vanishes away whenever he attempts to approach her. In these scenes is Taglioni again inimitable. It is as a sylph that she should always be seen. It is only thus that all her grace and lightness can shine out. It seems to be a character necessary for the success of one who, though *upon* the earth, seems, so far as motion is concerned, to be so little *of* the earth. The coquetry of Taglioni the sylph, is the only amiable coquetry I have ever seen. It enabled her to reveal some new capacities of her finely moulded form. It was soon however to be subdued. The Scot having sought out and requested the above-mentioned Madge, to give him a charm whereby he might secure the sylph, receives a crimson scarf. This he found occasion dexterously to fling around her. Embraced within its folds, her wings fall from her shoulders, and she falls dead to the earth. With the loss of her liberty has passed away her life. The Scot, of course, is inconsolable. Her sister sylphs now cluster around the lifeless form, enshroud it in a transparent veil, and while with it they slowly ascend heavenwards by the mysterious propulsion of their wings, the curtain drops. Thus ends the Sylphide; and you retire from it to your solitary chamber, doubtful, perchance, whether what you have for the last hour witnessed, be some pleasant vision of your slumbers or a substantial reality.

XII.

THE PARISIAN PRESS IN JANUARY, 1837.

It is but three months since that I believed no people surpassed the English of London, in periodical reading. I was wrong. The Parisians leave them far, very far behind. The Parisians, it is true, have not a superior number of periodical publications, but their periodicals have certainly an equal variety with those of the English metropolis, and they seem to me to be far more eagerly and widely sought after. What interest in this community is not represented through the press? What intellectual want is not by it, in some degree or other, gratified? What party in religion, or politics, or literature; what profession, legal, medical, or scientific; what association for pleasure or for industry, does not find therein an adequate expression? The *Doctrinaire*,—friend of Louis Philippe and of his present ministry,—speaks through the *Moniteur*, the *Journal des Debats*, the *Paix*, and the *Charte of 1830*. The *Legitimist*,—friend of the exiled dynasty, and consequently a foe to the last revolution with its accompaniments of Louis Philippe, all his ministers, and the charter,—finds his feelings reflected in the *France*, the *Quotidienne*, the *Gazette de France*, the *Mode*, and the

Chiarivari. The Opposition,—adherents to the charter and the king, but hostile to the policy under which that charter is now administered,—hear their sentiments echoed through the *Temps*, the *Courrier Français*, the *Messenger*, *Phalange*, and the *Nouvelle Minerve*; the *Journal du Commerce*, the *Constitutionnel*, the *Journal de Paris*, the *National of 1834*, the *Journal General de La France*, and the *Revue des deux Mondes*. The Republicans, the *Jeune Gens*, foes alike of the old and new dynasties, see their hopes and opinions shadowed, faintly though they be, in the *Journal du Peuple*, the *Siècle*, and the *Presse*, the *Bon Sens*, and the *Monde*. The administration of justice is made known through six periodicals, at the head of which are the *Gazette des Tribunaux*, and the *Journal Général des Tribunaux*. Science reveals herself, weekly and monthly, through a like number of organs, among which may be found the *Journal des Savans*, the *Institut*, and the *Echo du Monde Savant*. The theatre has nine representatives, nearly every one of which is daily. Medicine has the *Gazette des Hopitaux*, the *Gazette Medicale*, and several reviews. There are four weekly periodicals,—the *Magazin Universel*, the *Mosaïque*, the *Magazin Pittoresque*, and the *Musée des Familles*,—whose object is to diffuse, and at a nearly equal price, the same kind of popular knowledge as that contained in the much-lauded Penny Magazine. Paris has six magazines, whose only business is with the colonial and maritime relations of France. Religion has four or five organs,

of which may be named the *Revue Catholique*, and the *Archives du Christianisme*. Agriculture has its *Semteur*, and *Le Cultivateur*. Music has her *Menes-trel*, and her *Gazette de Musique*. Fashion has her *Gazette des Salons*, and three or four other vehicles. The *Miscellaneous*,—the *de certis rebus et quibusdam aliis*,—has under the heads of philosophical, literary, industrial, educational, scientific, and artistical, at least fifty periodicals appearing weekly and semi-weekly, monthly and semi-monthly. The markets have their semi-weekly *Echo des Halles*. The *Cours Authentique* gives you regularly the state of the funds. The *Gratis* contains the daily sale of all movables and immovables in the great city; and here before me lies the *Palamede*, *Journal Général des Echecs*, whose only object is to present monthly, the actual condition of the game of chess in the general world, and likewise of its chief amateurs who daily congregate at the *Café de la Regence*, and at No. 89, *Rue Richelieu*, Paris.

What a giant engine is this of the Parisian press! What heads does it not keep in perpetual cogitation! What multitudes of hands does it not continually employ! What vast and various wants does it not labor, each moment to satisfy! I see at work a thousand minds, of the aged and the young, of all complexions in politics, of many shades in religion; now in the sphere of art, now in that of literature and science, and now in that of government and social progress. I see these minds accumulating and combining facts,

deducing therefrom this and that result, developing thoughts and emotions, and clothing them in stirring words. I see them asking of the past, anxiously observing the present, and even striving to penetrate the future. I see them conversing in the salons, wrangling at the street's corner, discussing in the public gardens. I see them weighing and comparing, believing and doubting, fearing and hoping; now damning men and now measures; ferreting out motives; examining institutions, political, social, and industrial; testing the elements of individual and national progress; looking into any and every sphere of Parisian life; criticising authors, criticising dramas; with equal grace denouncing, now a minister and now an opera; at one moment applauding France as the home of all liberty and honor, and again reviling her as the unworthy heir of whatever was worthless and inglorious in the past. Why all this intellectual agitation? To feed the Parisian press. These are the various minds which, standing behind that press, do all its head-work. They are its intellectual purveyors. In this age they have a busy and a toilsome vocation. They are engaged to supply a press, up to which hurry each day some millions of hungry beings for their mental aliment. How could your Parisian live without such banqueting as this? He must have it at all hours, and in all situations. He sits and reads, he walks and reads, he talks and reads. Not for the world would he take his morning coffee and omelette, without a newspaper. Does he dine at a restaurant? The garçon

brings to him his potage à la julienne in one hand, and a journal du soir in the other. Thence retiring to the theatre, does he, like your Englishman, waste his time between the acts in leering about the house, and fingering a barren play bill? No. A half dozen voices are shouting through the boxes and the pit, 'Demandez l'Entr'acte'—'Voilà le Courrier des Théâtres, trois sous.' Paying the three sous, he seats himself quietly to read not merely a score of waggish *causeries*, and criticisms about the amusements of his great metropolis, but likewise scraps of the latest political, literary and artistical news. How heavily would drag the intervals without a gazette or an entr'acte! The newspaper is to him as indispensable, as are the actor and the play.

Walk through the Boulevards at any hour of the evening. Circled about this and that corner, shall you see lamps in half a dozen transparent stands, on whose outside you read the names of evening journals. In the midst of these lights is a woman. In her highest key she screams out, 'Journal des Tribunaux, Journal du Soir;' and she sells them, each and rapidly, for five sous. Now take a turn in the garden of the Palais-Royal. At either end are little isolated boutiques, shaped not unlike a Chinese pagoda. A dame is seated in the centre of each. She is almost barricaded about, by journals old and new. She loans them out to this and that news-reader. He pays one sous for looking through a single paper; if he double the sum, he may read her entire collection. Twenty

gentlemen are lounging leisurely about the garden, the eyes of each fixed fast upon the sheet before him. The scene is renewed to you wandering through the gardens of the Tuileries. Thence direct your steps to the Quai Voltaire, and the Quai aux Fleurs. What quantities of reading matter, of the antique and of the new, are distributed here and there over the pavements ! Fifty volumes on all subjects, and of all sizes, and each sold for ten sous, *prix fixe*. But you can go through hardly one of the great streets of Paris, without seeing half a dozen times, the words, *Salon de Lecture*. These salons are the great central resorts of Parisian news-readers. Pausing before one of them, you perceive its windows quite covered with the names of forty or fifty journals to be found within. You enter. It is filled. Every seat is occupied, and you are compelled to add another to the dozen standing readers. Paying three francs, you may frequent this salon for a month. Would you enjoy only a single sitting, you pay therefor three sous. Nothing can equal the silent, solemn eagerness with which intelligence is here devoured. But mark that ancient gentleman : he is just entering. How graceful is the bow which he inclines to yonder lady, seated behind her desk, in neat white cap and sleek kid gloves, the gently presiding divinity of the salon. He takes off his coat and hat, hanging them each upon a peg in the vicinity of the chair, which a departing gentleman happens to leave vacant for him. He takes out his spectacles, wipes them slowly, and having placed a snuff-box at his right

hand, begins the first column of the *Quotidienne*. He is an *habitué* of this salon. He will sit you yonder for four hours together, poring over periodicals and taking snuff. He perused three gazettes while at his breakfast ; he proposes to enjoy several evening journals at his dinner, and at the theatre he will regale himself upon the *Corsair* and the little *Gazette de Paris*. This gentleman is the type of thousands. There are other classes. There are those who read periodicals because they have nothing else to do ; others because they would know the state of the age in general, and of Paris in particular ; and others because they rejoice to be in the fashion. But this gentleman reads mostly because it is his *habit*. From some motive or other, however, all read the journals. The time has gone by when the Parisians might be called peculiarly a talking people ; they have become a community of readers ; and their reading too goes beyond the periodicals. There are, at this moment, *ten* public libraries open in Paris. These libraries are each day thronged.

This Press is indeed mighty in revealing the opinions, the tastes, the feelings, the interests of the age. It is still mightier in shaping those sentiments and interests. Of them, it is at the same time an effect and a cause. Its power is what it should be. It has great causes to advance, great destinies to influence. It is the press of one of the two vast European centres. Each day, it heaves a new intellectual wave upon the mind of France. By it, is that mind surged

about whithersoever it please. What shall we believe in politics, in philosophy, in literature? Thousands of these unsubstantial men ask this question, and these thousands are willing to be governed by answers from the press. The Parisian Press builds up, and it pulls down. It builds up systems, and beliefs, and dynasties, and it pulls them down. Journalism is the King of Kings—Louis Philippe merely reigns; Journalism governs. The French have not passed out from their old character. Now, as in the days of Rousseau, and Voltaire, and Condillac, and Diderot, *writings* work strange miracles upon their opinions and their conduct. But a month since, two youthful lovers in the southern parts of the kingdom, poetically destroyed themselves, leaving a written declaration that they had so done to realize the happy fate of a hero and a heroine of whom they had lately read. The monster Fieschi deposed, ‘quand il-y-avait un peu solides dans un journal, Pepin me les montrait.’ Alibaud had studied too deeply for himself the works of Camille Desmoulins; and Meunier, the last assailant of the life of Louis Philippe, yesterday declared that he imbibed a strong hatred of the Orleans family, from having much read Anquetil’s History of France.

A movement in Paris has been a necessary prologue to movements in all the great cities and villages of the kingdom. Paris alone achieves revolutions now. Her press is adequate to such results. The *Departmental* Press can count but three hundred and fifty-one journals. To this number have they increased since the

commencement of 1835, at which time there were but two hundred and ninety-nine. Paris, with its one million of inhabitants, has nearly half as many periodicals as have the Departments, with their thirty-two millions. The metropolis is the centre of bold thinkers and of strong writers. It is the centre of great political and literary action, and here centres the powerful agitation of the press,—an agitation whose results are not confined within these narrow walls, but which branch out and penetrate into the farthest borders of the realm.

Liberty now reigns in France, say thousands. Is the French Press free? you may ask. May it publish whatever it please, checked only by the fear of judicial prosecution? The question is an interesting one. By the Press, I mean the knowledge and the opinions it reveals, which in such revelation becomes the clearest, loudest, most emphatic exponent of the progress of the age. The Constitutional Charter, in its article seventh, says:—‘*Les Français ont le droit de publier, et de faire imprimer leurs opinions en se conformant aux lois. La censure ne pourra jamais être rétablie.*’ Under this article, the law provides that any one, arrived at age and enjoying civil rights, may establish a press. This establishment, however, is usually made by an association with a capital of from five to seven hundred thousand francs. If the journal is to deal in politics, the company are bound to deposit with the government a *cautionnement*, or security, to the amount of one hundred thousand francs. The Charte, as we have seen, says that Frenchmen may publish their opinions

en se conformant aux lois. What now is the surface of the circle upon which French law permits the French Press to move; or rather, what is the circumference of that circle? Is it small, or is it comprehensive? An answer to these questions must furnish a picture of the condition, authorized by law, of this Press, so far at least as its *liberty* is concerned. That circumference is small. The laws prescribing it are vaguely framed, and difficult are they of interpretation. Almost every week witnesses a transgression of it. Five days ago,—I write upon the 11th January, 1837,—the *Siècle*, the *Temps*, the *Courrier Français*; and on Monday last, the *France*, the *Quotidienne*, the *Gazette de France*; and on the Tuesday following, the *Mode*, appeared before the *Cour d'Assises* to answer for having thus transgressed. The laws of the 9th September, 1835, are those which have most fearfully narrowed the freedom of the French Press. The two great ends which those laws contemplate—I take the words from the *Charte* of 1830, a governmental organ—are first, ‘de détruire, ou du moins, de réduire au silence la presse anti-dynastique,’ (the legitimatist press); and secondly, ‘d’enfermer la presse dynastique, (the opposition) dans les limites du droit de discussion.’ What are some of these laws? Whoever ‘soit par des écrits, des imprimés, des dessins, des gravures, des placards, &c., &c., &c.’ attacks the principle on which the government of 1830 is established; or refers to the king the blame and responsibility of the acts of government; or attributes the rights of the throne of

France to any other than Louis Philippe and his posterity; or publicly avows his adhesion to a republican, or any other government incompatible with the charter of 1830; or expresses any threat respecting the constitutional monarchy, or any hope or wish favorable to the fallen dynasty; or attacks the constitutional authority of the king, or the inviolability of his person; or assails any members of the royal family, the rights and authority of the chambers, or the established religion:—whoever commits any of these offences, shall be punished with imprisonment from one month to five years, and with a fine of from three hundred to six thousand francs. These are some of the famous laws of September. Through them may be beheld the present spirit of French legislation on the Press. They stand forth, another living witness to the old truth, that possessors of political power, too often forgetting the principles which elevated them, will shake tyranny with a cordial hand, if thereby they may sit surer in their seats. It was an assault upon the Press which wrought the last revolution. For that assault, the Bourbons pine away in exile at Prague, and Charles X. moulders in an obscure tomb at Goritz. The tendency of recent legislation is to renew the scenes of 1830. There are, moreover, other restrictive laws—laws of 1819 and 1822—laws whose spirit is severe, and whose language like that of those recently enacted, is comprehensive and most vague. What is the publication which shall constitute an offence? ‘You shall not assail the inviolability of Louis Philippe,’ says

the law. And what is an assault upon that inviolability? The journalist is in perpetual doubt. 'You shall not make *remount* to the king, the responsibilities of governmental acts.' What shall constitute an offence under such a prohibition? Last week the *Siècle* was *seized* by order of the minister. In commenting upon that seizure, the *Journal des Débats*, a governmental paper too, says, 'We have attentively read the article alluded to, and cannot possibly discover a reason for the proceedings of the minister.' What was that reason? Count Persil imagined that therein he beheld an attempt to prove that the responsibility of certain recent public acts rested, not on the shoulders of his ministers, but on Louis Philippe. His life was hence endangered. Judgment *by default*, however, was against the *Siècle*. Its gerant was condemned in a fine of two thousand francs, and to an imprisonment for two months. But let us suppose the journal acquitted. It is triumphant. Still the government has had the benefit of the *seizure*. It has harassed the *Siècle*. It has interrupted its free course into the hands of its subscribers. It has prevented its feared sentiments from working their feared results. A *seizure*, as it is called, is no small vexation. It is made by a commissary of the police. Into his hands is placed, on a complaint to a Juge d'Instruction, by a procureur-du-roi—the complaint itself being made on the suggestion of the minister of justice—a *warrant*, signed by said judge, ordering him to go at once to the office of the journal containing any excep-

tionable matter, to the post-office, and to what other place soever it may be necessary, and there to seize upon all the copies of said journal, and to convey them to the registry of the tribunal. The objectionable ideas are thus arrested ere they have passed into the cities and villages of the departments, or have even contaminated the salons of the metropolis. The censorship is abolished, says the Charter. Alas, its *form* only is abolished. Its spirit, its vigor, its terrible power, still survive. These seizures are extremely frequent. The *La France* has just been seized for representing the laws of September as ineffectual. The *Messenger* and the *Journal de Paris* were lately seized. And why? *No reason was assigned.* The act was denounced as insufferable tyranny. A suspected person had then been dragged to prison without an information of his crime. Such things, you will say, are damning proofs of rottenness in the state.

The object of these seizures is twofold;—to harass the party whose organ is thus seized, and to prevent from passing, through this channel, into the minds of the French people, ideas which may jeopardize the government of 1830. Behold one of the means for preserving firm the foundations of the throne! To keep in subjection the political passions of France, her political mouth is half muzzled. The legitimate consequences of this policy begin to be revealed. The wrathful heart, particularly of a Frenchman, will out. *If it may not speak through the press, it will through the dagger and the pistol.*

I have said that these seizures are extremely frequent. I have said that on Saturday last the gerant, or manager, of the *Siècle* was condemned in a fine and imprisonment. On that same day was likewise the *Courrier Français* brought before the same tribunal, for the similar offence, of referring to the king the blame and responsibility of government, and also for pronouncing the Laws of September a violation of the Charter. Philippe Dupin, brother of the celebrated lawyer and statesman, was its defender. The interest awakened was general and intense. Thousands thronged the halls and passages of the Palais de Justice; and most noble personages, among whom was Lord Lyndhurst, were seen within the bar. After many hours of eloquent attack and defence, the jury acquitted the *Courrier Français*. Said blunt Lord Lyndhurst, 'You understand little the nature of a representative government to arraign a journal for passages like those in the *Courrier*.' Said the *Paix*,—that stern organ of doctrine and of ministers,—'A jury of *improvisated* men are capable of deciding only *material* questions. They are little fit to judge on the high and refined matters of government and of law. Their verdict does not disappoint us.' You, my philosophical reader, will doubtless add, that mournful is the pass to which that country has come, whose government assails the press and denounces the jury.

But the *Courrier Français* does not furnish the most recent instance in illustration of my remark. On Monday last, only two days after the above-mentioned

acquittal, the *Gazette de France*, the *Quotidienne*, and the *La France*, were summoned before the same *Cour d'Assises*. They had each published an objectionable letter from Goritz. This letter contained an attack upon the rights which Louis Philippe holds from the French nation; an attack upon the established order of succession to the French throne; and evidence of adhesion to that exiled family which has no longer any rights belonging to that throne. They were all found guilty. The gerant of the first-named journal was sentenced to four months' imprisonment, and a fine of three thousand francs. Baron Verteuil de Feuillas, gerant of the *La France*, notwithstanding the powerful defence of Berryer, one of the five great orators of the Chamber of Deputies, was condemned to pay a fine of fifteen hundred francs, and at this moment is in prison to fulfil the three months' sentence pronounced against him. The gerant of the *Quotidienne* was similarly condemned. But there is still another recent instance. On Tuesday, the day immediately subsequent to that whereon were pronounced the above sentences, the *La Mode*, of which Count Nugent is gerant, was arraigned and condemned. It had published an apology for acts which a certain law had forbidden as crimes, and had likewise assailed the Royal Family. To sustain the first charge, the journal was shown to have spoken thus in irony—'Providence wishes that the true servants of the old monarchy, should expiate in chains their loyalty and their devotion.' The second charge was substantiated by

adducing a piece of wagbery entitled, 'Congratulations of the expiring year 1836, to her successor 1837.' 'Don't forget,' says the old crone, 'don't forget, my dear 1837, when you go to the Tuileries, to present a baton-d'angélique to Madame Adelaide, a sugar-candy mosque and a chocolate chauffrette to the Duke of Nemours, a pretty paper boat to M. de Joinville, and a sweet preserved orange to Mademoiselle Orleans.' The wagbery of the *La Mode* was not relished, and its gerant was condemned to pay a fine of three thousand francs, and to an imprisonment of one month. A fearful accumulation of condemnations is this, and all within so brief a space! They have not, indeed, produced a revolution; but be assured that in the remembering heart of the nation, are they treasured up for some sad crisis in the future. One feature with respect to them, I here note down. It illustrates the time. When the *Siècle* and the *Courrier Français* were tried, the court-room was crowded, the Palais de Justice was all alive with Parisians. The excitement was universal, and now is each day's press abounding with wrathful comments on those trials. When, however, the *Quotidienne*, *La France*, *La Mode*, and the *Gazette de France* were arraigned, the bar was nearly empty; the *Salle-des-pas-perdus* was still; no party passions rushed fiercely over to the Isle de la cité, and the sentences pronounced against the culprits were almost echoed back from the vacant walls. This is the explanation. The two first-named journals are with the Age. The four last-named journals are for

the dynasty and opinions that have passed away. Were all these latter to be submerged at once beneath the tide of ministerial indignation, the Age would still go on. But had the *Courrier Français* been condemned, the Age—I am of course speaking only of France—the Age would have felt the blow. Its feelings, its opinions, its principles would have been wounded; nay more, its progress might for a moment have been checked. Well then may the Parisian press, as it has done and is doing, rejoice in triumph at this acquittal. It is one happy sign of the present time, one encouraging guaranty for the future.

The above extracted Laws of September, 1835, and these instances of practice under them, may give you some notion of the freedom of the French press. Compare this freedom with that in Austria, and Germany, in Spain, in England, and the United States. To what place in the scale is it entitled? In far less bondage than that of the three former countries, this press is far less free than that of the two latter. In the most tranquil times, it would be frequently overstepping the lines traced around it by the law. But in this era, this very year, in this city, when and where political passions are up almost to the revolutionary point, hardly a day can pass without witnessing some greater or less transgression. What is to be done? is the frequently started question. Remove all restrictions, say some. Let thought be perfectly emancipated and free. Let the untrammelled heart speak forth through untrammelled language. Vain imagination and worse

than madness! As if while checks are imposed on all things else, one only agent should be exempt,—and that an agent which, though not girt with a single sword, nor bearing a single bayonet, nor pointing a single cannon, is yet more wide and mighty in its action than all these powers put together. The wise question is, *How great* should be restriction upon the French press? Are the Laws of September sufficient, or should enactments less or more severe be made? The question is one of much moment. On its answer will depend much of the happiness of France, much of her progress onward to her mysterious and unknown destinies.

The Revolution of 1830 is said to have vastly increased the number of readers. A political curiosity has been awakened in minds that until lately had half slumbered. The press has new political wants to provide for. Since 1830, have arisen the *Journal Général de la France*, the *Presse*, the *Siècle*, the *Monde*, the *Charte* of 1830, the *Revue du Peuple*, and the *Figaro*. Among these, you find what is called the *young* press as contradistinguished from the *old*; the press of the *Jeunes Gens*; of the emphatically democratic spirits of the metropolis, of the gentry who stalk sublimely in sugar-loafed hats, dark down-hanging locks, and enormous eyes, horribly glowering. This is the press which assumes to be the peculiar conservator of political liberty. To secure its immediate success, a diminished price was resolved on. The fourteen great daily periodicals of Paris were fur-

nished at the rate of eighty francs per annum. Some of these were even more expensive to the departments. The *Echo de France* and the *Temps*, for instance, were eighty francs for Paris, and one hundred for the departments. The *Presse* and the *Siècle* appear daily for forty francs per annum. Herein arise questions a little interesting to subscribers. If the forty franc press can be successfully sustained, how enormous is the extortion of those journals whose subscription price is twice as great. The fact seems to be this ;—an eighty franc press makes a fair profit ; a forty franc press is a losing concern. Take two different sets of calculations. Here is the *Europe*, a journal of monarchical and popular interests, proposing to establish itself on a support of forty francs per annum. Like most of the French periodicals, it is the property of a company. The capital is seven hundred and fifty thousand francs ; the price of its shares is five hundred francs each, and its existence will terminate in thirty years. The Marquis de Jouffroy is to be its editor in chief, and the Viscount Charles de Pina, its responsible gerant. Ten thousand subscribers are to be upon its list. The cost of the journal for so numerous a list—including every item, even to the stamp duty, which for each journal ranges between three and five sous, according to the size of it—will be five hundred and twenty-three thousand francs per annum. Its profits, from subscription alone, including the increased charge upon the copies furnished to the departments, will amount to four hundred and fifty-six thousand francs. Here remain,

you perceive, sixty-seven thousand francs. How will this loss be covered? The answer is, *by the advertisements*, which are reckoned upon to the value of two hundred and fifty thousand francs per annum, and which will not only cover that loss, but yield, over and above, a clear profit of one hundred and eighty-three thousand francs, or more than twenty-four per cent on the original capital. It is then to the *advertisements*, which by the way, are inserted at the rate of thirty sous per line, that these gentlemen look for the profitable investment of their money. It is the source indeed upon which rely, not only the forty franc journals, but all the journals of the metropolis. And from this state of things it results that every additional subscriber is a positive injury to the treasury of the company, inasmuch as each copy costs six or seven francs more than each subscriber pays. The above calculation, like all those which I have seen by the forty franc press, seems to be combined out of most exaggerated elements. The product of the advertisements, for instance, is from an estimate unquestionably too large, particularly since there are eight periodicals in Paris whose only business is to publish *annonces*, at from five to ten sous the line. An eighty franc journal, when lately interrogated on this subject declared, that with a support of five thousand subscribers, it lost five francs on each copy, and that this loss was covered by its advertisements, whose value was seventy-five thousand francs per annum. How then, you ask, can the new forty franc press sustain itself?

That press itself only knows. There are, doubtless, mysterious agents here at work,—agents who long to see their opinions propagated, and who are nothing loath to contribute moneys therefor. This however is true, the cheap and republican press has a wide circulation, and exerts among certain classes an influence which the monarchical party would gladly counteract, and therefore is it about sending the Europe into the field.

These commencing enterprises to cheapen the means of knowledge, may be hailed as happy omens for France. And yet perhaps you may imagine that much is hazarded in this remark. You may say that hardly yet are the minds which those low-priced papers reach, prepared for the doctrines which they contain. This, alas! may be too true. And yet methinks that through those enterprises I can perceive a spirit of much promise; a spirit whose future action shall be for the general good of the kingdom; a spirit which shall have some generous sympathy, not with a few thousands, but with many millions; a spirit which shall pass from the first and second classes, to better inform the *third* (a class, by the way, quite unlike that *Tiers État*, about whom Sieyes sent forth his famous pamphlet), and to illuminate even the *fourth*; a spirit which shall ere long burst away from the narrow thralldom of politics, and ascending into spheres less passionate and more useful, disseminate therefrom those truths of practical, material and industrial philosophy, whose application alone can thoroughly develop the great

mass of half inactive energy now in France. The general mind wants light not on the subject of politics, but on this practical theme—the best mode of using the industry, and of working out the *material* happiness of the nation. It is among the duties of the press to furnish this light, and on such terms that *all*, the lowest as well as those less low, the poorest as well as those less poor, may enjoy its influence. Cheap, and at the same time practically useful periodicals, are a sort of phenomena in France. Hence very general ignorance of those new and widely extended agents of industry, so well understood in Great Britain and the United States. What do twenty-eight millions of the people of the departments know of railroads, and canals, and those thousand engines for physical development, with which your every American is nearly as familiar as with household words? Absolutely nothing. Into their own and their predecessor's ears, has been daily dinged for centuries nothing but *glory*; glory in the shape of conquests, and columns, and triumphal arches. Hitherto they have been roused into action only by the sound of a drum, the sight of a flag, or the strains of a patriotic song. The time however is coming, if it have not already arrived, when other words and other objects are to be dear to them. They are entering, at this advanced stage of their existence, among ideas, which in the American Republic are the fortunate possession of its infancy; ideas whose application will confer happiness of a more substantial character upon the general people, and which, it is piously

hoped, the press, the disenthralled and much enlightened press of France, will hasten to popularize.

The daily press, thus costly as it is, seems to be so from a sort of necessity, since it has in its employ the highest abilities in politics and literature. Journalism here is an equally important and successful path to influence and public station, as is the bar in the United States. Thiers was called from his editor's desk in the office of the *Journal des Debats*, to preside over the destinies of France; and Guizot has been as much distinguished for his newspaper articles, as for his *History of the English Revolution*, or even for his *Essays on French History*. Thus is the daily press, the leading press. Few are the weekly papers, and fewer are the monthly magazines; and as for the *Review*, Paris cannot produce one periodical, to which an Englishman or an American would for an instant think of giving that name. The *REVUE DES DEUX MONDES* is the largest and most expensive, demanding from you as it does, fifty-six francs per annum. It ranks highest. It is that through which Mignet, Victor Cousin, and other distinguished literary or political men make, now and then, communications to the world. But large as it is, each number of the New York Knickerbocker contains more than its entire semi-monthly quantity of matter. Then come the *Revue de Paris*, *La France Littéraire*, and the *Journal du Nord*. They are still smaller, and have to do with none other than literary topics. The *Edinburgh Review* commenced for England and America, a new era in periodical publication. Its

great example did not extend across the channel. France is still the land of merely newspapers and magazines.

One feature characterizing a large portion of this periodical press, I wish for a moment to advert to. The anonymous does not prevail therein,—*the anonymous*, that shield behind which too often may be couched assuming mediocrity, party rancor, personal resentment, and all dishonorable motives. I will not, as perhaps might be done, attribute this feature to the same cause which many are pleased to think has created the vast preponderance of letters and memoirs in French literature, viz. ;—French vanity. I will not too closely scrutinize the cause. I look only at the fact. Very generally do I find that these periodical writers, both male and female, send forth their names in company with their articles, to the world. Before me lies the last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. I see therein a very powerful and severe attack upon the right of M. Guizot to his recent admission into the *Académie Française*. At the conclusion of that article, I am happy to find the name of Gustave Planches. The politics of M. Planches are diametrically opposed to those of M. Guizot. I get at the true value of his criticism, through the light shed over it by this knowledge. A recent number of the *Journal des Debats*, contained a favorable notice of a new work on the History of Normandy. I read that notice with pleasant confidence, for its signature advised me that it came from a qualified pen, from the pen of a pro-

fessor of history at the Sorbonne. A very entertaining and graphic sketch of the fashions, and of certain salons in Paris, lately appeared in the *Revue de Paris*. The name appended to it was of a fashionable lady, who is habitually moving in those salons. Operas, and dramas, and authors are daily criticised. The criticism has the endorsement of a friend or foe. Tales, and essays, and poetical scraps are constantly arresting your eye; they do more, they arrest your thought, for you perceive them to be from the genius of Paul de Kock, of Lamartine, or of Madame Amable Tastu. Is this as it should be? I doubt not, my undisguising reader, you will unhesitatingly answer, *Yes*. You know very well that there are twenty reasons *against* the anonymous in literature and in politics, where there is one *for* it. You are aware that a million of readers have an interest in knowing the name, and capacities, and motives of one who assumes to guide and instruct them, while but the author alone can have an interest in cloaking himself in darkness. There may be exceptions. It may be well to have a Junius, now and then holding up a mirror to iniquity and corruption, from his impenetrable 'Stat nominis umbra.' It may even be well to have some works of romantic fiction, like *Waverly* and its successors, surrounded for a time by the charm of an unknown and invisible source. But should not these exceptions be few? Should not the rule and general practice be otherwise? Should not an author's name be usually revealed? Would not such revelation be more com-

patible with good morals, than is the system of the anonymous? In the wide department of criticism would its influence be chiefly felt,—a department in which, under the anonymous, vast abilities are frequently impelled into action by, to say no worse, most questionable motives. Why has periodical writing been in this respect so generally excepted from the other vehicles of thought? Neither the musical composer, nor the painter, nor the sculptor sends forth his works to be appreciated, without his name. Entertaining the views which I do upon this subject, I cannot but think that herein is the French periodical press far before the English and the American. I see therein, moreover, another illustration of the boldness and self-possession of French character. The smallest offspring of genius or taste in France, bears its parent's name upon its forehead without fear, and what is more, without *mauvaise honte*.

I have said that wide and general is the representation of this community by the press. I have said that every interest has its appropriate organ, revealing and maintaining it, feebly or with strength.* The largest

* As a specimen of what some of these periodicals *promise*, I transcribe the following from the prospectus of the *La Monde*. Do you not behold therein a moustached Frenchman, conscious that he belongs to the *grande nation*?

‘The *Monde* shall be an arena open to all ideas; a kind of intellectual congress, where all the people shall have their advocate, and even their representative. To study conscientiously the institutions, the manners, and the literature of *all* nations,

subject of the Parisian press is, *politics*. Then comes the—*theatre*. Are you surprised to find such the character of its second great absorbing topic? Be assured 'tis most veritable. I speak from my own experience thereupon, for the brief time within which I have resolved to confine my observations. Every day's reading has added to my proofs. Indeed, it was but a few hours since, that in glancing my eye through the Charte of 1830, the Journal des Debats, the Quotidienne, the National of 1834, the Courrier Français, and the Monde, I found more than one third, aye, *one third* of the columns of these gravest of the Parisian journals covered with articles under these titles—Tartuffe ; Vaudeville ; Opera ; La Fontaine et Moliere ; Théâtre de la Portée St. Martin ; Mademoiselle Mars ; &c. &c. There exists no parallel to these and similar instances that might be named, in the press of any other nation in the world ; not even the German. After politics and the theatres, may be placed, law, literature, science, and art. Next come the commercial, agricultural, and industrial interests ; and last of all must be named morality and religion. Feeble indeed is their note, and seldom

to substitue an enlightened *cosmopolitisme* for that exclusive *nationalisme* which retards the flight of every idea of general progress ; in other words, to hasten the developement of the intellectual and material powers of society, in directing their action towards the same end of civilization ; such is the *symbole politique* of the editors of the *Monde*. It has correspondence with Egypt, St. Petersburg, the United States, &c. &c. &c.'

heard amidst the hoarse surrounding brawl. Read for one month, as they are regularly published, all the periodicals of Paris; then gather into one recollection all which they contain upon these two subjects, you will be surprised to find how little burdened is your memory. The theatres have *nine* periodicals almost exclusively devoted to their single cause; and, as I have just said, you can hardly find a journal in all Paris that does not, each day, treat more or less of actors, actresses, dancers, singers, operas and vaudevilles. The *Revue Catholique*, *Université*, *Archives du Christianisme*, *Revue Religieuse et Edifiante*, and two or three more inferior publications, are all which religion has to maintain her interests. Now and then indeed, the *Echo de la Jeune France*, the *Univers*, and four or five other periodicals, grant a scanty column to a religious communication. What is less, some of the great daily journals announce with their titles, that they defend the monarchical and *religious* interests of Europe. Vain annunciations, backed by no language, no action, and followed by no results. But read these religious periodicals. What do they contain? Clear and eloquent revelations of human duty? Appeals to whatsoever is generous, and noble, and immortal in the heart? Words of consolation and instruction, teaching men how to live, and that still sterner duty, how to die? Hardly a sentence upon these themes. Filled are they with cold and ice-bound essays on intangible generalities, or acrimonious criticism of the Abbé Lamennais' new book

on the 'Affairs of Rome,' or barren notices of the most barren facts in the religious history of time. There is no periodical in Paris, no, nor in all France, corresponding to the Recorder, the Christian Examiner, and to twenty other zealous publications on religious topics, which memory may readily recall as flourishing within the limits of a single state of the American Union. And yet all religions are tolerated in France.

And now I seem to hear the question, 'pray, why is this extraordinary dearth whereof you have just spoken, and that too in a country which daily claims to be the most civilized of modern nations?' I remark first, that nations as well as individuals are wont to place themselves, ay, and to be placed by others, very high in the scale of civilization merely, though sanctified by not one jot of religion, nor even of morality: and secondly, I say that nothing less than a picture of the moral condition of Paris, and the kingdom whereof it is the metropolis, could furnish a satisfactory answer to the query proposed. With that picture before you, you would doubtless say, 'to be sure a zealous moral and religious press is *needed* in France, but nobody *wants* it.' There is no *want* in the heart of the Parisians for moral and religious ideas from their press, as there is for political and literary ideas, and for news and discussions about the theatre. This remark implies a rather deplorable state of society; and yet however deplorable you may imagine such state to be, I can hardly doubt that on exami-

nation you would find facts pertinent enough, and in sufficient numbers, to make your imagination a substantial verity. The non-existence of a moral and religious press in Paris, is both a cause and an effect. It is one cause of the absence of the want just alluded to, and likewise is it an effect of such absence.

With me, you will deem it matter of serious regret, that so worthy an agent as that whereof I have just been speaking, can get no foothold in Paris. Amidst the warring opinions, the countless tastes, the pleasures ceaseless and tumultuous, of this all-absorbing centre of European life, there is but one voice to which the universal ear is attentive, one teacher by which the universal heart is willing to be instructed. That voice, that teacher, is the press. But that press pours out ten thousand sentiments on politics, for every single thought it utters on religion. It gives fifty columns to the theatre and the opera, while it grudges a brief paragraph to the cause of good morals.

If there ever was a time when the Parisian press demanded at its helm not only a fearless and intelligent, but likewise a righteous spirit, surely that time is the present. Prose as well as poets have been pleased to call this the transition age for France. She is neither in the darkness nor yet in the day, but moving in a twilight, not we trust of the evening, but of the morn. Crepuscular shadows are shooting athwart her zenith and her horizon. Through them stalk drearily and faintly the spirits of the time,

responding not to the mournful question, 'Whither are we tending?'

'De quel nom te nommer, heure troublé où nous sommes?
Tous les fronts sont baignés de livides sueurs;
Dans les hauteurs du ciel et dans le cœur des hommes,
Les ténèbres partout se mêlent aux lueurs.

Croyances, passions, désespoir, espérances,
Rien n'est dans le grand jour, et rien n'est dans la nuit.'

VICTOR HUGO.

Under these half-lighted heavens, men grope about for footholds for their faith in philosophy, literature, in progress and in government. To lead them aright should be one constant endeavor of the press. And well may that press tremble, and half shrink from contemplating the responsible tasks that lie before it. And righteous indeed must be its aims, and firmly fixed must be its good principles, if it would walk erect and with authority, through these unquiet and contradictory times. France is indeed not now in a revolution; she is not in the cataract and mad plunge of waters; but still darkly and mournfully flows on her destiny, with many a bubble here and there to recall the late disturbance of its stream. 'We live in the midst of ominous events,' shouted but a few days since, the stern legitimist voice of Berryer in the Chamber of Deputies. His words still ring in my ear. I look around me from this centre of the destinies of France. I see its king just saved from the pistol of another assassin;—I see him delivering his opening speech to the assembled Chambers, while at

his left hand sits his queen, sobbing and in tears ;— I see in those chambers countenances all anxious, and I hear whispers spreading from ear to ear the rumor, that but a few moments since the peace of all France was periled in the peril of the monarch :—I see the national guards excluded from the Tuileries on the occasion of the felicitations of the opening year ;—I see numerous literary associations forbidden, by fear, their usual privilege of personally congratulating the royal family on the same occasion ;—I see each day five, or ten, or twenty arrests of the citizens of Paris, from suspicion of political conspiracy ;—I see these citizens arraigned before the tribunals, or lingering in the prisons ;—I see a military insurrection attempted in Alsatia under the name of Napoleon, by one in whose veins runs the blood of the Emperor ;—I see the courts of France crowded each day with trials of men, and women, and children, for crimes of the most atrocious character ;—I see the sabbath day universally desecrated, and the obligations of morality whistled to the winds ;—I see the trial by jury assailed by the confidential journal of the government ;—I see the liberty of the press attacked, the organs of public opinion arraigned day after day before the tribunals of the country, their managers oppressed by enormous fines, and doomed to ignominious imprisonments ;—I see France saddened by late reverses in the field of battle ;—I see her public mind fiercely divided and in doubt, on the momentous subject of the Spanish revolution, and down upon her I see frowning the jealousy,

the hatred, the ambition of the absolute powers of the North. I see these things, and note them as types of the time. Are they likewise prophetic types of the future? In the midst of them, difficult and responsible indeed must be the action of that organ which presumes so largely to lead, to guide, and to govern. Whoever wishes well to a great people, striving to be still greater and happier, must wish well to that organ. Shall that nation realize in the future, the hopes it loves to entertain in the present? Will that press, walking hand in hand with that nation, be faithful to its high and solemn duties? Time, thou alone canst reveal the answer.

XIII.

THE ITALIAN OPERA.

SHAKSPEARE is by the Germans called the *Many-sided*. The same term might very suitably be applied to the French. And of all their many sides that is the broadest for bearing on which their large system of amusements has been created. And in this system one of the most active and universal agents is Music. At the present time its vehicles are the instruments and voices at the Italian Opera at the Académie Royale de Musique, at the Opéra Comique, at private soirées, and the instruments at Jullien's and Musard's concert-rooms. These are the great vehicles of the musical genius of the time;—the press, through which are revealed the thoughts of Rossini, of Myerbeer, of Bellini though gone, of Aubert, Donizetti, Halevy, Herold, Adam, and a score of others.

At the *Italian Opera*, we have this winter heard the *Otello*, the *Cenerentola*, *Il Barbiere di Seviglia*, and *La Gazza Ladra* of Rossini;—the *Puritani*, *Pirata*, *Somnambula*, and the *Norma* of Bellini;—the *Matri-monio Segreto* of Cimarosa;—the *Anna Bolena* of Donizetti;—the *Prova* of Gnecco, and the *Malek* *Adel* of Costa, a debutant, At the *Académie Royale*,

we have had the Guillaume Tell, *Compte d'Ory*, *Tentation*, and the *Möise* of Rossini;—the *Robert le Diable* and *Huguenots* of Myerbeer;—the *Philtre*, *Muette de Portici*, *Dieu et Bayadere*, and the *Serment* of Auber;—the *Sylphide* and *Fille du Danube* of Adam;—the *Don Juan* of Mozart, and the *Juive* of Halevy. At the *Opéra Comique* have been performed the *Acteon*, *Cheval de Bronze*, and the *Ambassadrice* of Auber;—the *Postillon de Longumeau* and *Chalet* of Adam;—the *Mauvais Œil* of Mademoiselle Puget;—the *Éclair* of Halevy;—the *Prés-aux-Clercs* of Herold;—the *Dame Blanche* and *Juan de Paris* of Boildieu;—and the *Luther de Vienne* of Monpou. At some fifty private concerts, and at those of Jullien and Musard given on *every* evening, have been heard fragments of all the great masters, numerous overtures, and now and then a new waltz or quadrille fresh from the musical mint of Jullien or of Musard. At these two last-named unexpensive resorts, the pieces performed in the great and costly opera houses, are in parcels reproduced and popularized.

I have now, as it were, mapped briefly out *what* has been this winter done, in the way of musical exhibition, at Paris. *How* has this been done? What is the character of the vehicles? At the Italian Opera are the voices of Rubini, and Lablache, Tamburini, and Ivanhoff; and among the females, of Grisi, Albertazzi, and Taccani. The chorus generally numbers forty, and the orchestra is composed of fifty or sixty instruments, subordinate to the voices. Sup-

pose that this evening we visit the Italians. The interior of their house hardly corresponds with the magnitude of the exterior. It is however well constructed, and well conducted too, for its peculiar purposes. You observe how silently open and shut the numerous doors. Your ear never hears the fall of a single footstep. The floors are richly and thickly carpeted. The woman who looks at your *coupon*, informs you almost in a whisper, as she noiselessly unlocks a door, that your seat is on the fifth bank. Entering, you take possession of your No. 96, in the Stalles d'Orchestre. The ornaments of the interior are simple and appropriate. Here and there are harps and lutes pictured, and upon the ceiling you read the names of many renowned composers. All things remind you of a temple to Euterpe. You are where ears gather, emphatically *to hear*. And then the company,—how very superb! Ladies in plumed opera-hats, and bucks devouring them through immense lorgnettes. This is, indeed, the essentially *fashionable* opera house. If one would see Paris commercial, let him go to the Bourse; or Paris political, to the Chamber of Deputies; or Paris legal, to the Palace of Justice; but Paris fashionable may chiefly be seen, within these walls, three times each week. At your right hand is one of its elegant *habitues*. He is a model in his way. Mark that profusion of curls. How deeply dark are the moustaches and whiskers! His neck is in white cravat. His coat-collar spreads away over his shoulders. Tightly laced is the velvet vest. And

then those pantaloons!—so closely do they embrace his nether extremities, they but seem a superadded cuticle,—and about his boots are they clasped in that ingenious, compact, and truly French style, which precludes all possibility of taking off the one without the other. From his bosom projects a delicate ruffle, in breadth one inch. His wrists are with ruffles likewise ornamented. He places his thin opera-hat beneath his arm. And now for the first time snapping asunder the thread that holds together those unworn kids of marble whiteness, he draws them on, and raises his large double ivory-mounted opera-glass, to survey the scene which the uplifted curtain has just revealed. This gentleman dines at the Cercle des Etrangers, and lives upon the music of the Italian Opera. His map of Paris is merely the little strip between his Club-house and the Rue Favart. Here is the melodious sphere of his future, his present, his past. His thoughts, and emotions, and enjoyments are here concentrated. He accompanies the opera, when in May it departs for London, and returns with it to its winter campaign in Paris. He has little admiration for else than the tones of Grisi, and Rubini, and Tamburini, and Lablache. At this time he seems rather to affect the Lablache. Having last week heard that his favorite had disappeared in an apoplectic fit, he ordered servants to pack up for Italy. Without Lablache, the Italian Opera would to him be nothing; and without the Italian Opera, Paris would be still less.

The curtain has arisen. The *Puritani* of Bellini, a chef-d'œuvre of the departed *mæstro*, is the work of art now to be represented. It enlists the talents of the whole company. One of the finest musical compositions of the age, embodied by its finest voices! Of Bellini's nine works, only four are much performed. The other five are unimpressive. Of those the *Puritani* is his last, and by many is deemed his best. Like all his pieces, it is peculiar;—unlike Rossini's, or Donizetti's; unlike the music of the great German and the French masters. It is to him as peculiar, as is his poetry to an original poet, or his paintings to an original artist. It is filled, however, with melodies that one could call none other than Italian: strains of passionate and tender melancholy, which we are irresistibly led, and which we love, to associate with the land of Bellini's birth. Sadness not severe, but gentle and romantic, was a prominent feature in Bellini's character, so far as that character may be judged by revelations of it in his operas;—and where does that feature more frequently and more impressively appear than in the *Puritani*, to which we are now listening? It is here that I first listen to the voice of Grisi. I place her below Malibran. Her voice wants the wide, the marvellous range, which characterized that of the latter. Moreover, she lacks her grand dramatic powers. Had Malibran never been gifted with her miracle of a voice, she might have been renowned as an actress merely. A single glance of her eye, a single combination of her features, conveyed whole sentences of

ought. Grisi has a beautiful Italian face, a deep black eye, which languishes better than any I have seen out of Venice, a strong arm, and a body distantly approaching to the embonpoint. She manages herself well at times, and likewise her gesticulation. She makes love admirably, and likewise does she make a most melodious and heart-melting scold. But she lacks in clear, spiritual, dramatic power. There is, moreover, *this* in Grisi's manner,—when she is giving the thought of Bellini, complicated and beyond all parallel, difficult as it often is in the notes of Puritani, her countenance goes through a most unpleasant, nay, most painful variety of expressions. These are evidences of her *effort* to give truly and effectively that thought. With Malibran it was not so. The effort exacted by her vocal organs never interfered with her features. Those features were always left at liberty to aid in giving the sentiment which her tones might be expressing. As in the complicated dance of Tagliani, all is delightful ease; even so was it in the wonderful song of Malibran. It is no disparagement of Grisi, to place her just below such a miracle as Malibran. That she may in so many respects be compared with her, is evidence that she belongs to the extraordinary; and now that the former has passed away, she may with propriety claim to possess the most remarkable female voice in the world.

It would be difficult to express the delight with which this evening, in executing a certain song, she filled the crowded house. An instant before she commenced,

there was a general hiss. A hiss is among the highest compliments that to a singer can here be paid. It was a hiss of silence into all tongues, and of preparation into all ears. The silence that ensued was as of the dead. The song was commenced. What full, flowing richness,—what floods of melody! What lightning-like transitions from deep bass up to the most distant, shrill and vanishing note! What tremendous shakes, like the swiftest and longest, ever wrought by Nicholson upon the flute! And then with what wondrous accuracy, in one unbroken effort, she dashed through the entire diapason of her voice, from the highest note, down—down—through flats and sharps, to the very lowest. ‘Brava, brava, bravissima,’ murmured a thousand lips. White kids smote together. Gentlemen stood up, and waved snowy handkerchiefs. Ladies applauded with loud enthusiasm. Wreaths and bouquets strewed the stage. Cries of ‘bis, bis,’ were reiterated on every side, and the song was re-sung. This is enthusiasm at the Italian Opera. While the air was in process of execution, the stillness was complete. Not one single note however delicate, failed in its end of descending through the ear, far into the hearer’s heart. Not until that air was closed, did bars and bolts seem to fly asunder, and enthusiasm to burst forth. They do these things well in France. It is hardly so, however, when an orator harangues the Chamber of Deputies. What with talking, and walking, and shuffling of papers, and murmurs from the extreme right, and approbation from the

extreme left, and begging to silence by the President's bell, the poor orator's discourse of speech seems half in vain. When pleasure is the object, the French have most admirable systems, which most admirably do they apply. When however business, and mere comfort and benefit are the ends, of their systems for accomplishing them, the same remark cannot with truth be made.

The voice of Rubini is as wonderful as that of Grisi. It is believed to have realized the beau-ideal of tenors. It came from Bergamo, much renowned as *la città degli tenori*. Out of his voice, Rubini is little or nothing. He has a blue eye, a large round face, enormous whiskers and an awkward gait. As a dramatic performer, you pronounce him, after some observation, a mere stick. But in his vocal organs, he is one of the great prodigies of the time,—and of them is he completest master. The ease and facility with which he brings them all into appropriate action, are indeed marvellous. This evening, on several occasions, he seemed to treat his voice as something apart from himself, some wondrous instrument, with whose strings or stops he was perfectly familiar, and which he delighted to use like some plaything, as does Paganini his violin. He is conscious that it has powers vast and unfailling, and therefore does he dash ahead with a freedom and fearlessness that I have never heard, except perhaps in Malibran. There is nothing in its way more gratifying to a novice, than the supreme self-possession with which Rubini advances to the front of

the stage, and surveys the most profoundly fastidious musical critics of all Europe, ere he commences one of his magnificent arias. He probably knows, that as before there could be a Longinus there must be a Homer, so before there could be such critics as themselves, there must be such a Rubini as himself. It is from him, and such as him, that they derive their principles of criticism.

Rubini has a wide barytone and a still wider falsetto, and the power with which his voice plays in these two spheres, is quite incomprehensible. Moreover, the beauty with which it glides from one up into the other is beyond all description. And then he pours forth his treasures, not only boldly and beautifully, but abundantly. Sometimes his voice is like a bugle, sometimes like a clarinet; now like a trombone, and then again like a harp. It has likewise tones which no human instrument, nor no human voice ever possessed. What are those tones? Altogether indescribable, and I doubt not as much a mystery to Rubini himself, as to his astounded auditors. The most extraordinary exhibition of these peculiar tones, was last week made in a new opera by Costa. Until his appearance in this opera, Rubini was supposed to have developed and revealed *all* his vocal powers. Every thing which his voice *could* do, it was believed to *have* done. Each night witnessed only a fine reproduction of former tones. Now, in this new opera, there is a song whose execution by Rubini has disclosed capacities in his voice, of which he himself was totally unaware. That

song, moreover, has saved the poor opera from damnation. I shall not soon forget the almost frantic burst of applause, with which it was for the first time received. The house did not, as usual, wait until the artist had entirely concluded. It was hurried out of its wonted decorum by surprise. The passion expressed is revenge. And while there was hardly a spark of that passion in Rubini's face, or attitude, or gesticulation, his voice seemed actually to glare and flame with it. The tones were of the wildest, fiercest, most hyena-like savageness. And the impression they produced, not revealed in mere hand-clapping and wreath-flinging, came forth in a burst and shout of amazement. An Italian, at my side, declared that such notes were never heard before in Europe. That song, as I said, saved the opera. Hundreds now wait with indifferent patience to hear it, and having so heard, instantly quit the house. I cannot call it pleasing,—only marvellous. Being marvellous, it takes with a Parisian audience. Rubini's voice is not only peculiar in the mere strangeness of its tones, but likewise in their tenderness. I know not where to look for an image that may express though faintly, the surpassing beauty, and delicacy, and pathos of some of his cadenzas. They oftentimes half vanish, and die away into those imaginary melodies only heard by lovers and poets, themselves half-dreaming in midnight solitudes. Just as some of these beautiful efforts close, a long-drawn breath may be heard escaping from many a spell-relieved listener.

But here is Lablache. The Italian company,—the

finest in the world,—has no place unfilled. It has every vocal as well as instrumental tone which it desires. What is the place held therein by Lablache? He is the bass-singer, and in his sphere, he is unrivalled, as Rubini or Grisi in theirs. In the first place, Lablache has the loudest voice for song in Europe. Place him between an orchestra of fifty instruments, and a chorus of fifty voices, all in their strongest action, and the tones of his larynx will be audible above them all. In the second place, his voice has great richness, great expressiveness, great compass. Lablache is a mighty man, in that enormous chest and stomach of his. His lungs must be of broadest and most tough material. The ease with which he rolls forth his strong, organ tones, is perfectly refreshing. You hear a grand effect, and you see an adequate cause. Lablache is, moreover, a very good actor. In what is called the *opera buffa*, he is universally esteemed a beau-ideal. In all his voice and all his manner, preside a masculine vigor and robustness, which make him a general favorite. He is one of the very few whom these critics deign to applaud, on his first entrance each evening to perform his part. Lablache, like Rubini, seldom or never returns applause with body-bending.

Tamburini is the counter-tenor of the company. His voice rings like a silver-trumpet. It has not the wide compass of Rubini's or Lablache's, but in its sphere is admirable. It makes no astounding efforts. It goes on alone, or in company with the others,

clearly, vigorously, elastically. Were his vocal organs anatomically examined, I doubt not they would surprise by their hale, healthy muscular springiness. And Tamburini has feeling too, feeling momentarily revealed through those organs. In pathetic and tender expression, I have sometimes thought him equal to Rubini.

Ivanhoff,—small as he is, and serf as he was,—brought up with him to Paris in 1830, from the distant Russian province of Chernigoff, one of the most magnificent sopranos I have ever heard out of the Sistine Chapel. He secures a fair quantity of applause, and in quartetts and quintetts, his shrill notes are remarkably effective.

Of Albertazzi and Taccani, I now say nothing, nor of the admirable male and female chorus, nor moreover of the orchestra. How harmoniously their tones chimed in, each with the other, to reveal the poetry of Bellini as embodied in his *Puritani*, I cannot well express in words. They seemed to be all drilled into complete perfection. Each voice and instrument had its sphere, and in that sphere was unexceptionable. I heard not a single false note from the beginning to the end of the performance. If every department of French action could but enlist the care, and labor, and skill bestowed upon these tones which perish soon as created, this society would swiftly move on to its ultimate destinies. I can recall no like example of so numerous and powerful agents brought into so efficient execution of a single end. And well might Bellini

rejoice, not only in such vehicles of his thought, but likewise in such refined and appreciating ears. He has not conceived in vain. His best inspirations are best expressed before the best judges. He is not unlike a fine poet, impressing an assembly alive to poetry through a noble language.

The music of Paris, is the music of Europe and of the time. It is not uninteresting to know, though imperfectly, what that music is, how it is here performed and here received. I see therein some illustration of the taste and character of the age.

XIV.

A BALL AT THE TUILERIES.

'Wast ever in court, shepherd ?

'No, truly.'

'Then thou art damned ; like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side. For, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners ; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked ; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation.'

As You Like It.

'THIS is something of a bore, this business of Presentation,' said I to myself as, fagged out, I sunk into my arm-chair, and tried to undo the tightly-buttoned coat collar, which for two hours had half strangled me. The ceremony, however, is over. 'Twas no great things after all. And to enjoy it here at the palace of the citizen king, requires nothing in you extremely *recherché*. It is not a rare honor wherefor silly men may put plumes into their hats. It is as easy as lying. If you are an American, only send in your name to your country's minister, and afterwards put your legs into a pair of cream-colored pantaloons ; your body into a single-breasted coat, whose collar and cuffs are golden-laced ; your head into a chapeau-bras ; your waist into a belt wherefrom hangs a sword ; your hands into white kids ; and your entire self, thus decorated, into a procession of your thirty-eight countrymen, who, at eight o'clock on the evening of the 23d

of January, 1837, are ascending the grand staircase of the Tuileries into the Hall of the Marshals.

Ranged all in a row, you see moving towards you a pear-faced man, in the anomaly of wig intensely *black*, and of whiskers intensely *white*. Pray, do you feel any misgiving now that is approaching you the form wherein reside the destinies of France, nay more, as some say, the destinies of all Europe? You have seen three kings, one emperor, one archduke, forty-seven dukes and earls, and counts and barons without number, and moreover the pope. Louis Philippe speaks the best English in the world, and with simplicity he asks the gentleman next you, 'Pray how long since your family moved from France to New Orleans?.' For yourself, you may *ask* of Royalty no questions; merely so hold your chapeau that It may see thereon the gold prescribed by etiquette.

But here comes the Queen. Two daughters are near her. One you pronounce lovely, and both of them are mirrors wherein all the noble daughters of France might make their toilette. They each completely embody your image of the *Princess*, whether derived in your early reading from the Arabian fancy, or calmly dreamed out in moments of reverie and idealizing. 'Did you have a pleasant passage across the Atlantic?'—'Is Paris as gay as you expected to find it?'—'Are not the Americans great travellers?' These are the little queries, you hear or answer, as these quantities of royal blood stream gently by you. And now, many are the graceful, and many are the

manly bearings and expressions, momentarily arresting your eye. But of all grace and of all manhood, what more perfect embodiment can there be, than in yonder tall form? It is the Duke of Orleans. What clear and intelligent beauty in his countenance! How completely finished is his manner! With what lofty ease does he receive and return courtesies! And as each instant, he takes the elegant position to make the graceful bend, you hear his approximated spurs go *click*, sweetly as the minute tick of your repeater. Young Seigneur, thou art not only heir to the highest destinies in Europe, thou art likewise the handsomest and most graceful gentleman therein. Shall I go on describing the scene,—the representatives of every civilized nation, in appropriate habiliments? Shall I try to picture down in black ink, upon this white paper-sheet, the gorgeous, many-colored, many-motioned picture now in my memory, thither transferred from the magnificent hall of the marshals? A great labor truly, and how shall it be begun.

But here is the invitation, for securing which a Presentation is of value. It comes in an enclosure five inches square, and is thus worded:—

Palais des Tuileries, le 20 Janvier, 1837.

L'Aide-de-Camp de service près du Roi et Mme. la Mise de Dolomieu, Dame d'honneur de la REINE, ont l'honneur de prévenir Monsieur — qu'il est invité au Bal qui aura lieu au Palais des Tuileries le Mercredi 25 Janvier à 8 heures.

*Les hommes seront en uniforme,
ou en habit habillé.*

* * * *

Thursday morning, 4 o'clock.

Just from the Ball. There can be no objection to the style of this fête. 'Never was there more magnificence even under the empire,' declared a gray-headed general in buckskins. 'Superbe, magnifique,' said a member of the Chamber of Deputies, himself one of the only three, in black pantaloons and coat. 'Really this is capital, very nice,' murmured an English duchess, from whose forehead stood out a huge pearl. 'Bella, bellissima,' and the words were from the lips of an Italian beauty. 'Schön, schön,' guttered forth a German Baron, in broad chest, and forehead; and I doubt not that many Russians ejaculated their admiration in terminations of 'off,' and many Poles in quadrasyllables ending with 't-s-k-i.' I heard an American say, that it was to be sure very fine, but that the enormous expenditure it implied, did not altogether correspond with his ideas of political economy. To me does it all seem confused, and glorious and indescribable, as forty midsummer dreams, each confounded with the other. How shall I word it? Where shall I begin? What shall be my principle of classification? Shall I first take the plumes, and then the eyes? Or going by nations, shall I first characterize the Russians, then the Spaniards, Turks, and so on? Really here is a comprehensive and most unmanageable theme. I now recall nothing distinctly. The elements are somewhat in my memory. There are diamonds, and silks, and costliest furs, and stars and orders; elegant men in glorious moustaches, and

beautiful women half fainting in the waltz ; sweet music, Turks in turbans, dukes, mirrors, countesses, and blazing chandeliers, red-coated servants, ministers of all cabinets, golden scarfs, and plumes, and magnificent bouquets ; earls, and marquises and barons and barons' wives, and marshals and marshals' portraits ; in short, confusedly do I recall the spectacle of four thousand men and women, noblemen and noblewomen, in their most polished manners and most gorgeous dress, assembled for five hours at the Palace of the most magnificent Court in Europe.

There were some persons and scenes which I shall not soon altogether forget. There was Scotch Lord Gordon in costume,—cap made piquant by an eagle's feather,—on his right side a richly enamelled powder-horn, the gift of James II. to an ancestor, and on his left a bold claymore, while his plaid was clasped upon the shoulder by a *cairn gorm*, big as a giant's fist. But the crowning glory of Lord Gordon was, his *legs* ; legs intensely Scotch, thoroughly developed in their minutest fibres, and naked, ay, *naked* up—up—I *may* not say how far. Those legs were the most extraordinary specimens of aristocratical *sansculottism* I had lately seen. And they were the wonder of hundreds in that great company. Tough German baronesses paused to quiz them, up and down, through their little golden-mounted eye-glasses. Not a duchess, not a countess, not a marchioness, not even a *lady* in the rooms, but had stared at, admired and sighed over those handsome, hard, those oaken-knotted prongs

from the Grampians. There was one damsel whose deportment with respect to them, I carefully noticed. She was the very youthful daughter of a Polish general, who had fallen in the field. I noticed her once and twice, for the marvellous whiteness of her skin, and even a third time, for the marvellous blackness of her hair and eyes. Looking here and there, she happened to see this Scotch nobleman's legs. At first she actually *started*. Then she timidly surveyed them, seemingly to ask, '*are those uncovered?*' and finally, assured of the fact, she turned away, and up to her lip mounted a curl of supremest scorn and disgust, which the pencil perhaps might portray, but certainly never could the pen.

But who is that, that lady yonder, leaning upon the arm of the old dowager, duenna, or whatever you may call her? '*That, sir,*' said my companion, '*is the Countess Guiccioli.*' Aha, the Countess Guiccioli, is it? Imagine a slender form bended gently as an osier, with eyes black and of unfathomable brightness, their lids lashed lengthily, and their brows like arches of ebon, with hair in the hue of raven's plumes wreathed about an alabaster neck, with a sweetly chiseled mouth, and a melancholy smile, with a hand small and of that consummate delicacy which always captivated Byron, and which is often deemed a type of sensitiveness,—imagine ten times *more* than all this, and you have something like *my* Countess Guiccioli, such as I had dreamed the *friend* of the Poet ought to be, and an image of whom I had fancied to have one

evening seen at the Florian, in Venice. Alas! there was a wide chasm between my fancy and the reality. The Countess before me, in her substantial flesh and bone, was a woman to whom you would involuntarily apply the descriptive word, 'dumpy.' She had not even the merit of an Italian black eye; for hers was of a light blue, and as for the hair, it was auburn, horribly approaching to red: for Byron's sake, you may call it Sicambrian yellow. Her form was short, and thickish; and as for her bearing, it was extremely unimpressive. I must say however that her shoulders were magnificent, and likewise the domains thereto adjacent;—fairy islets heaved from a fairy sea. I recalled what Byron had written about her voice. To that voice is the world indebted for the 'Prophecy of Dante.' 'Thou spakest:—and the result was the just named poem.

' But only in the sunny South,
Such sounds are uttered and such charms displayed,
So sweet a language from so sweet a mouth,
Ah, to what effort would they not persuade?

I heard some of these sounds. They were tinkled forth very musically to be sure. I recognised a little *patois*; but it was so sweetly spoken, that I preferred it to the language in its purity. 'La cale, la cale,' was pleasanter to the ear, than ever before had sounded 'la quâle, la quâle.' Said my companion, 'I wish you could see one of her portraits. It is a rare composition. She is represented as a Magdalene weeping over the skull of Byron.' 'In which,' said a gentle-

man near by, 'you may discover *all* of the Magdalene *except*—her repentance.' I half remembered a passage in one of the poet's letters, running somewhat thus :—' To-night as Countess Guiccioli observed me poring over Don Juan, she stumbled by mere chance on the 137th stanza of the first Canto, and asked me what it meant. I told her "nothing,—but your husband is coming." As I said this in Italian with some emphasis, she started up in a fright and said, "O, my God, *is* he coming?" thinking it was her own, who either was, or ought to have been at the theatre,—you may suppose we laughed when we found out the mistake,' &c. &c.

Gently elbowing our way through masses of nobility, from dukes and grand dukes downwards, we arrived at the Hall of the Throne. Here were the players. There were several tables. Around one of them I observed four turbaned Turks. Intently were their eyes upon the cards before them, and behind the chair of each stood an elegantly liveried sable attendant. Nothing enchanted me more than the serious, philosophical, imperturbable gravity that presided over the visages of these representatives of the Sublime Porte. What a contrast to the smiling, joyous scene about them,—a sort of dreary double-bass in the midst of fifes and flutes. I was charmed by the sovereign indifference to all around, with which they ceaselessly conducted on their games from the beginning to the end, and still again from the beginning to the end. They spoke not—smiled not. They did nothing but

play at cards. Now and then indeed, would one of them turn slowly up his head, while his great eyes rolled over the glorious beauty crowded thickly on every side, unrecognising, unrecognised, and suggesting the thought that his presence here was as much an intrusion into the Palace of Louis Philippe, as Turkey on this side the Bosphorus is an intrusion into Europe. Having, as I said, rolled his eyes over the fair faces and forms, he settled them slowly down again upon the game before him. Where, think you, were his thoughts then? Perchance for a moment home, among certain harems in Constantinople.

Walking through different halls hung in brocade of richest crimson, and in purple velvet; dazzled by the blaze of a hundred chandeliers; listening to sweetest music; watching their motions in the dance of the fairest and the proudest daughters in Europe;—such in part may be the agreeable employ of a stranger at a ball of the Citizen King at the Tuileries. All is for the ear and the eye. You have nothing to do but look and listen. To converse in such a scene as this,—ridiculous! You may hardly chat. This is a show, a sight, a lion, and *as* such should be enjoyed; and knowing indeed is that traveller who does not pronounce it the grandest lion he has seen in any European wandering.

‘Here, sir,’ said my kind cicerone, ‘on this little lady is the costliest treasury of diamonds in all the halls. It is the Duchess of Ferrara.’ I turned my eye towards the person designated. How is it possi-

ble for uncolored, unshining words to image the brilliancy of this living Ormus and Ind? Emerald, chalcedony, sapphire, jasper, topaz, sardonyx, chrysolite, beryl, chrysoprasus, jacinth, amethyst,—their names are legion! And yet there was a good deal of simplicity about the Duchess. Her forehead was most chastely crowned. Fancy the moon in her youngest crescent. Circling her outer edge are seventeen bright stars, each brighter than Venus when presiding at the dawn. Now place this your fancy upon a lovely brow, overjutting the loveliest eyes;—you have an image of *part* of the head-dress of the Duchess of Ferrara.

‘And yonder,’ said a friend, ‘is the Duchess of Sutherland. She is almost as heavily laden with precious burdens as is the Duchess of Ferrara.’ I was delighted with this last scene. It was one of old England’s noble daughters, in noble beauty, and in the choicest ornaments of her aristocratical wealth. I imagined that here was some rivalry. I fancied that I beheld the sombre North pitted against laughing Italy. I do not doubt, Madam, that all is real in those jewels of yours. There is nothing there like *paste*. But do all you can, fair Duchess of Sutherland, you lack two diamonds in your face, to match those living brilliants, so finely enchased beneath the brows of the Duchess of Ferrara. But why do I dwell upon these single exhibitions of diamond wealth, when every moment on every side, they gleam and blaze, as if a shower thereof had been recklessly poured forth from some Golconda in the heavens.

The Duchess of Sutherland reminds me how admirably was England's beauty represented this night. I cannot say the English ladies are the most beautiful in the world; but I do say, that from their waist upwards, in all the multitudinous phenomena of bust, and neck, and head, they may vie with the best specimens I have seen in Europe. As to their feet and so forth, let that silence be preserved which becomes a man of gallantry. I saw a remarkably fine specimen this evening. What chastely chiseled features! What clear and marble-like transparency of complexion,—not pale, for faintly might you see the crimson of her fresh life! How gracefully poised was the neck,—that ivory temple seen in the imagination of Solomon! And then her breast and shoulders rounded freely and boldly, revealing every where most graceful waves and undulations, and of so firm and health-giving a capacity, that even the roses thereabouts attached by the mystery of French milliners, seemed to take root and life from within! But I regret to add that the damsel walked badly. Her feet wanted the delicate frame, and lacked in those perfect archways on which so much of grace depends. Moreover her ankles were enormously bony. Some one says, be extremely anxious about your pantaloons as far as the knee, then let them shift for themselves. One might fairly suspect that the English ladies had an analogous theory with respect to their persons, as far as the waist.

The crowd had, after midnight, degenerated into a

jam, and the warmth of the rooms into an absolute heat. I ascended into the little balcony which runs around the Hall of the Marshals, and looking bird-like down for a moment, on the living and ever-shifting mosaic below, walked out into the cool night air, to survey another scene from the well-known Terrace. An impressive change it was ;—from such a jam and heat of nobility, and diamonds, Turks, waltzing, and chandeliers, into this isolated spot, wherefrom was to be seen the broad arch of the sky, with many unpretending ornaments of its own jewelry, and where I should inevitably have fallen into reflections about the brevity of kings and fêtes, and the long continuance of the stars, had not some one observed that the banquet was announced.

There could not reasonably be desired a more glorious spectacle than that of the Hall of Diana, wherein were now seated six hundred of the proudest dames, and most beautiful damsels of the time ; surely no inconsiderable link uniting the pride and beauty of the past, with that pride and beauty which are to come. Around the room were ranged the noblemen and the gentlemen, and in their gorgeous dresses am I wrong in likening the scene to a vast picture of silver in a golden frame. Swiftly and noiselessly move round those tall servants in crimson livery. The services of solid silver, and sometimes, far better, of solid gold, shine in their kidly-gloved hands. How respectable, and even venerable do they often look in those gray hairs ! That old veteran with the champaign glass,

how admirably does he perform his duty! Well-timed are all his movements. He seems to anticipate many wishes. He can read in those countenances, what those hearts desire. He has carefully studied human nature in *one* of its phases,—*when hungry*. He knows very well that the wish for a slice of *paté de foie gras*, is very different from a wish for a goblet of Johannisberg, and he seems to read that difference in your expressive face. At every change, he brings with your silver plate a clean napkin, and have a care, or like yonder lady, you may count seven napkins in your lap, at the same moment. But hark, the music rises. It is from a band. You have now only to get nectar and ambrosia, and here will you have no unworthy image of a chosen banquet of all the choicest goddesses. In your dreamings and imaginations, there is nothing to bring you back to things earthly, save perchance the voices of certain German Barons behind you, grating in their native dialect.

To persons sitting far away in silent nooks and solitary chambers, there perchance reading but vague descriptions, these things may hardly seem to be, as they truly are. And yet, if in early years, you have had your imagination quickened by the Arabian or other tales, it is a pleasant thing to know, though not from actual eye-sight, at least from the poor spectacles of others, that the most brilliant conceivings of the most brilliant fancy may be and are, even in these prosaic days, quite thoroughly and successfully reduced to practice. This royal banquet, I do confess, has

furnished a realization of all the brilliancy, and all the beauty, and all the charm, and all the princely magnificence, whereof, in the matter of banqueting, I have, in any time past, ever read or even dreamed. Eating and drinking become a most graceful employ, and henceforth will it be rather difficult to sympathize with that thought which regards a beautiful lady doing one or the other, as an unpoetical sight.

Loud and quickly-successive are the explosions—the rejoicings—of cork-relieved champaign. Multitudinous wave the plumes of banqueters. Deliciously swells up the music, not hostile to digestion. The glancing of jewels mingles with the gleam of silver tankards. Louis Philippe, in yonder uniform of a Colonel of the National Guards, dignifies the scene. The Duke of Orleans, clad as Lieutenant-General thereof, gives to it the charm of his presence. The little Duke d'Aumale, now for the first time mounting the epaulette of a sub-lieutenant of light infantry, smiles back the smile of Mademoiselle de Werther. The Queen,—that excellent matronly specimen of the Royal woman,—how royally, in that costume of superbest velvet, does she perform the duties of her sphere! Madame Adelaide, though not very fair to the eye, is nevertheless, in those courtly manners, very fair to your imagination. And those young Princesses who are yonder conversing, the one with Count d'Appony, and the other with Colonel Lemerrier of the National Guards,—whose temples are each adorned with a crimson rose, from whose centre shine

forth four diamonds,—who embody every feature of what two sister princesses ought to be; Heaven permit that their days be never darkened by clouds gathered, and still gathering about the destinies of their House.

After the banquet, dancing was resumed. Mark yonder little whirlpools of the waltz. Do you observe those two ladies eddying gracefully with those two gentlemen? Ah, one has paused. You see her breast heaving amidst roses, exactly in harmony with the undulations of her plume. How very young is the gentleman, whose hand has just abandoned her waist! And now has the other paused. They stand side by side. There is a sort of resemblance. Be not surprised, for they are mother and daughter; and the parent looks youthful and gay as the offspring. She waltzes in the same set, and with a more youthful partner. That, sir, is one of the pleasing features of French society. Married women and mothers are not doomed here to solitary vegetation against wall-sides. In society, are they flattered with attentions like those which the unmarried and their daughters receive, and from the same gentlemen too. Marriage here is not a bourne beyond which youthful gallantry refuses to pass. When a French lady weds, she hardly sacrifices to the affection of one, the admiration of a thousand. She is still admired, still talked to at soirées, still waltzed with at balls, still listened to as she sings. A strange social retrograde indeed, if matrimony were here to become, what it too generally is, in a country

that might be named, an abysm, wherein are swallowed up half the accomplishments of youth; a state wherein the woman's chief ambition is to be domestic, in other words, *to breed*,—an ambition, by the way, in which she takes a necessary refuge from the neglect too often inflicted upon her whenever she appears in society. The French woman is but an amplification of the French girl. She is dressed as formerly, by the consummate taste of Victorine. She smiles with the sweetness of her youth. Her dress is critically scrutinized, her smile is properly appreciated, and that she has not outlived the elasticity of early limbs, or the civilities which, twenty years ago, she first received, may to a certain extent be inferred from these four very advanced ladies, here waltzing with these four very unadvanced gentlemen. One of them moreover you perceive has gray hairs,—not exactly from age, rather from constitution. She monthly patronized the *épilatoire*, until they grew too numerously. Did she then begin to falsify herself with purchased locks? By no means. The sable-silvered are treated with as much decorum, as were the raven-hued. They are curled as gracefully, and arranged as significantly. With her, gray hairs are not only honorable but fashionable, and he must be unpardonably morose, who could pronounce her in that tiara of frosted towers, a gray-headed old woman. Many and many have been my occasions in Paris for admiring instances like this before me.

But as to the matter of civility to the sex, I wish to

add, that so far as my observation has extended, France in 1837, may not with safety be generally looked up to as a model therein. With all the polite attentions bestowed upon the old and the young in certain high circles, there are moreover general indifferences and even rudenesses towards them, which I certainly never expected to find,—at least in Paris. Nay more, I will say that in my various lookings about in this great capital, I have seen more extraordinary instances of ungentlemanly deportment towards females, than in any other city in Europe. At private soireés, gentlemen of course will be polite to ladies, if not from natural impulse, at least, from regard for the individual in whose salon they have accepted the invitation to pass a few hours. Out of those salons, among strangers, there are no motives to politeness, but the natural impulse and regard for public opinion. It is in the last named sphere that thousands on thousands of the Parisians lack ;—on the public promenades, at the theatres, at the concerts, at the shows, at the cafés, at all the public assemblages of the two sexes. I shall not now state the numerous instances upon which rests my opinion. A humble illustration, however, might be taken from Musard's famous Concert Rooms. I do not now speak of the starers there. I do not speak of the bucks locked arm in arm, who, in their lounging about the rooms, actually stop short, before this and that lady, staring them out of countenance, merely to see whether they are pretty or not. Staring is too universal an impudence in

Paris. And yet, staring may not here be quite so impolite. In a city of so many thousand strange and odd faces, the staring system is, to say the truth, a very agreeable one for many parties. And in a city, where so much time and talent are expended on equipage, and dress and gait, were there no intense lookers, that time and talent would in a measure be wasted. Now you may feel that staring is a sort of impudence, yet do you rejoice therein, for while stared at, wherever you may be, from head to foot, you yourself have the permission to stare back, whereby in this city of cities, do you often make the acquaintance of the queerest visages, the most astonishing gaits, the sublimest attitudes, the most marvellous costumes, and the most extraordinary equipages that can in all the world be seen. But to the manners in Musard's rooms. They will hold two thousand persons. Three fourths of the auditors may sit. One fourth must stand. Now, were the three fourths sitting, men, and the one fourth standing, women, not fifty of those men would rise to give seats to fifty of those women. This is my inference from a thousand little instances of men comfortably sitting, and of women painfully standing, which in the last four months, I have witnessed in those fashionable resorts.

If one were to go about, seeking causes for this absence of civility to females, he might perhaps find one in the general unchastity of French women, tending to diminish that feeling of chivalrous respect towards the sex, which is inborn in the hearts of men ;

—another, in the fact of thousands on thousands of females, who here acting out of woman's legitimate sphere, thus tend to degrade the sex, and consequently the consideration in which they might otherwise be held. The aristocratical legitimatist finds another cause in the *bourgeoisie*-tendencies of the times, tendencies quite destroying out of the Frenchman's character all the politeness which once was a prominent feature therein. That the French are less polite than formerly, not only to French women, but likewise to French men, and to strangers, is a well understood fact. That the Parisians of 1837 even, are less polite than were the Parisians of 1827, is also a fact, asserted by the competent, who have closely studied them at these different periods. The legitimatist tells you that not only are democratic tendencies and neglect of civilities, contemporaneous in France; they likewise stand to each other in the relation of cause to effect. On this assertion I shall now remark nothing. Louis Philippe is a Citizen King, and the tendencies of French politics are more and more to republican and democratic ideas. The etiquette of the old Royal Court has, in a great measure, disappeared, and there is a general indifference to those graceful forms of courtesy,—wherefrom you infer the courteous heart,—which, scouted out of society by the Grand Revolution, came partially back with the Empire and the Restoration, to be again half banished by the Revolution of 1830. They hardly abide in the aristocratical precincts of the Faubourg St. Germain. Its legitimatist

noblemen and noblewomen however, still profess to cherish the courteous forms and spirit of the old regime. They live uncontaminated by the *bourgeoisie* of the kingdom. They enter not the abode of Louis Philippe. They hardly condescend to know of his royal fêtes, and haply in the coming autumn, they may carelessly ask among themselves, 'Pray, *did* Louis Philippe have a ball at the Tuileries last winter.'

But while I am thus cogitating, the queen has retired. It is the signal for a general *abandon* and breaking up. The dance and the music cease. The halls are vacant. The lights are out. The fête of the Citizen King, is among the things of the past. It has joined the long catalogue of chapters in the history of the Tuileries.

XV.

THE PARISIAN CAFÉS.

THE traveller may search Europe over, and he will find nothing to correspond throughout, with the Estaminets, the Restaurants, and the Cafés of Paris. The general distinctions between them are these. An estaminet is a place where tobacco is smoked, various sorts of beverages are drunk, and generally cards and billiards played. A restaurant is one, where breakfasts and dinners are eaten. A café is another, where breakfasts are taken, dominos played, and where coffee, ices, and all refreshing drinks may, at any hour, be enjoyed.

In Paris there are more than four hundred Cafés. Of these, the most ancient is the Café Procope, and may still be seen in the Faubourg St. Germain. It was established by an Italian, named Zoppa. Opposite to it, once stood the Comédie Française. This theatre gave place to the studio of Gros, the famous painter. That studio vanished, and now a paper magazine is on its site. The Café Procope still survives. It has, however, somewhat changed in the character of its public. Formerly the resort of Rousseau, Freron, Voltaire, and the epigrammatic Piron, it is now chiefly patronized by students at law, medi-

cine, and literature. There do they assemble in their lofty, sugar-loafed hats, republican locks hanging over their shoulders, unwashed beards, and negligent attire, to chat with the dame-du-comptoir, joke about the Pandects, and play at dominos. For this last sport, they seem to have a perfect passion. The custom is, to play for breakfasts. The losers then play among themselves, and it is not unusual for him who at ten o'clock entered, and merely called for his *petit pain*, and *café au lait*, to retire at the hour of four, having first deposited some fifty francs with the divinity of the place, or at least obtained from her a *tick* for that small sum. This is the genuine public of the Café Procope. Sometimes, however, shall you there see authors and artists, as Gustave Planche, Gigoux the young painter, Henri Fournier, Eugene Renduel, and others, but no dramatists. The theatre has abandoned St. Germain-des-Prés. The other noted Cafés on this side the Seine are, the Voltaire, the Moliere, and lastly the Desmares, an aristocratical resort, where often congregate silent and stern deputies from the *extreme droit*.

But if you would see the Parisian Cafés in all their peculiarities and magnificence, come over the Seine into the vicinity of the Palais Royal, or walk along the Boulevards. There is a Café, peculiar, though not very magnificent, in a little dark street near the Halle au blé. I mean the Café Touchard. At a certain season of the year, do here assemble all the provincial actors and actresses, who, coming up to this

wide theatre of human exhibition, desire to engage their professional abilities for the winter. It is then a sort of *foire aux comédiens*. The directors of operas and theatres, in huge white cravats folded consequentially about their chins and mouths, here meet and converse with them, in significant and majestic mode. They scan them up and down, listen attentively to their pronounciation, read over their recommendations, and if the adventurer be a female, scrutinize carefully her teeth, gait and smile. If in these last three items she be unexceptionable, you will see her, a fortnight hence, at the Variétés. If she have a strong arm, a stentorian voice, and can look the termagant, the director of the Théâtre Porte St. Martin is sealing an engagement with her. If she have a spiritual face, and a polished lady-like bearing, she stands the chance for a place among the third and fourth rate artists at the Théâtre-Français.

In the Place du Palais Royal, is the Café de la Régence. It is the great resort of chess-players. Formerly, it was much frequented by Jean Jacques, and other distinguished men. Here was likewise the scene of Philidor's triumphs. The garçon, if you ask, will show you the very spot, where that world-renowned player was wont to sit, and marshal kings and bishops, and knights. Enter the Café at midday. There are some fifteen or twenty matches playing. What universal silence! What intent expressions! The automaton of Maelzel himself, could not look more gravely, or ponderingly. Observe that venerable man

in the corner, his bald head protected by a black day-cap. His face reposes between his two hands, resting on his elbows. There does not seem to be much significance in his gaze upon the board before him. Indeed he is a picture of abstraction. He has actually forgotten with whom he is playing. In vain the garçon reminds him of the *bavaroise* he ordered. Before his fleshly eye is that small battle ground, with those stationary armies. But in his mental vision these ranks are all in motion. And now those pawns have been swept from the field. That knight is in possession of yonder castle. The queen dashing to the right and to the left, has cried havoc ; and those fearless old bishops with a single pawn have checked, and then checkmated the king. His design now springs into the hand of the player, and quick as a flash, it is embodied in his move. There are still good players at the Café de la Régence, but its grand players have passed away, and with many a once-famed, but now deserted favorite in Paris, may it exclaim in the words of Charles V. at his convent,—‘ Ah, mes beaux jours, où êtes vous ? ’

At one end of the Palais Royal, is the Café des Aveugles et du Sauvage. It is subterranean. You descend too, in more senses than one, when you visit it. Its name is derived from the fact that its orchestra is composed of half a dozen blind men, thither every evening led from the Hôpital des Quinze-Vingts, to accompany with their instruments, a man costumed like a savage, while, rolling horribly his eyes, and still

horribly grinning, he plays the battle of Wagram, on a *drum*. This is evidently a low resort. Nothing is demanded for admission, but when in, you are expected to take something; and on settling up, you find your coffee costing twenty sous, instead of eight. The scene of youths, and even old men with arms in loving proximity to certain necks, may not be strictly evangelical, but yet you who wish to study every phase of Parisian life, will hardly pass under the Arch of the Columns, without for a few moments dropping in to see the blind musicians, and hear the battle of Wagram.

In the Place de la Bourse, and right behind the Exchange, is the little Café du Report. It is the Exchange for women. From the grand Bourse are they excluded, by a decree of the Tribunal of Commerce. Their passion for speculation, however, is not to be thus quenched. They gamble away fortunes, sipping *orgeat* in the Café du Report. Mademoiselle Mars has furnished one sad chapter in the history of that little room. It is now three o'clock in the afternoon. Let us walk into it. Pretending to read the *Cours Authentique*, you may hear this conversation:—‘Tiens, bonjour, ma'me Fricard, comment que ça vous va?’ ‘Pas trop bien, ma'me Chaffarou. Mes Espagnols me donnent bien du tintouin. Vingt-et-un et demie, moi, qu' avais acheté à trente-trois! It appears that Don Gomes has gone into the Asturias. The rascal, he has ruined me.’ ‘C'est bien fait, ma'me Fricard, pourquoi que vous n'avez pas des ducats. J'ai revendu à bénéfice, maintenant je vais acheter de l'Haiti, c'est fini.

Je ne prends plus de *cinq*,—vous ne savez, ma chère, on va le rembourser le *cinq*, on donnera du *trois*.' 'Le rembourser! quelle horreur! ma'me Chaffarou. Comme si l'on ne ferait pas mieux de rembourser les assignats. J'en ai encore pour six cent mille francs, dans mon secrétaire. V'la bien les Gouvernements.' A third woman now rushes in, all business-like. 'Don't you know, ladies, Don Carlos has just gained a battle over the *Christinos*, has killed thirty thousand men and taken one cannon. Telegraphic despatch,—the Cortes are a-going into just nothing at all.' 'What a simple thing you are, Madame Potard, for an old midwife,' interrupts the Chaffarou. 'Don't you see it's all a *trick*. Gardez vos coupons. Il-y-aura hausse fin courant,—le report ira bien—Demandez plutôt à Monsieur Auguste.' M. Auguste, a sort of *Courtier de marrons* of the place, has just come in. 'Que voulez vous, mesdames, des *differés*, ou des *perpétuelles*;—des *Belges*, ou des *Romains*. Il-y-a long temps que nous n'avons rien fait ensemble. Oserai-je vous offrir un petit verre de Kerch?' 'Oh, c'est trop fort, Monsieur Auguste, du *doux* s'il vous plait.' 'Garçon, says Auguste, 'trois verres d'huile de rose.'—Madame Potard changing her mind, shouts out, 'Garçon, décidément, j'aimerais mieux du cognac.' There would be much amusing in this, were it not for the disastrous impoverishments, to which such chat is often but the prologue.

A few steps from the Café du Report bring you to where *was*, until lately, the Café Mozart, for a short time

one of the most magnificent and frequented in all Paris. It had the great disadvantage of being in the second story. No Frenchman wishes to ascend stairs in search of coffee. It had, however, this advantage ;—its *dame-du-comptoir* was a heroine. It was Nina Lassave, the mistress of Fieschi, who so gracefully bowed to every gentleman, as he entered or left the room. While she presided, that Café was in high glory. Thousands on thousands flocked thither, first, to look at her ; secondly, to talk with her ; and thirdly, to enjoy moka in her presence. Nina sustained her fame with noble self-possession. A little circumstance, however, quite beyond her control, required an absence of *nine* days, into what we should call *the country*. Alas ! she never returned ; and the Café Mozart, with its mirrors and music, joined the Past.

Every theatre has in its vicinity a Café. At these Cafés, and likewise those of the Boulevard du Temple, principally congregate the actors, the actresses, and the dramatic authors of the time. You may see them most frequently, between ten and twelve at night. There do they gather, some to discuss the performances, and some to estimate the applause of the evening. Those who have received the latter, call importantly for Kirch, or eau-de-vie. Those who have not, merely sip sugared-water, and vent their disappointment in repetitions of '*quel public !—sacré.*' The authors sometimes mingle with them, and sometimes sit apart. There sitting, they ruminate and combine. That gentleman, with eye resting on vacancy, and

who but rarely tastes his cool *sorbet*, is conceiving out a dramatic plot. You perceive that he has now called for a *bavaroise*. He sips it gently. Be assured he has advanced to intrigues and tenderest colloquies. Has he at length taken to *Café noir*? 'Tis no small proof that his plot is growing thick and romantic; that he wants the inspiration of its aroma, and the images which its strength and hues may perchance call up. Has he finally become restless, and demanded a *carafe of cognac*? You are safe in the remark, that he is at last dealing with the darker passions, that he is composing for the theatre of the Porte St. Martin, and that a catastrophe of revenge and blood is on the eve of developement. The *dame-du-comptoir* notices nothing of all this. She little dreams, that before one week elapses, she may be applauding or damning the very work of art, whose elements have just now been half derived out of dispensations from her own unconscious hand.

The literary patronage of Cafés is not always their only one. Many are distinguished for their political publics. The *Café Valois*, and the *Café de Foy*, have been renowned resorts for men of the Restoration, as the *Café Lemblin* has been frequented peculiarly by the Liberals. But it must be acknowledged, that these distinctions are not now very strongly kept up. Legitimatisers, Doctrinaires, and Republicans, the dynastiques and the anti-dynastiques, may find themselves, on any evening, glowering at each other from different tables of the same Café. Merchants and

stock-jobbers numerously meet, between twelve and two, before Tortoni's. And at evening, as you drop therein to melt an ice, you will frequently observe individuals conversing in a style, conclusive to any but the superficial, that their theme is ducats. Decidedly, one of the first steps in Parisian business, is to strut daily up and down before Tortoni's. If you would have the earliest intelligence from any part of the earth, go to Tortoni's. Moreover, if you would enjoy chocolate and ices, such as no other parts of the earth can equal, go likewise to Tortoni's. Tortoni's ices are as far beyond all other ices, as Taglioni's dancing is beyond all other dancing. Taking your seat, the garçon presents you a little carte, in whose two columns, under the words 'Crème' and 'Fruits,' you read, among other things, Citron, Vanille, Framboise. You select a Framboise. In a few moments, the garçon deposits before you a silver plate whereon stands a goblet holding a spoon, a glass-bottle miraculously half-filled with frozen water, a little basket of wafer cake, and the Framboise, ascending cone-like, six inches above the glass which sustains it. Different persons have different modes of taking an ice. At Tortoni's, I know of no one in particular, preferable to any other. If you be not advanced, however, it may perhaps be well to secure such a position that, while each gelid morceau is vanishing away upon the palate, your eye may rest upon one of the fairest dames-du-comptoir near the Boulevards. Tortoni's ices, moreover, should be taken with extreme slow-

ness, and with little or no conversation. Nothing should be permitted to interfere with the legitimate delight, which these delicious combinations are intended to create. For a Framboise, you pay one franc, likewise leaving two sous on the table for the garçon. Nothing can surpass the brilliancy, and beauty and vivacity of a scene around Tortoni's, a pleasant summer's evening.

Of the magnificent Cafés, there are eight or ten between which I know not how to choose. At the Café de Foy one hears never the clatter of dominoes; the game is there forbidden. At the Café du Caveau and the Café d'Orleans, may be enjoyed the finest music in the metropolis. At the Café of the Opera Comique you drink it from cups of greatest magnitude and weight. At the Café Vivienne, it is placed before you on tables of the most beautiful white marble. At the Café des Variétés, it is served up in the midst of oriental splendor, and also at Veron's. Suppose you walk into Veron's. Instantly you pronounce it more richly ornamented than any other mere Café, in Paris. The gilding of various parts is in a gorgeous profusion, that recalls whatever you may have read of the golden house of Nero. The ceiling and walls are wrought here and there into the most lovely fresco of birds, and flowers; fawns, nymphs, graces and images in all fantastic forms. Four immense and gilded chandeliers hang from the ceiling. A tall candlelabre rises in the centre of the room, and two beautiful lamps stand on the comptoir. These lights illu-

minating these colors and this gilding, make the scene brilliant beyond all description. And then the mirrors, so located as to double and redouble, nay, twenty times to reflect what has been described. Here is not merely *one* Café Veron to dazzle and enchant, but a *score* of them. There is not a Café, nor hardly any thing else in Paris, which is not abundantly supplied with looking-glasses. The French of Louis Philippe, can no more live without them, than could the French of Louis XIV. They are indeed not now, as formerly, carried about by ladies as they promenade the streets. But walking through any street, or any passage, you may, if so please, pause at every moment to adjust your locks in a mirror. There are mirrors in every street; mirrors walling the rooms of every dwelling-house; mirrors multiplying every boutique. There are mirrors in the Diligences, and mirrors in the Omnibuses. There is for them no place too high, nor none too low. They line the Hall of Diana in the Tuileries, and reflect the boot-black half-a-dozen times, as he polishes your nether-self, beneath the sign of 'On cire les bottes.' Paris itself is one of the largest cities of Europe, but Paris in all its mirrors, is twenty times larger than the largest city in the world. 'It cometh often to pass,' says Bacon, 'that mean and small things discover great, better than great can discover small.' If I were now on those themes, I might detect in their mirrors, not merely ungenerous evidences of their vanity, but one vast school wherein the polished manners of the French have been educated. But here comes the *café noir*.

Coffee is to the Frenchman, what tea is to the Englishman, beer to the German, eau-de-vie to the Russian, opium to the Turk, chocolate to the Spaniard, and, I dare not say what, to the American. Men, women and children, of all grades and professions, drink coffee in Paris. In the morning it is served up under the aromatic name of *café au lait*. In the evening, it is universally taken as *café noir*. After one of Vefour's magnificent repasts, it enters your stomach in the character of a *settler*. It leaves you volatile, nimble and quick; and over it might be justly poured those pleasant compliments which Falstaff bestowed on Sherris sack. The garçon at your call for a *demi-tasse*, has placed before you a snowy cup and saucer, three lumps of sugar, and a *petit verre*. He ventured the *petit verre*, inferring from your red English face that you liked *liqueur*. Another garçon now appears. In his right hand is a huge silver pot covered, and in his left another, of the same material, uncovered. The former contains coffee, the latter cream. You reject cream, and thereupon the garçon outpours of the former in strange abundance, until your cup, ay, and saucer too, actually overflow. There is hardly space for the three lumps; and yet you must contrive somehow to insert them, or that *café noir*,—*black* it may indeed be called,—will in its concentrated strength, be quite unmanageable. But when thus sweetly tempered, it becomes the finest beverage in the whole world. It agreeably affects several senses. Its liquid pleases all the gustatory nerves;

its savor ascends to rejoice the olfactory, and even your eye is delighted with those dark, transparent and sparkling hues, through which perpetually shines your silver spoon. You pronounce French coffee, the only coffee. In a few moments, its miracles begin to be wrought. You feel spiritual, and amiable and conversational. Delille's fine lines rush into your memory :—

' Et je crois du génie éprouvant le reveil,
Boire dans chaque goutte, un rayon du soleil.'

You almost express aloud your gratitude to the garçon. In his sphere, he seems to you a beau-ideal. His hair is polished into ebon. His face has a balmy expression that enchants you. His cravat is of intensest white. His shirt-bosom is equally elegant. His round-about is neat and significant. Upon his left arm hangs a clean napkin, and his lower extremities are quite wrapped about in a snowy apron. His stockings are white, and he glides about in noiseless pumps. At your slightest intimation, he is at your elbow. He is a physiognomist of the quickest perception. He now marks the entrance of yonder aged gentleman with a cane. Calmly he moves for a *demi-tasse*. That aged gentleman is an *habitué*. He glances his eye at the title of half-a-dozen Gazettes, and having found that which he desired, lays it aside carefully upon his table. Having divested himself of gloves and hat, he sits down to *café noir*, and the gazette. That man patronizes only Veron's. He is not its *habitué* of ten or twenty years, but of forty. It has changed proprietors

five times ; but even as Mademoiselle Mars, has performed under the Directory, the Consulate, the Empire, the Restoration, and the Revolution, and is still fresh, and true to her vocation, so has this *habitué* survived those five proprietary regimes, still continuing true to Veron's. With several others, he has now got to be considered a part of the establishment, and when it exchanges hands, its inventory is made out somewhat thus :—

12 marble tables	400 francs.
24 stools, nearly new	125 “
7 <i>habitués</i> , nearly used up, but capable of enduring, say, five years	600 “

That individual has no physical or moral type out of Paris.

Tapping your cup with a five franc piece, the garçon approaches, and taking the coin advances with it towards the dame-du-comptoir, saying at the same time, ‘ huit—cent.’ The dame-du-comptoir—

And where out of France, will you find a dame-du-comptoir ? The English sometimes call her by the blowsy name of barmaid. But there is a wide ocean rolling between that graceful, elegantly dressed, and universally recognising divinity, and her to whom the English apply that abominable name,—a name reeking with exhalations from mugs, and beer bottles, and stable-boys. This lady sits stately behind her *comptoir*. Two large silver vases stand in front of her, filled with spoons. At her right hand are several elegant decanters, and at her left a score of silver cups, lumped up with sugar.

There is moreover a little bell within reach, to summon the garçon, and wide open before her are the treasury boxes of the Café. Her business is to superintend the garçons, and receive moneys. Her influence is, by her graceful presence, to refine the whole scene.

You may remark that such public vocation is out of woman's sphere. I can hardly coincide with you. I must say, however, that since some European travel, my ideas with regard to what is woman's legitimate sphere, have become somewhat confounded. I ask myself,—shall I take the circle drawn, in the United States, around her rights and duties, as a standard, and condemn every instance wherein I see her moving out of that limit? Or must its radius be doubled, and made to describe a circumference, embracing a circle four times as large? This latter might constitute the European standard. I must say that for America, I prefer the standard which there I have been accustomed to contemplate. I consider it more in harmony with woman's moral, and intellectual, and physical nature, and I venture the thought, that in this, her more truly legitimate sphere, her character is to take an expansion, and she herself is destined to exert an influence more wide, more ennobling, more beautiful than yet the world has ever seen.

In every country, from Turkey upwards, woman has her certain place. In Italy, in Switzerland, in Germany, in England, in Scotland, and more than all in civilized and woman-adoring France, I have seen her,

in instances without number, performing offices of hardship and notoriety, with which her heaven-given, womanly nature seemed to me totally incompatible. If there be one feature, in his social institutions, more than any other, worthy the exultation of an American, it is, not merely the reverential estimation in which the sex is held, but the peculiarly appropriate sphere in which that sex generally moves. And if there be one subject, as I believe there is, in which the old world might take a valuable lesson from the new, it is this.

That the age of chivalry has passed from Europe, needs not the meagre evidence that no thousand swords leaped from their scabbards to save the beautiful Marie Antoinette. Travel over Europe, the proofs shall stare you in the face wherever you go. In Munich, a woman does the work of printer's devil. In Vienna, I have seen her making mortar, carrying hods, digging cellars, and wheeling forth the clay; and there have I also seen females harnessed with a man, nay with a dog, and once with even a jackass, to a cart, dragging the same through the most public streets of the metropolis. In Dresden she saws and splits wood, drags coal about the city in a little waggon, and wheels eatables for miles through the highways to the market, in a huge barrow. In all these places, in France, Italy, and even England, may you note her with basket and scraper, hastening to monopolize the filth just fallen upon the public routes. In England it is well known, that her position is, generally speaking, less degrading

than on the Continent. And yet in England, how often do you find her duties and vocations confounded, and mingled up with those of the stronger sex! How often do you find her trudging through life in the midst of offices and associations, that never should be linked with woman's name! That name may be read on public coach-sides with those of men, as partner in the establishment. Martha Pitts is only one of five thousand, who keep post horses and post chaises, in the kingdom; and in one of the last public signs whereon my eyes rested, before leaving the shores of England for the Continent, was linked the fairest name with the foulest vocation;—‘Alice Dove, licensed to retail spirituous liquors.’ Of course, I do not speak of the titled and the very wealthy; but of the untitled and the unwealthy. I am not criticising the few thousands, but surveying the many millions. My eye is not on the little summit of a pyramid, but upon its broad base and large centre.

In France, females do vastly more degrading, and out-of-door work, than in England; and in Paris, they are as public and as common as its mirrors. A woman harnesses up Diligence horses. A woman cleans your boots, as you rest them on her little stand at the Pont-Neuf. At the theatres, it is a woman who sells you your ticket, and other women who take charge of the boxes. At many mere business-offices, it is a woman who does the business. Would you bargain at a Chantier for a load of wood? you bargain with a woman. Would you be conveyed publicly to the south of

France? you receive your right to a place in the Coupée, from a woman. There is no shop, of whatever description, in which a woman is not concerned. There is indeed hardly a department, in which she does not seem to be *chief manager*. The greatest hotel in Paris is kept by a woman. You see her superintending every where;—in the reading-rooms, in the restaurants, in the estaminets, in the Cafés;—selling tobacco in the thronged Tabacs; tending *cabinets inodores* on the Boulevard Montmartre; loaning newspapers in the Palais Royal, and writing out accounts in the Rue de la Paix;—and when, alas, her vocation must needs render her form invisible, you shall still on canvass see her image, large as life, in fifty streets of Paris, under these pregnant words;—‘À la Maternité. Madame Messenger,—sage-femme, 9 jours, l'accouchement compris. 50 francs et au dessus.’

One might infer, from most of these instances, that woman had changed occupations with the other sex. So far as cooking is concerned, this is the fact. But I know not, if the remark can be extended farther. While the women are thus active, the men are too generally lounging. Ten thousand brilliant shops in Paris, are each day and evening, presided over by ten thousand brilliant women. Here is certainly no unattractive spectacle. Therein is revealed the ingenuity of the French; since many a green-one, and many a knowing-one, is beguiled into jewelry and kid gloves, to say no worse, merely because it is pleasant to higgie

about their price with such gentle cheaters. As to the beauty of these divinities, you shall hear many a sigh from ancient veterans of the Consulate and the Empire. They will tell you that the young loveliness of those times has vanished. The present is an old and ugly generation. So far as specimens in Cafés are concerned, the remark may be true. I have been surprised to find with so much grace, and so much courtliness, and so much gentleness, allied so little personal beauty. I hardly know an example that may be safely recommended, and yet he who should often walk through the Palais Royal, without ever looking into the Café Corazza, might be justly charged, in traveller's phrase, with 'having seen nothing.'

Returning from this episode, I go on to say that as soon as the garçon cries 'huit—cent,' and deposits the coin before her, the dame-du-comptoir abstracts *eight* sous from the *hundred*. The garçon, returning your change, invariably looks forward to a small *pour-boire* for himself. If you leave *one* sous, he merely inclines his head. If you leave *two*, he adds to the inclination a '*mercie*.' Finally, if you generously abandon *three*, he not only bows profoundly, whispering *mercie*, but respectfully opens the door to you departing. Departing, you will always look at the lady and raise your hat. The quiet self-possession with which she responds to your civility, informs you that she has bowed to half the coffee drinkers of Europe.

Having taken our *demi-tasse*, suppose that to vary the scene, we visit an estaminet. Guided by the

words: 'Estaminet, 4 billiards, on joue la'—for 'poule,' you see the figure of a *chicken*,—let us ascend these stairs behind the Italian Opera. At their top a door is opened; what is the prospect? Dimly through dense tobacco-clouds are seen groups of smokers and drinkers chatting at their stands,—billiard tables and men in shirt-sleeves flourishing *queues*, garçons gliding here and there, some with bundles of pipes, some with bottles of Strasburgh beer, and some with eau-de-vie. In the corner you discover a white-capped dame-du-comptoir, looming up through the fog, her left flanked by pipes of every length, and her right by jugs and bottles without number. A garçon,—alas, not the clean and polished beau-ideal of the Café Veron,—advances and looks into your face with so emphatic an expression, that you are constrained to call for a cigar and a petit-verre. Observing more closely, you now perceive in one wall of the room, a large case half filled with ordinary pipes, and in another, still another case with pipes of rarest make from the rarest material, the veritable *écume-de-mer*. Among the thirty or forty persons here assembled, there is a great deal of motion and a great deal of talk, and before a half hour has passed, you recognise four or five different languages. In the midst of the variety, there is one thing common,—smoke is rolling from every mouth. Here are five gentlemen, of whom two are in uniform of the National Guards. They have called for cards. A little green square, with cards, is placed upon the marble table before them. They sip coffee, smoke ordinary pipes, and

play at vingt-et-un. They are Frenchmen. Yonder dark individual, in those warlike moustaches, which extend and twine about his ears, and who smokes that delicate lady's finger, as in folded arms, he seriously observes the players, is a Spaniard. You observe the old gentleman sitting near him. Upon his table is a large bottle of Strasburg. His right hand half embraces a goblet of the beverage, his left is around the huge bowl of his pipe, and, as with half-closed eyes he puffs those careless volumes from his mouth, you cannot mistake the German. The players at one of the billiard tables, you discover from their language, to be Italians. Those at the other are Frenchmen, and he with the short pipe is Eugene, the finest player in Paris.

That Eugene does nothing but play billiards. He is autocrat of the *queue*. Professor of his art, he will tell you that he has just come from giving lessons to the Marquis of A. or the Baron B. For such as take any interest in this elegant game, the play of Eugene is a source of much delight. Indeed parties and engagements are frequently made, for the express purpose of witnessing his style. He plays the French game of three balls, counting *carams*, and *doubled-pocketings*. Mark his elegant and easy position. With what graceful freedom does he manage his queue, and as its elastic point salutes the ball, the sound is half musical! How complicated are his combinations, and with what swiftness are they conceived! He has unquestionably a genius for the game;—some natural

capacities that way, to himself mysterious, and for which he claims no praise. You deem those balls in an uncountable position. Eugene hardly surveys the table. Swiftly his thought passes out through his queue into the *white*; the white takes the *red*, and cushioning, spins for an instant, and then starts off into a miraculous curve towards the left, tapping gently the *blue*. The red has been doubled into the middle pocket. There is, from every observer, an exclamation of delight. Eugene notices it not. What to them was mystery, is to him the simplest intellectual combination. He has moreover left the balls in the best possible position. He almost always leaves them so. Hence, when he gets the run, he is a very dangerous competitor. With him, the question is, not so much how he shall count, as how, after counting, he shall leave the balls. Nothing, I know of in its way, is more charming than to watch the various developments of Eugene's design. There is not a single direction of the balls, whereof, previous to his stroke, Eugene is not aware. Of course, Eugene never *scratches*. Those providential interferences which aimless players call far-seeing of their own, are not within his scope. The idea of *being in luck* is an abstraction whereof he never dreams. Fortune is never *for* him, nor against him. *Pocketing himself* would be a phenomenon. He never makes a *miss-queue*. There is, moreover, no *kissing* in his play. His strokes are firm and gentle, and graceful, and full of thought. His *spread* is the most magnificent thing I have ever seen,

and his *straight-hazards* are, beyond all expression, marvellous. The style of Eugene is as far beyond all other styles, as the style of Paganini is beyond all other styles. Not that Eugene never misses. But Eugene's *miss* is finer than the *count* of any other player; and as Boswell preferred the being *cut* by Johnson, to a heartiest recognition by any other Englishman, so might you more plume yourself on a miss like that of Eugene, than on the best count of the best individual who is yonder playing with him. Until this evening, I had had no just conception of how intensely intellectual is the genuine game of billiards. Until now, I had been accustomed to derive my pleasure therein, chiefly from the sight of polished balls noiselessly coursing over a plain of green, or darting off in angles of mathematical regularity:—from listening to the sharp quick click of their hit, or the tinkle of bells announcing them pocketed;—and more than all, from that extremely agreeable nervous sensation along the arm, which attends the contact of queue with ball. I now felt that I was all wrong, and that this game, like chess, was to be appreciated in proportion as it embodied thought, and that random shots in the one, should be held in the same degradation as random moves in the other.

But what's here? Music has arisen. Through the thick smoke-clouds, we dimly see two figures, male and female. They have each a violin. Let us drop them each a sous, and so conclude our ramblings and cogitations among the Cafés and estaminets of Paris.

XVI.

THE CHILDREN'S THEATRES.

WALKING up the Passage Choiseul, your eye may be caught by a tricolored flag, suspended over the entrance to a lateral avenue, and upon which you may read :—‘*Compte, Théâtre des jeunes Elèves.*’ Nearly under the flag is a little office, wherein you see a miniature theatre, upon whose portal are the following lines :—

‘*Par des mœurs, le bon gout, modestment il brille,
Et sans danger, la mère y conduira sa fille.*’

If you utter the words ‘*un stalle d’orchestre,*’ a woman will present you a ticket; for which you pay three francs. Passing into the avenue, and thence up two or three flights of stairs, you soon may find yourself in a theatre, containing five hundred persons. It is one of those theatres peculiar to Paris, on whose stage perform only children between the ages of six and sixteen years. There is a similar one in the Passage of the Opera, and at this time, Castelli has a troop of forty playing at the royal theatre of the Odeon. You perceive the house to be rather miscellaneous. Here are sober gentlemen in gray hairs, and middle-aged men with the red ribbon, and young bucks in long

curls. There is, however, a vast numerical superiority of dames in grisette caps, and of children prattling, as they clap their hands and enjoy sugar-candy. The truly legitimate public of this theatre is composed of women—nurses or mothers—and of boys and girls. They throng the house from the pit to the gallery. This establishment was commenced in 1812, and is now under the superintendence of Monsieur Compte, who writes himself down ‘Physicien du Roi,’ and who enjoys an European reputation as the most skilful juggler of the time.

Three loud knocks are now heard. The company, expressing its satisfaction in ‘Ah, ah, enfin, enfin,’ settles itself down to quiet. The eight or ten instruments of the orchestra strike up, and the little curtain ascends. Before you are many stage-dressed children, one of whom represents Louis XIV. and another Madame de Maintenon, and they begin the vaudeville. The vaudeville now prevails, not only at this, but at nearly every Parisian theatre. It is a sort of comedy intermingled with songs. The music of the song is generally a stolen fragment from some favorite opera of the time. Like many other works of art, it requires an educated, or rather an artificial, taste to enjoy it. To me it appeared at first particularly absurd. The song seemed to have no relation, or a very ridiculous one, to the plot and characters of the piece. It is often introduced as a sort of winding up of a scene. When, for instance, two personages in wrath, have frowned and scolded at each other for a reasonable

time, their indignation ascends into its climax by suddenly darting into some song, fierce indeed, and wherein each perhaps accompanies the other. A love-scene is concluded by a song. Grief waxes high, and vents itself in a song. Hope, fear, despair, any of the passions, having *talked* themselves out, dash into a song. The song of the vaudeville seems to be the outlet of feelings, for which mere natural speech is inadequate. The piece itself is generally of the most unsubstantial stuff. It is one of the most trivial of the forms of comedy. French genius is more prolific therein than in any thing else dramatic. In November last, twenty-one new vaudevilles were brought out at the Parisian theatres.

It is hardly worth while to give an outline of the first-performed piece. It engaged the talents of about twenty children, most of whom were under twelve years of age. It was historical, and embodying as it did, in those little bodies and piping voices, some personages and events of a grand French epoch, seemed, to say the least of it, extremely queer. The performances, however, were in general very excellent. The gesticulation was abundant and pertinent. The singing was worthy much praise. The self-possession of each actor and actress was complete. The parts were committed perfectly, and they were distinctly enunciated. The little rogues frowned at the right place, laughed at the right place, took snuff when it was proper, made love as they ought to have done; and frowning, or laughing, or snuff-taking, or love-

making, they were clapped by as small a set of hands, and bravoed by as infantile a set of voices, as can well be imagined in a theatrical public. As the drama was a new one, there arose, at the final dropping of the curtain, a loud call for the author. The curtain re-ascended, and one of the actors, about eight years of age, advanced to the front of the stage, and with a bow and air which the polished Duke of Choiseul himself, in his courtliest mood, might not in vain have copied, announced :—‘ Messieurs, (never ‘ *Dames et Messieurs*,’) la pièce que nous avons eu l’honneur à vous présenter ce soir, est de Messieurs Dandin, Brazier et Melesville ;’—and having again bowed, he retired. ‘ Est-il fini, maman ? ’ asked a little urchin, sucking an orange behind me. ‘ Oui, mon petit cœur,’ replied the mother—‘ C’est joli ça, n’est-ce pas ? ’ ‘ C’est trop court ; ’ responded the incipient critic.

And now was heard the voice of a boy, screaming out, in its highest key, the ‘ Entr’ Acte,’ with masses of candy, sugar-plums, oranges, and cake crowding the basket before him. The juvenile purchasers discussed its contents and the merits of the last performance, until the curtain arose for the next vaudeville. Its plot was simply this. Two children purloining from an old servant the key to an apartment of the house, entered it, and in their mischief broke a costly vase. The father, suspecting the *servant*, discharged him, notwithstanding his denial. The servant had suspicions of the children, and assuming the character of

a showman, by a representation on the principle of a famous one in Hamlet, brought home the fault so forcibly to the children, before whom with others, he was giving an exhibition, that they fell upon their knees, and confessing their fault, asked their father's forgiveness. The piece was intermingled with many wholesome remarks on truth-telling and duty-performing. Its morality was unexceptionable, and addressed itself to a very attentive audience. It was not unlike one of Miss Edgeworth's simple moral tales dramatized for youth. The parts of the children performed by little Desir and his sister Henriette, were among the most interesting pieces of acting that I have lately seen.

But if you would enjoy fine acting by children, walk over to Castelli's youthful troop, now performing in the large royal theatre of the Odeon. You will there have not merely comedy and tragedy, but the pantomime and the ballet. The English made a great cry about *one* Master Burke; but here may you see twenty Master Burkes, and, moreover, twenty Mistress Burkes. I shall not soon forget the impressions produced, night after night, upon large audiences by Monsieur Felix, aged eight years, and Mademoiselle Celestine aged ten, the one convulsing them with laughter, the other filling them with tears. Nor were they alone in their dramatic power. Numerous other parts were each filled with a peculiar grace, and ease, and naturalness, as if the little artists had been to the manner born. The pantomime was extraordinary,—

not a word spoken, the rogues conducting on a very intricate plot to its end, by infinite gesticulation. Nothing could better verify the saying, that the French are born actors. The dance was extremely fine. It was performed by sixteen girls not yet in their teens. And beautiful children they were too; for whatever may be said of the ugliness of the old French, the young French are generally handsome. Moreover they were *rouged* by nature. They appeared dressed in the wholesale nudity of the Grand Opera dancers; they pirouetted with equal freedom; they tripped upon their toes; they looked archly or languishingly; they waved their graceful rose-wreaths; they were themselves adorned throughout with flowers, and in this and that position, resembled more a living bouquet bound up and then negligently scattered, than any thing else I can recall. Their combinations were, many of them, very original. In the last which I remember, they radiated or flashed swiftly out, each hold of another's hand, from a little knot of a centre, to a wide circumference. Fancy a bud wide bursting, in the twinkling of an eye, to the full dimensions of a rose, and you have an image of this beautiful combination. Mademoiselle Charlotte, by her lightness and grace, renewed the applause of Taglioni. The compliment was acknowledged by a courtesy and backward walk, in the approved style of the Grand Opera.

In the Passage de l'Opéra is the Gymnase Enfantin. It is as much below Monsieur Compté's Theatre, as

Castelli's troop is above it. Here also do you see youthful performers and youthful applauders. That no theatrical taste, however young, may go ungratified at Paris, has been established in the third story of the Palais Royal the Théâtre Séraphin. Its performers are not children, but *ombres chinoises*, puppets, automata of great size, and every now and then, a very sagacious dog appears upon the stage, and helps to carry on the drama, much to the delight of fifty or sixty nurses, and infants just from the breast. These last constitute the public of the Théâtre Séraphin. Step in there any evening, between the hours of seven and ten, and you shall see scores of Parisian infants taking their first lessons in dramatic taste.

Why does the theatre so largely flourish in France? Chiefly, of course, because therein the French do see themselves. But may not the above sketch help to furnish a satisfactory answer? These little establishments may be quite unworthy of notice, except as illustrations of French character. As such, I dwell upon them. In them I discover manufactories of theatrical taste. I see each week thousands and thousands of children, brought within the charms of music and stage scenery, and under the influence of dramatic action easily to be comprehended. I see them wrought upon by these agents, at the most susceptible period of their lives. I see their manners, habits, feelings and character, taking a permanent bend from these early impressions. But while these juvenile institutions are fruitful nurseries of theatrical taste, they are likewise

nurseries of theatrical talent. Here are beginning to be educated the dancers, the singers, the actors and actresses, who will hereafter be successful, or damned at some one or other of the twenty-one grand theatres or operas of Paris. That many of them, like Felix and Celestine, will never reach those goals, is unquestionably true. Their capacities will ere then be exhausted. For all theatrical purposes, they will, in five or ten years, be fifty or sixty years of age. Of a vast majority, however, such will not be the fate, and in due time may they advance, and aid in supplying the large demand for, and consumption of, theatrical abilities in Paris. Then may they at last enjoy an adequate compensation for their labors. Nothing is better understood than that the managers of these establishments luxuriate upon their profits, while the poorly paid children, generally the offspring of poor parents, are very poorly fed, poorly clad, and poorly sheltered.

But these establishments are not merely schools of theatrical artists, and of those artists' patrons. They are institutions wherein are taken some earliest lessons in self-possession, in love of conversation and gesture, in the subject of *manner*, and in love of music. And here, too, are first begotten the love of pleasure, and the disposition to be pleased, a passion for parade, and love of applause, and love of the artificial. And here, moreover, are taken some first lessons in *ennui*. In many of these features, a French youth is as much developed at ten years of age, as is an American at

eighteen. I may here say, however, that the latter has the better of the former in the practical and the useful.

The wide and momentous question, now daily asked by quiet and by troubled spirits is—what are to be the fortunes of France? The answers are various; their name is legion, and they are necessarily conjectural. In looking around for some, I have asked what are the influences operating upon her children and her youth. The man and woman are, in the main, but results of impressions in early life. Describe the character of a mother who has instructed her offspring, and easily may be given the character of that offspring developed into manhood. I see France, the mother, teaching her children. I see a large system, intellectual, religious, physical, moral and social, devised to bear on her youthful offspring. I see, moreover, influences that should not be within that system. In the establishments above sketched, I recognise some of these exceptionable influences. That they are altogether reprehensible, I do not say. That they help to create that self-possession which is the basis of all good breeding, and which sheds so fine a charm through the lowest and highest department of French intercourse, I have no doubt. Give the child self-possession, and he bequeaths it to the youth, from whom inevitably, it is inherited by the man. The French children possess this trait in a remarkable degree. They go much into public scenes. They visit often these theatres. They are taught to behave without

gaucherie. They see their equals self-possessed and bold upon the stage. They imitate. The stage is here, indeed, a school of manners for the young.

Am I unphilosophical in tracing the Frenchman's love of conversation and gesture, in part, up to similar influences of early life? There may be such a thing, as one person having a natural tendency to converse and gesticulate more frequently than another. That such tendency should be innate in a whole nation, I can hardly believe. I attribute this feature of the French, so widely distinguishing them from, the English for instance, to early education. Get, indeed, such a habit once into a people, and it is hard to get it out. It is called national. It is not therefore innate. The parent's ever-present and all-powerful example, unconsciously creates it in the children. Moreover, place these children each night as auditors and spectators in a theatre; let them hear these juvenile actors and actresses conversing rapidly for hours; let them see their abundant gesticulation; and upon their own-selves, by the imitative faculty, easily may be engrafted corresponding features. They cannot describe to their friend the spectacle of the evening, without adopting them. There are some traits of individual and national character whose causes lie deep. There are others which are the result of a thousand little circumstances, in their combination powerful, singly considered, but feeble. May not the trait just spoken of be included within the latter class? Hand in hand with much conversation and much ges-

tication, is the wish to excel therein, and that w
in successful action, works out what men call *manner*
a word whose definition, found in no dictionary, m
be distinctly read only in the social department of
polished French lady, or French gentleman.

That the love of mere pleasure for pleasure's o
sake, so emphatically French, is among the legitim
offspring of these theatres, I believe to be true ; a
likewise here is partly created their peculiar dispo
tion to be pleased. In the subject of politics and go
vernment, they are perpetually finding fault. In matt
of pleasure, they continually find delight. There
nothing, however insignificant, whereat they do n
smile. Caricatures, wit on the stage, waggers in t
streets, trivialities which an Englishman would let pa
in silence and perhaps contempt, the Frenchman laug
at and intensely enjoys. He is disposed to laugh, f
the tendencies of his youth were gay, and his fir
smile was at the marionettes of the *Séraphin*. Th
the French are not now so gay as formerly, is unque
tionably true. And their gaiety has diminished, to
while the means for exciting it have been increase
But that diminution is the result of mighty counterac
ing agents. Within the last half century, a gran
social and political revolution has emancipated masse
It has set them to thinking. With much thought, h
it given much seriousness. It has opened to ambitio
a thousand new passages from the arena of frivol
and mere pleasure ;—passages that, however sombr
still conduct to light. If in the last fifty years hav

been added to this metropolis, fifty grand central sources of pleasure, there have likewise been added fifty thousand topics of serious thought. I am near the truth in saying, that the French are a *little less* gay, and *far more* serious, than before 1789.

The love of music, so universal among the Parisians, is inspired into the children by the orchestra of their theatres—not of simple music, but music extremely artificial. And here too, I see generated much of that love of all the artificial, which strongly prevails among the French. The theatre here flourishing, is throughout a work of art. The pieces on the boards are artificial to an extraordinary degree, and require an artificial taste thoroughly to appreciate them. The children study combinations far from the simple. They look at very artificial dresses, very artificial scenery; and soon upon their eyes and hearts must pall, what in its mere simplicity, would to other children be enchanting. So far as the actors are concerned, there can be nothing more unnaturalizing than their assumption, their *feigning*, of emotions which at the time, are unreal to their breasts. There was something in this, extremely unpleasant to me at first. I saw before me, children without the artlessness of childhood—children pretending to love, pretending to hate, counterfeiting hope and then despair. I saw them embodying virtues whereof they had little conception, and vices which only taint maturer years. And, identifying their feelings with those of the exhibitors, I saw hundreds of spectators as youthful as them-

selves. Certainly there could be nothing devised, more fitted to use up in young hearts their feeling for the pure, the simple, and the true, than such theatrical representations.

That they tend to generate a love of parade and passion for pleasure, I have hardly any doubt. The processions, the decorations, the military and courtly shows upon yonder small stage—what are they but pictures in little, of real scenes upon a broader stage, for delighting in which, those young spectators are gradually and insensibly educating themselves? And now those rounds of approbation showered down on Master Charles, for the kingly style in which, as Louis XIV., he proclaims, 'I am the state,' and on little Caroline, for the resistless manner wherewith she solicits a royal favor for a friend—be assured they have started or strengthened many a desire for mere applause, in some hundred of those ambitious listeners. Among these feelings does vanity take root; and when you tell me the French are the vainest people of the earth, I answer, they *ought* to be so. The causes tending so to make them, are numerous indeed, and too powerful to be withstood. Vanity still, as of old, achieves laughable wonders in France, and peoples many a strange scene. Often it sends a corpse to the Morgue, and now and then an accused to the Cour d' Assises. When Oursel and Fontelle were, last week, asked by the judge, why they sent anonymous letters to the Prefect of the Police, falsely implicating themselves of conspiracy against the king, the latter an-

swered, it was done merely that they might be apprehended, and enjoy the eclat of a trial before the Chamber of Peers. Fontelle had made out his pompous defence *in rhyme*, and concluded one of the most ridiculous scenes I have ever witnessed in a court of justice, with these words:—‘When actors do any thing well upon the stage, they are applauded. We have not talents for the theatre. But here we are objects of universal attention. We have got something of our end. Ha, ha, ha!’—and Oursel joined the laugh, and Fontelle and Oursel walked triumphantly out of the court-room. I am not now going to accumulate evidences of the peculiarly wide, and strong existence of this feeling among the French. I suggest one of its causes.

That these establishments, while they produce love of pleasure and disposition to be pleased, are likewise secret, and hardly traceable sources of that *ennui*, which heavily bears on Parisian society, I firmly believe. In them, life is half exhausted long before life’s most pleasurable springs have begun to flow. An old age of cards may be worthy addition to a youth of follies; but a manhood and age of satiety, disgust and *ennui*, are natural results of an infancy and youth of high artificial excitement. A desire for enjoyment may be strong, where the capacities for enjoying are half used up. In Paris there is a wide hankering for pleasure, where pleasure may never come. They who early fling away, or waste their patrimony of health and spirits, may well look for-

ward to that destiny which awaits all moral and physical spendthrifts. Paris, the gayest metropolis of the world, is likewise the saddest. The city which hears the loudest laughter, likewise witnesses the greatest number of suicides. If vanity sends its thousands into courts and public spheres, mere weariness of life sends its hundreds to the Morgue. Last September was for Paris, one of the gayest months of 1836. In that same month, in that same city, from many motives, but chiefly ennui, there were *sixty-six* suicides. What other city of Europe, or the world, has a public show-room for its unknown dead? And who would imagine, as at evening he walks through the brilliant arcades of the Palais Royal, amidst its ever-restless, laughing, multitudes, that he was moving amidst masses of vice and unhappiness, to which no other scene can furnish a parallel! What Paris is to the world, the Palais Royal is to Paris. Here is centred the brilliancy, the vivacious life of the great metropolis, and likewise here in secret chambers, are first cradles of its crime, its wretchedness, its despair. 'Do you observe,' said my companion, as this evening we walked along the Boulevards, 'do you observe that mansion so brilliantly illuminated? It looks happy enough. I know its inmates. They are tame men and women, who long ago used up life. They go on vegetating now. They are as gloomy and *triste*, as any thing you may see among the fallen aristocracy of the Faubourg St. Germain. They are but the type of thousands.'

The traits of character and conduct which I have in

part traced up; not fancifully I hope, to these little centres of juvenile resort, are themselves, indeed, the effects of a hundred causes. The broad tide of French feeling, emotion, thought, and opinion, as it flows in 1837, is made up of multitudinous tributary streams, whereof some have been running for ages, and some have commenced within the last fifty years; whereof some take their rise in depths, and some upon the surface. I have sourced up only one of these streams to its fountain.

I have not yet spoken of the moral character of the dramas performed at these theatres. The tendencies above remarked upon, belong to them, whatever be the moral character of their representations. I am happy now to say, that so far as my observation has extended, this character is not very exceptionable. It may with truth be said, that at all the great Parisian theatres, the passions put into action in the tragedies are generally of the fiercest description, while the comedies and vaudevilles are either based upon, or involve, a seduction. For the former, the horrors of the grand revolution have prepared Parisian audiences. The latter are faithful transcripts of present Parisian life. Into the children's theatres, like pieces seldom go. Their dramas are light, unsubstantial; seldom are they immoral. The taint of the general spirit has not fouled them. In the midst of surrounding impurity, they generally remain pure. In this respect, I doubt not their tendency is good. And if all influences now working upon French society, as it passes from child-

hood into youth, and from youth to manhood, were so modified as to harmonize with the morality of these little plays, the social aspect of things would here be soon much changed.

In my observations upon these establishments, I trust I may not be charged with having given undue importance to insignificant matters. I look at them only as a single wheel in a vast system of social and moral influences. They are peculiar to this metropolis. The United States have them not. In no other part of Europe will you find any thing like them. For an explanation of what is peculiar in French character or society, its peculiar institutions must be questioned. My reader, who knows what great ends are wrought by small means;—who sees in the youth of a nation the image of its manhood;—who feels how often are life-decisive the impressions upon the young;—and who would judge of their future by some tendencies of their present, will hardly deem the hour wasted, which is given to the Children's Theatres of Paris.

XVII.

THE TOMBS AT ST. DENIS.

‘ Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.’

SHIRLEY.

A LEAGUE’S walk from the Barrière, between two rows of trees, brought me within sight of the ancient towers of the church of St. Denis. This church is, in one respect, the Westminster Abbey of France ;—it is the burial-place of her Royal Dead.

It is among the oldest buildings in the kingdom. Parts of it trace their origin to the time, when Christianity was first introduced into France. In the year 240, St. Denis came hither from Rome to preach the Gospel. He suffered martyrdom by decapitation. The legend says that no sooner was his head cut off, than St. Denis arose, and seizing upon the detached portion, conveyed it with exceeding gravity, more than a league, to the site of the present church, while angels chanted round him, ‘ Gloria tibi, Domine.’ Arrived here, he deposited his head at his feet, and yielded up the ghost. A Roman lady, named Catulla, erected a tomb over his body in 315. This tomb was soon after enclosed within a chapel. In 496, St.

Genevieve re-established this chapel on a larger scale. In 580, king Chilperic there buried his young son Dagobert. This was the *first* royal inhumation at the church of St. Denis. The chapel was, in 629, enlarged and embellished by king Dagobert; and the adjacent abbey of monks, belonging to the order of St. Benoit, was enriched. At different periods was the chapel reconstructed and improved, until it took its present form in 1373.

The first object which caught my eye on entering, was a part of the stone tomb of old king Dagobert, in a wall on the left. Remounting, as it does, more than a thousand years, I looked upon it with much interest. It is in the form of a gothic chapel, and is carved out into bass-reliefs. These bass-reliefs are quite curious. They represent the dream of a certain Sicilian hermit. In the lowest section, you see Dagobert dying, while St. Denis exhorts him. There also do you see a boat, wherein stands Dagobert's soul, while devils, of unutterable hideousness, torment it. In the next section above, the soul of the poor king is still seen as before, surrounded by demons, but lo! St. Denis and St. Martin are approaching upon the waves to rescue him. Still higher up, you see the king raised by saints towards heaven in a sheet, and finally, in the highest compartment of all, are St. Denis and St. Martin kneeling, as they pray Abraham to receive Dagobert's soul into his bosom. Leaving this specimen of old art and superstition, I walked to a similar object upon the opposite side of the church.

This was another part of the same tomb, broken at the time of the revolution, and here was the reclining form in stone, some thousand years old, of Nanthildis, Dagobert's queen.

I now walked up the nave, towards the choir. The church arose in the graceful gothic style, with windows of here and there antique and modern stained glass. I was not particularly impressed by its architecture. Its interior looked cheerless and used up; and I thought I could still see marks of its sackings in the days of Ninety-Three. A tomb upon the right caught my attention. It was the tomb of Francis the First, and Claude his queen. A magnificent tomb it was, of white marble, surrounded by sixteen beautiful Ionic columns, ten or twelve feet high. These columns support an entablature, or rather roof, whereon are five kneeling forms, large as life, of Francis and Claude, with their children. Beneath this marble roof, upon a cenotaph, lie the statues, side by side, of the king and queen. In the face of the former, I recognised, though in death, that chivalrous expression so illustrative of his character.

On the opposite side of the church, are two tombs of nearly equal splendor. The first is of Louis XII. and Anne his wife. It is some twelve feet high, ten long, and perhaps eight in breadth. It is surrounded by small seated figures in marble, of the twelve Apostles. Many of these are exquisitely wrought, but not one escaped the vandalism of the Revolution. This is fractured in an arm, that in a foot, and another lacks

a portion of garment. The adjacent mausoleum is of Henry II., and Catherine de Medici, his queen. On the entablature of both these tombs, are kneeling statues in their court dress, of those who once slept in the cenotaphs beneath, and on those cenotaphs are their half draperied forms, reclining in marble. These are among the richest tombs I have seen. They have nothing approximating them at Paris, except perhaps that of the Countess Demidoff in Père La Chaise.

As I walked into the transept, a guide, with a bundle of keys in one hand, and a cane in the other, approached. '*This*,' said he, 'is the entrance to the Royal Vault;' and he struck his cane down upon a large marble slab beneath my feet. The hollow reverberations seemed to sound through all the arches of the vaulted ceiling. Beneath, are the bodies of Louis XVIII., the Duke of Berry, and all that could be found of the bones of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. None but princes, dead or alive, may enter here. It was last visited by Louis Philippe and the King of Naples. Napoleon intended it for an imperial sepulchre, and a son of Louis Bonaparte was here interred. At the Restoration, however, his body was taken up, and deposited in the adjacent burying-ground of the village of St. Denis. Louis XVI. and his queen, as may be recollected, were, immediately after their execution, buried in the common cemetery of the old Madeleine church at Paris. There they rested twenty years. At the Restoration, Louis XVIII. ordered a search for their remains. What of them could be

found, was transported to this vault, and a beautiful expiatory chapel, surrounded by cypresses, now stands upon the spot of their original interment.

The guide now showed me about the church. He pointed out the windows, whereon were painted the heads of all who had ever ruled in France, among which I quickly recognised Napoleon's and Louis Philippe's. He particularly desired me to notice the high altar, one of the richest in the kingdom, and which was made for the occasion of the marriage of Bonaparte to Maria Louisa. He showed a monumental column to the first husband of Mary, Queen of Scots, upon whose summit stood an urn. The heart it once contained, disappeared in the ravages of Ninety-Three. Having indicated for admiration, this and that specimen in the architecture, my guide approached a grating, through which I dimly beheld the damp of subterranean sepulchres. Those sepulchres, running round the royal vault of which I have above spoken, once held near all the buried Majesty of France. Before descending into them, it may not be uninteresting to recall a few facts respecting their pillage.

On the 31st of July, 1793, the National Convention decreed the destruction of all the royal tombs in the church of St. Denis. A committee for that purpose was immediately appointed, to which, at the earnest solicitation of some friends to the Arts, was added another committee, charged to preserve any monuments which might be deemed worthy thereof. To

this committee, are we indebted for the three beautiful mausoleums, which have been already alluded to. It was on Saturday night, the 12th of October, 1793, that the committee, by the light of flambeaux, went down among these tombs for their work of desecration. Previous thereto, they had excavated a deep ditch on the western side of the church, for the promiscuous tumbling in of the bones of kings, and queens, princes, princesses, and renowned men,—the successive accumulations of near fifteen hundred years. The first body disinterred was that of the great Turenne. It was in perfect preservation. Instead of flinging this into the ditch, the committee placed it in the sacristy, where it remained eight months. Thence it was removed for exhibition to the Garden of Plants. It was afterwards placed in the Museum of French monuments, and finally in 1799, entombed at the Hotel of the Invalids; where at this day you may see over it, a splendid cenotaph. The next body they came to, was that of Henry IV. So well preserved was it, that a cast was taken of the countenance. The report of the committee states that his beard and moustaches were ‘in excellent condition.’ Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. were well preserved;—the skin of the latter looking black as ink. As to the body of Francis I. it was completely decomposed; so was that of Louis XV., as it *ought* to have been. Our committee now arrived at the tomb of Henrietta Maria, daughter of Henry IV. and wife of Charles I. of England, who died in 1669, at the age of sixty. An

impressive destiny was that of Henrietta Maria. One revolution chased her from the English throne, another revolution was now dragging her from her tomb in her native land. From the coffin of Charles V. who died in 1380, was taken a well-preserved crown of silver gilt; a hand of Justice in silver; a sceptre some five feet long, surmounted by foliage, and wrought with extreme beauty, for that time. In the coffin of Jeanne, his wife, were found parts of a crown, a golden ring and bracelets, a distaff of gilded wood, slippers, and much gold and silver embroidery. Philippe-le-Bel likewise bore a sceptre of gilded copper, a golden ring, and the fragment of a diadem.

But a chief delight to our pillaging radicals, if in the least degree antiquarian, must have been the breaking open the stone tomb of old Dagobert, who died in 638, and whose soul we have already contemplated in bass-relief, passing through its several stages up to bliss. After having broken through the statue which, as usual, served as a cover to the stone sarcophagus, they came to a coffin of wood about two feet long, lined with lead, and containing the bones of the king and his queen, enveloped in silk, and separated from each other by a little division. On one side of the coffin was inscribed—‘*Hic jacet corpus Dagoberti,*’ and on the other :—‘*Hic jacet corpus Nanthildis.*’ Near by, stood the leaden tomb of Bertrand Duguesclin. The skeleton was uninjured, the head in good condition, and the bones were quite white. Duguesclin was the first on whom a eulogy was pronounced by

the Church. Several other coffins contained peculiarities, but I particularize only that of Philippe-le-Long. He was well preserved in his royal robes, and wore a crown of gilded silver, enriched with precious stones. His mantle was fixed with a clasp of gold, in the form of a lozenge. Other golden and silver ornaments shone upon him, and his right hand held a sceptre of gilded copper.

These royal corpses thus uncoffined, a diadem plucked from one, and a bracelet from another, were all, Louis XIV. and Francis I., as well as the meanest, heaped pell-mell into the aforementioned excavation. Fifteen hundred years of proud French Legitimacy thus tumbled, all at once, by the light of torches, into that deep ditch on the western side of St. Denis! Surely, human envy could desire to gloat over a no more humiliating spectacle than this. Let not the mightiest prince of Europe go down in confidence to his sepulchre; for the time may come,—though not within fifteen centuries,—the time *may* come when a Convention's committee shall be breaking into his sarcophagus, and be seen at midnight, conveying his rattling bones forth into the degradation of a common ditch. The character of the past has sometimes been reflected, only in the history of monarchs living. One part of the character of Frenchmen might well be read in the history of their monarchs' corpses.

The guide now turning the key of the iron grate, it heavily swung back upon its hinges. I descended,

and by dim lights, beheld arches branching before me into various directions; while beneath them stood, here and there, huge sarcophagi, upon most of which reclined an image of its departed royalty. The scene, with its terrible associations, was not unimpressive. I doubt whether even the presence of the bones, which during so many ages, had consecrated those last narrow palaces of kings, could have made it more so. The destiny of French monarchs when living, has generally been unquiet and unenviable; but even death, the giver of rest to all others, gives no rest to them;—they are banished from their very tombs. Their coffins now lie before me, tenantless. Behold those grim images, in stone and marble, still holding sceptres, and crowned with diadems. The passion which laid waste the dwellers, spared their dwellings. And those dwellings here still stand;—memorials of the dead in humiliation, and of unhallowed hatred in the living. The night of the 12th of October is already half forgotten. The passion it witnessed, has ceased. The desecrators of the royal dead are fast joining their corruption, and in a few more years, will all be stretched in silence, as passionless and powerless as they.

My guide now struck his cane upon a sarcophagus, saying, ‘This contained the body of Clovis I.’ I read upon it the following inscription—‘Clovis, First Christian King.’ On the opposite side of the vault is a statue of Clotilde, his queen. Proceeding onward, we came to the coffins of the princes of the second

race. Here was the carved out stone wherein were once the bones of Charlemagne. Here was the tomb of Charles Martel, and that of Pepin and queen Bertha. As I have already said, upon most of these sarcophagi, were reclining statues in stone, of those once beneath. At the feet of each king couched a lion, the symbol of strength; and of each queen, a dog, the emblem of fidelity. We next came to the tombs of the third, or present dynasty. There was the sarcophagus of Hugh Capet, and near it, the vault of St. Louis and his sons. Every moment the guide pronounced a name, glorious or degrading in the history of France. Now he pointed to a bust, and now to a statue, ascending each a thousand years. At length, we reached the expiatory chapel, around whose walls were black marble slabs, containing the names of those whose tombs had been violated. By the dim light, I read of them, some forty or fifty. Nearly opposite to this chapel, is the original entrance to the imperial vault, designed by Napoleon. By him, on February 20th, 1806, was published this decree: 'The Church of St. Denis is consecrated to the sepulture of the Emperors.' That entrance is now closed up with black marble slabs, surmounted by a crown. But its two brazen doors still stand there, and my guide pointed to the lock for three keys, which was never to be opened save by an order from Napoleon's hand. An order from Napoleon's hand! Thirty years only have passed away, since that decree was issued. Napoleon sleeps hence a thousand leagues, at St.

Helena. Those brazen doors have been wrenched from their hinges. Legitimacy has again gotten possession of St. Denis, and the tomb of the Emperors holds Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. We walked on, pausing here and there before a statue or a sarcophagus, till we arrived at a far away vault, through the iron bars of whose door I beheld, by a lamp-light feebly glimmering, two modern-shaped coffins in black, and silver embroidered. They were the coffins of two princes of Bourbon and Condé.

The subterranean damps had now quite chilled me. The hour of evening had advanced, and I heard the clock faintly sounding in the ancient steeple of the church. For four hundred years had that iron tongue been speaking forth the steady onwardness of time. The mourners of twenty kings had heard it, as they followed the dead into this, their royal charnel house. I doubt not that four hundred years hence, some pilgrim from my own country, may stand, as I now stand, among the sepulchres of St. Denis. To him, may some aged cicerone point out the tombs of coming monarchs, and perhaps the dismantled sarcophagus of Louis Philippe himself, as this now points out to me, the desecrated coffin of Philippe-le-Bel; and yonder may he designate the tomb, then broken into fragments, of his eldest son, and that son's queen, a princess of the House of Mecklenbourg. Whatever destiny awaits France, one portion of that accomplished destiny shall be read in the royal cemetery

of St. Denis. Departing at sunset, an hour's walk conveyed me back once more, from those silent sepulchres, to the roar and rushing life-tides of the great metropolis.

XVIII.

THE PARISIAN MARKETS.

IF there be one respect wherein more than any other, Paris is central to all the world, it is in the matter of *cooking*. Of this subject, the French are universally allowed to be absolute masters. No word has a more rightful place in their vocabulary than the word, 'gourmand.' But let it not be hastily inferred, that all Frenchmen breakfast and dine well. I do believe that except in a few of her largest cities, there can be no more barren and unsatisfactory eating than in France. Nay, I query whether all the eulogies we hear about French cooking, must not be confined to *Paris* alone, and even in Paris, to some half a dozen renowned restaurants. In my travels through the kingdom, I have been surprised to find on what wretched diet wretchedly cooked, the millions live. In my observations about this metropolis, I have likewise been surprised to find its multitudes of the poor classes subsisting on meagre soups, tasteless bread, villanous meats, and sour wines. There is a numerous class just above the very poor, which lives at the *magazins-de-vin*. Then come the wealthier patrons of the eighteen and twenty-two sous eating-houses. There is still a large and richer class which constitutes the public of the

two francs restaurants. After them, come the respectably rich supporters of the third and second rate eating-houses. Finally we arrive at the comparatively small public of the great and costly centres;—the Rocher de Cancale, Grignons, the Grand Vatel, the Deux Frères, the Café de Paris, and Vefours and Verys. We likewise come to the comparatively few, who at hotels,—as Meurices, at club-rooms, and at their private residences, sit down each day to sumptuous banquets. France contains thirty-three and a half millions of people. It is but an exceedingly small fraction of this immense multitude, that knows any thing from experience of the beauties of French cookery. No one however, who has, not so much a relish for food, as a taste for eating, but may wish to dine, though but in imagination, at one of the Parisian restaurants. To such, moreover, it may not be uninteresting, as dinner time is distant, to walk for a few hours over some of the establishments, through which the aliment then to be enjoyed, has passed, ere it reached the hand of the cook, and the assiette of the garçon. If all Paris were to be annihilated, except merely that part of it which may be called its system for directly administering to the palate, there would still remain, in buildings and people, a very respectable city. And if we should go still further on, and annihilate of this system all, except what legitimately tends to make merely our dinners and breakfasts worthy of their name, still would there survive a very large town.

Of these establishments, the most prominent are the Abattoirs, the Markets, and the Comestibles. Of the Abattoirs there are five, situated in the suburbs of the city. They are from Napoleon's idea, and have all been constructed since 1809. Previous to that time, the slaughter-houses were scattered about, here and there, over the city, tainting the atmosphere and helping to make Paris then, what Paris is now, the nastiest city on all the continent. The great original idea of Bonaparte was worthy of him, and when detailed, and embodied into plans by Happe, and Radel, and Gisors, formed the most magnificent establishments of their kind in Europe. They were erected at an expense of more than three millions of dollars. Let us walk through the Abattoir de Popincourt. Leaving a very pleasant promenade shaded by trees, you enter a large gate, and a cicerone, in the shape of an old woman holding a bunch of keys, salutes you with, 'Bon jour, Monsieur.' You are within four walls, embracing a parallelogram of about six hundred and fifty, by five hundred and seventy feet. This amplitude pleases you. Around this space, and near the wall, are eight *bougeries*, or stone buildings for oxen, sheep, and calves, hither brought from the markets of Sceaux, Poissy, and others in the vicinity. They will accommodate, of the first, four hundred head; of the second, three thousand; and of the third, fifteen hundred. You are delighted with the extreme neatness of the interior of these buildings. In front of four of them, and on opposite sides of the parallelogram, are four other

buildings, each one hundred and forty feet long, by about one hundred broad, into which said oxen, and sheep, and calves are momentarily dragged to the slaughter. Each of these buildings is separated by a finely paved and slanting court into two piles, which are themselves divided off into sixteen different butchering apartments. The ventilation of these apartments is perfect, and the inclined pavement, which by the way,

‘all the time runs blood,’

is kept rather clean, by water continually streaming over it from two elevated reservoirs, placed on a third side of the parallelogram. These reservoirs, are supplied through aqueducts from the little village of Belleville. The division of labor is here very minute, and the speed with which these hundred men perform their bloody business, might quiet the fears of the most voracious eater in all the metropolis. It is hardly worth while, particularly to describe the appearance of the animals, in this stage of their progress onward to their destinies. We may soon have an opportunity of contemplating them at Grignon’s, under the more interesting form of Fricandeau-au-jus, and Rognons à-la-brochette. I will only add that the weekly butchering in this Abattoir is of about six hundred oxen, one thousand calves, fifteen hundred sheep, and two hundred cows; and that a duty is paid on each slaughtered animal, of six francs for an ox, four for a cow, two for a calf, and for a sheep, ten sous. In other

parts of the establishment, are spacious rooms for storage, others for melting and preparing tallow, commodious watering places, and in the loft of many of them, are spaces for drying skins. The Abattoir of Popincourt, with that at Montmartre, is the largest ; and its form and system may be taken as examples of the form and system of the others.

Of the twenty-two provision markets of Paris, I observe, that with three or four exceptions, their origin dates not back beyond 1809, and that after St. Germain and the Halle-aux-Blés, not one of them can compare with the fine establishments of Liverpool, New-Castle-on-Tyne, and others in Great Britain ; nor distantly approach the specimen, superior to them all, which adorns the city of Boston. The largest, and among the oldest existing, is the Marché des Innocens. The space it covers was converted from a cemetery to its present purpose, in 1786. In 1813, four extensive wooden galleries were erected. About that time, Bonaparte, under whose reign nearly all the improvements in this department, were begun, conceived the large project of assembling at this spot, all the markets of Paris, in a square of one hundred acres. A noble scheme it was, and when executed, would have been a fit complement to his splendid Abattoirs. Bonaparte fell. The stupid dynasty again came in, and with it, much of that indifference to the wants and comforts of the common people, which characterized it, previous to the Grand Revolution. With the exception of the fish market, and that for butter, eggs and cheese, the

Restoration did nothing to ameliorate the situation of the thousands and thousands, exposed each day to heat or cold, in their vocation of supplying Paris with provisions.

Like nearly all the markets of Paris, the *Marché des Innocens* is of wood. Its low roofs rest upon little posts, and open as the buildings are on every side, their appearance is altogether barn-like and temporary. The four large buildings are divided off into many hundred little stalls, in each of which presides a female. In cold weather, she keeps warm her feet over a little pan of coals, and her hands by the aid of a little earthen vessel, half filled with the same combustible. And yet, why such a glowing mass of life and muscle as she unquestionably is, could ever need external means of warmth, is a little mysterious. I have nowhere seen a class of females worthy of comparison, in certain features, with the market-women of Paris. They are hugely big. And yet it is not so much the bigness of mere flesh, as the ample and sturdy developement of sinew. Their strength is Herculean. Their muscle is not only largely developed, but intensely so, and condensed like that of a tough Normandy dray-horse. Their voice has a breadth, and compass, and loud vigorous energy, informing you that the vocal organs are as strongly framed as the arms and legs. I know of nothing more artillery-like, than a battle, in their unearthly patois, between two of these stentorian voices. In their dress, I recognise little or nothing of costume. They are

universally well clothed. Their garments are thick, and warm, and never ragged. Their heads are wrapped about in a fancy piece of cotton cloth, and their feet are often thrust into wooden shoes half filled with straw. They invariably look healthy, in red John-bull-like visages. They also look ugly and animal. I cannot recall one among their many countenances, where intelligent expression for a moment ever arrested the step. And yet I *do* remember me of one. She was in her brown youth, and enshrined in a certain stall of the fish market. Squared about her were four broad marble slabs, whereon lay extended enormous salmon, broad turbot and delicate sole, and in one of which was carved out a basin, wherein swam many an eel. Her arms were folded, and her two large black eyes reposed, in a sort of day dream, upon the crimson of a divided salmon. She was evidently rapt, as long she stirred not, and hailed no passer-by. In her way, she was no bad picture, and yet hers was alone among a thousand of the coarsest faces I have ever seen. The time for seeing the *Marché des Innocens* is a little after midnight, when, while all else of Paris is in sleep and silence, here arrive, from ten leagues around, six thousand peasants. The scene is curious of flaring lamps, and crimson dresses, and active motions ; the rattling of carts, braying of asses, and the shouts of women as they arrange their vegetables, fruits, and nuts, for purchasers from the metropolis. In the centre of this market, is a magnificent fountain, the largest in Paris ;

and near the fountain is a little miserable lattice-like fence, enclosing some monuments erected over certain martyrs, who here fell in the revolution of 1830. These monuments are merely six or eight wooden crucifixes,—some broken and prostrate, some stuck in the earth; two or three pyramids of the same material, hung about with faded amaranthine circles; here and there a green cypress, and several dirty, ragged, tri-colored standards, on one of which, as it sways about in the wind, you may read, ‘Aux Portiers de la Halle, morts pour la liberté, 27, 28, 29 Juillet, 1830.’ On the crucifixes and pyramids, are inscriptive words almost faded into the illegible. With difficulty I made out some of them; ‘Here lies Charles Laurent, aged 20, who fell for liberty, his country, and glory, on 28th July, 1830. Pray to God for him.’ I deciphered this stanza :

‘ Passant, à nos concitoyens,
Va dire qu’ici de la vie,
Nous avons rompu les liens,
Pour le salut de la patrie.’

Like the half dozen other monuments to the victims of 1830, here and there erected in Paris, it is wooden, mean and fragile, seemingly but waiting any blast from the next aroused political indignation to sweep it away.

Leaving the *Marché des Innocens*, and walking through the *Rue Tonnellerie*, you pause for a moment at No. 3, for there stood the house in which *Moliere* was born. On its site is now raised a tradesman’s shop. A bust of the great dramatist occupies a little

niche in its front, and underneath are these words:—
'Jean Baptiste P. Moliere. This house stands on the site of that in which he was born, in 1620.' They moreover pretend to show you the very Café, in which he was accustomed to spend long days in looking and listening, after he had flung away books, resolved in future to read only society and the world.

A short walk thence brings you to the *Marché au Poisson*. It contains near two hundred and fifty stalls. Its flag-stone pavements slant away, and down five channels in them, continually flow five pure water streams, from a fountain at the upper end. Here fish is sold wholesale, by auction, from four o'clock to eight, each morning, and then retailed during the day. It is commodious compared with the place occupied by the fishmongers, previous to the time of its construction. Until then, they presented a most disgusting and filthy appearance. Like the present oyster-sellers, and venders of flowers on the *Quai Desaix*, they sat wrapped about in straw mats under broad red umbrellas. They had no other screens from the storm, the heat, and the cold. At present their situation is better. It is perhaps in harmony with the situation of others in this uncomfortable country,—a country where ingenuity, while achieving triumphs in matters of luxury and mere fancy, has done little or nothing for the useful, the comfortable,—for real positive enjoyment.

Having passed into the egg, cheese, and butter market, which, like so many others, is composed of merest wooden sheds; having critically tasted, as

would do a purchaser, of those immense masses of Issigny and Gournay butter, immense as if moulded in the compass of a Winchester bushel; having been hailed, at least three hundred times, with 'qu'est-ce que vous cherchez, Monsieur? Approchez donc, tenez, sacrés les Anglais,' you are happy to move thence into the *Marché à la Viande*. This is the large meat market of the city, and here, in another stage of its progress onwards to its end, may you see the lamb which your riot, with that of other gourmands, doomed perchance this day to bleed, in the *Abattoir* of Popincourt. This market is composed of twenty-two buildings, each fifteen feet by fifty, and about thirteen high. Looking into the books of the *bureau*, I find that on Wednesday last, the quantity of beef here sold was twenty-nine thousand pounds—of veal, eleven hundred—of mutton, four thousand and eighty—of fresh pork, ninety-seven thousand two hundred and forty. Like most of the Parisian markets, it has its fountain, and like them too, it has its filth.

And here, as at many other markets and in many a street of Paris, will you see the *décrotteur*, with his blacking-pot and brushes, and little box whereon, by the way, it may now be well to rest for a few moments, our much-fouled boots. He is stationed here to polish into gentility the shoes of those peasant girls, or old women, who may wish towards evening, to walk up and look at Napoleon's column in the *Place Vendôme*, at the triumphal arch, or the gay world in the public promenades. His is a very necessary vocation in this

nasty capital. The French will not exert ingenuity to keep clean their streets. They do exert it however, to remove the effects of their uncleanness. No class in Paris is unprovided with a regular shoe or boot cleaner, at a charge of from one sous up to five. On the Point Neuf, the profession is often exercised by a woman, who thereunto also joins the vocations implied in these words: 'elle tond les chiens et coupe les chats.' In some of the passages, the *décroissance*-establishments are magnificent. They are very richly adorned; a lady presides therein, and while two garçons are giving to your boots the reflective power of twenty mirrors in the walls, you lean comfortably upon the arms of your damask-cushioned seat, and read the Journal des Débats. Few are the streets of Paris, through which, if you are sensitive in the matter of cleanliness, you can promenade without great offence. The Rue de la Paix, and the Rue de Rivoli may be clean enough, and yet five minutes' walk from them into any direction, will lead you among a hundred streets, thick with mud and filth. All the public avenues of the city are paved; few of them have side-walks. Hence is walking in Paris, except in the large streets, very inconvenient. The possession of a well-developed calf, resulting from springy tip-toe movements over large, uneven paving stones, will hardly compensate the continual danger from passing and repassing vehicles. It is moreover not agreeable in respect of odor. Paris was first paved in 1189. The inducement thereunto, actuating Philippe Auguste, might well work some

changes at the present time. The historian Rigord relates, that as this King was one day walking in his royal palace, now the Palais de Justice, 'he approached the window, where he sometimes sat, to amuse himself by looking at the waters of the Seine. Carts drawn by horses were then passing through the *Cité*, and stirring up the mud, caused thence an exhalation of insupportable odor. The King could not stand it, and the stench pursued him even into the interior of his palace. Then did he conceive a plan very difficult, yet very necessary;—a plan which none of his predecessors, on account of its great expense and other obstacles, had dared to undertake. He convoked *le bourgeois* and the *prévôt* of the town, and ordered them to pave, with stones hard and strong, all the streets and ways of the *Cité*.' The stench which offended royal nostrils in the twelfth century, still rises strong and insupportable in the nineteenth. Were it not unphilosophical to generalize about the character of a few thousands, from the habits and residences of the million, your nose and eyes might, from their experience in this metropolis, draw the conclusion that the Parisians of 1837, are the dirtiest people in Europe. Let justice, however, be given where due. The *quays* of Paris are worthy of highest praise. While the Thames at London is foul as the foulest dock, the Seine here flows between lofty stone walls, strongly and very elegantly constructed.

The *Marché St. Honoré*, consisting of eight large, open buildings like those already described, is for mis-

cellaneous provisions. It is located on the site of the convent of Jacobins, much celebrated in the Revolution. I have nothing particular to say about it, except that here I first witnessed the sale of frogs. When Englishmen laugh at the French for eating frogs, they only make more manifest the coarse vulgarity of their palate. That an animal, whose very delicacy of limb helped to lay the foundation of a wonderful science, had rightful claims to a place in the repertory of a French cook, was a delicate and a bold idea, worthy of great Vatel himself. How there can be any thing more revolting in French frog-eating, than in English eel-eating, a Parisian cannot easily comprehend. Suppose your frog to possess bad colors, a repulsive form, an ungraceful gait ; yet let him but pass through the transforming mystery of Grignon's cook, and what to the eye was something forbidding, becomes divinest morcel to the palate. There is a cook in one of the great restaurants of Paris, whose broad reputation is, as he desires to have it, based on no other bottom, than his skill in serving up frogs' legs. The animals at the Marché St. Honoré, to the number of perhaps five hundred, were sprawling about alive in a large tub. The *poissarde* who recommended them, thrust, every now and then, her brawny arm down into their depths, turning them carelessly up and over, as if they had been so much wheat. She informed me that the price of the largest was six sous, that of the smallest but three. A purchaser at length arrived, and twenty victims were eviscerated and de-

captivated in a style of despatch, well worthy the Jacobinical associations of the spot.

Behind the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, is St. Martin's market. It is finer than any we have yet visited, built of stone, and contains near four hundred stalls. It is to be remembered as the only market in the metropolis, through which you may pass, without being hailed. No one asks you to buy. Nay, you may look at a dame right full in the face, she will merely retort your look. Here you may see peasant damsels reading Paul de Kock's *Cocu*, or his *Laitière de Montfermeil*; and here may you pause to enjoy a sober conversation with a fat, respectable woman, about yonder tri-colored flag, the plaster bust of Louis Philippe under it, and the prices of the various provisions. The conversation will be concluded by her asking;—'Monsieur est Anglais?' 'Non, Américain.' 'Bah, c'est égal;'—a confounding of nations which you will deem any thing but complimentary, on reflecting in what deep execration the English are held by, to say the least, the lower classes of the French.

The poultry market is over on the south side of the river, and, like many others, is erected on the site of an ancient convent. The building is still finer than that just visited. It is of hewn stone, roofed with slate, and presents, between four walls pierced with arcades, three galleries, each near two hundred feet in length. To the lover of capons, turkeys, geese, and even game, a visit to this scene is no dull appetite-whetter. There they hang, thousands on thou-

sands,—large, fat and polished. Loitering and looking about here, may always be seen the *Chiffonier*. He is clothed in dirtiest rags. He has a large basket upon his back, and a little stick, terminated by a curved iron point, in his right hand. He goes about striking that curved iron point into thrown-away heads, legs and offals of poultry, and then darts them over his shoulder, quick as a flash, into his large basket. His is a profession in Paris. The statistical estimates return some thousands living by it. You will generally see him at evening, with that huge basket on his back, that pronged staff in his right hand, and a little lantern in his left, driving through the streets in storm and in calm, stopping at every heap of rubbish, and overhauling it, to abstract therefrom any old rag, bit of paper or similar truck. Such class in this metropolis, is one sad commentary upon the avenues to subsistence among its poor population.

The *Marché St. Germain* is but a short distance from the poultry market. It is very spacious and commodious. Its plan is parallelogram of about two hundred and eighty, by two hundred and twenty-five feet. It has something like four hundred stalls for all sorts of provisions. In the court of this parallelogram are several magazines of fifth rate milliners, filled with ribbons, caps, bonnets, and various dresses for the old and young peasantry. Here, too, as at several of the other markets, is the office of an *écrivain*. He announces himself as ready to execute any sort of writing, from the drawing of petitions, to the inditing

of a *billet-doux*. This market is one of the liveliest possessions of the tristful and aristocratic Faubourg St. Germain. I note it as the finest in Paris ; and now we come to the Halle-aux-Blés. As at a *Marché*, articles are only retailed, so at a *Halle*, are they disposed of only by wholesale. The Halle-aux-Blés is certainly one of the most magnificent things of the kind in the world. It is a circular building of hewn stone, one hundred and twenty feet in diameter, and over-covered by a dome, a vast and wondrous dome of iron and copper. The diameter of this dome is one hundred and twenty-six feet, only thirteen less than that of the cupola of St. Peter's church at Rome. The building is intersected by twenty-five arches, like those in the outer wall of a Roman amphitheatre, through six of which you may pass into the interior. Light is admitted through a window at the top. On one side, may be seen the bust of Louis Philippe under a tricolored flag, and on the other, is a marble medallion of Philibert Delorme, who commenced this building in 1763. As you stand in the centre, listening to the echo of many voices, and surveying the wide and harmonious dimensions, the impression is admirable indeed. Is that impression injured or improved, by the sight of ten thousand bags of grain, flour, pulse and seeds, piled up, one upon the other, on every side? For these articles, is this the great central wholesale market of Paris. In it are eight rather elegant offices, in each of which sits a lady-like personage. She bargains with the city purchaser, and thereupon a porter of the Halle,

in broad-rimmed hat, and mealy white, as is your charbon-de-bois carrier coal-like black, stoops patiently down, receives a huge bag upon his shoulders, and walks off. My plan does not exact from me a statement of the prices of provisions in Paris. Such may be seen, twice each week, in periodicals established exclusively to represent the markets. Nor does my plan include a visit to the *Marché-du-vieux-linge* with its *two thousand stalls*, where may be seen in dirty hands of Jews, the silks that adorned a countess at a last week's ball; nor to the picture-like scenes in the flower-markets; nor to the grand *Marché-aux-chevaux*, wherein on a single day, five hundred horses may pass from seller to purchaser; nor to a score of other markets, small it may be, and dirty too, yet not unworthy of a traveller's visit. But as this day's walk is preliminary to a dinner, it becomes very proper to look, for one moment, into the *Halle-aux-vins*. Wine is necessary part of every dinner, and of most breakfasts, in Paris. A garçon never dreams of asking if you desire wine; his question invariably is, '*Quel vin voulez vous, Monsieur?*'

The *Halle-aux-vins* has no parallel in the world. It occupies a space of near thirty acres. It is fronted along the Seine, by a lofty iron railing, twenty-six hundred feet in length. Within the enclosure are seven masses of buildings all of stone, with tiled roofs. These buildings, with their forty-nine cellars, accommodate eight hundred thousand casks of wine. They are separated from each other by tree-shaded streets,

named after certain wines ;—as ‘ Rue de Champagne,’ ‘ Rue de Bourgogne,’ &c. &c. Another idea this, from Napoleon’s abundant storehouse. Its magnitude points to its author. The first stone was laid, under his auspices, in August 1813. It was completed at an expense of two millions of dollars. In the seventy or eighty small offices scattered about, here and there, I was rather surprised to find no presiding females, and that the more, inasmuch as the sex is trusted with any quantities of the liquid, in at least seven thousand wine-retailing-shops of the metropolis. At the time I first visited it, there were waiting for admission, on the quay near by, more than four thousand casks, from the various vineyards of the kingdom. And at this quay were moored eight wine-filled boats, huge, and fashioned not unlike the scows and clumsy arks of the Mississippi. Walking into the avenue-like cellars, excavated far under the earth, and dimly lighted, I was reminded, of the vast subterranean wine and spirit vaults in some of the London docks. In these cellars is wine deposited, previous to its sale and distribution in the city. Fifteen hundred casks sometimes enter on a single day. Each admitted cask pays a duty of one franc. Leaving the Halle-aux-vins, I annexed it, though administering rather to luxury than mere comfort, to my small list of Parisian establishments, that strive to vie in magnitude with the enormous works of useful character, public and private, which crowd Great Britain.

Neglecting the Laitière, the Patissier, the Confiseur,

and several other providers, from each of whom is derived something, directly or indirectly contributive to a first rate restaurant dinner, we come at once to the *Comestibles*. Chevet, who writes himself Furnisher to the King and the Princes, has a rich one behind the Théâtre Français. But for those most truly magnificent, it will be necessary to look up the Rue Vivienne. The word 'Comestibles,' is always written over the entrance to an elegant magazin, wherein certain choice eatables are exposed partly for sale, and much for show. And certainly there can be no finer illustration of the saying that 'the French are up to any thing,' than is furnished by this before us. And where, if one would have his appetite, phoenix-like resuscitated, immediately after the heartiest meal, could he resort with surer prospects of success? Seen in the evening, it is far more brilliant than now. Then, out from the eyes of that brazen bass-relief visage in yonder mirror, ray double pencils of pure gas light, while from its mouth gushes a constant flood of water into the little fountain beneath. You perceive in the fountain several golden fish, while round its edge hangs many a lobster, looking, Narcissus-like, into its depths. This is intensely French. Every thing you see, is arranged with taste, and for effect. In yonder broad white platter, extends the body of a *Cochon de lait*, itself quite white, with its tail turned up over its back, and in its mouth the cruel mockery of a lemon. And then what broad turbot, and long salmon garnished with roses, strew that marble table!

And here are a hundred terrines of *foie gras* from Strasburg. Enough is condensed within one of those little pots to satiate the palates of fifty. And beyond them is a huge boar's head carved out from jelly. Observe that score of flower-adorned *Dindons* stuffed to bursting, and ready quite for the skewer. The garçon tells you there is nothing like this in the whole world, out of the Rue Vivienne. He deems it a jewel, and is delighted that you take an interest therein. He points you particularly to the *bécasses*, or wood-cocks, and to the *bécassines*, or snipes. They are completely dressed for the cook. Their next transition will be into his hand. There they lie upon their backs, in rows of twenty, side by side. Their legs and wings are delicately tucked up beneath a white envelope, that folds quite round their bodies, and looking at them long in those snowy shrouds, unbidden come the lines :

‘ And they lay like warriors taking their rest,
With their martial cloaks around them.’

About the room hangs many a chevreuil just from life; and elegantly clad, amidst flowers and fruits, sits in the distance, a *dame-du-comptoir*. Several large mirrors in the walls and ceiling, reproduce the scene a dozen times.

A transition from the comestibles to a restaurant is easy. The hour of five has arrived. The walks and cogitations of the day, have bestowed an appetite. There are one thousand restaurants in Paris. Where shall we dine ?

XIX.

EATING HOUSES IN PARIS.

'This great writer (Archestratus, the intimate friend of one of the sons of Pericles) did not, during his travels, inquire concerning the manners of nations, as to which it is useless to inform ourselves, since it is impossible to change them ;—but he entered the laboratories where the delicacies of the table were prepared, and he held intercourse with none but those who could advance his happiness. His poem is a treasure of science ; every verse is a precept.'

ATHENÆUS.

If there be some delicious eating in Paris, there is a vast deal which is not so. For every five persons who dine richly, there are fifty who dine well, one hundred and fifty who dine poorly, and five hundred who dine wretchedly. Vidocq, and he is pretty good authority, says that eighty thousand Parisians arise each morning, without knowing, not merely where, but how they are to eat, before night. In my wanderings about this metropolis, I have often seen the wretched diners. I do not pass them by, without observation. Believing, as I do, that all revolutions in Europe should be for ameliorating the condition, not only of the middle, but also of the lower classes, I wish to know what, for these latter, the revolutions in France have done. Have they bettered their habitations, their raiment, and their food? Doubtless in these three physical spheres, to say nothing of the intellectual and moral,

they have achieved much. In the matter of food, however, much remains to be done. Death by starvation often takes place in this metropolis, and suffering from miserable diet, takes place oftener.

The lowest forms of Parisian eating, may be found in certain streets of the faubourgs, and in the market places. Visit the *Marché des Innocens* at any hour of the day. You will see around its fountain some score of old women, couched in the open air, by the side of their little tin cooking apparatus. Around each are a dozen men, women and children, some standing, some sitting, and all devouring the bowls of steaming, parti-colored soup, which have just, for eight liards or two sous each, been ladled forth. The dishes smell of garlic, and judging from signs in faces, cannot be over relishable. The multifarious ingredients that surround the compounders of this broth,

‘The eyes of newt and toes of frog,
The lizard’s legs and owlet’s wings,’

remind you of that ‘gruel thick and slab,’ manufactured by the witches in *Macbeth*. This is but the type of many other scenes, and thus banquet thousands of the Parisians.

Walk into the large meat market. At one corner, are half a dozen stalls. In each, sits a mutton-complexioned woman. Around her are twenty white platters, heaped up with second-hand, and third, and even *fourth*-hand remnants. They are remnants from the great restaurants. And now here comes a ragged

man, bearing upon his shoulders, a dirty bag. Bargaining for its contents with the woman of a stall, he outpours a bushel of half-meated bones, and half-munched crusts of bread. The heap looks repulsive enough, and you pronounce it unnourishable and unpalatable. Your dog merely smells at it, as he passes by. And yet on such forbidding food, are nourished thousands of the Parisians. Here are some sad facts, about which your gourmand at the Rocher, prating of luxury in Parisian banquets, never dreams. There are wide contrasts at Paris, and none more wide than those in eating. The scenes just visited, have some mournful interest. Amidst them, commenced that cry for bread in the former revolution,—that cry which was not silenced, till the Royal Family were dragged by a starving multitude, from the palace at Versailles to their prison in the Tuileries.

The next highest form of Parisian eating may be found at the *Magazins de Vin*. Of these establishments, there are seven thousand in the capital. They are the nearest approach, I have here seen, to the grog-shops of the United States, and the gin palaces of England. They may be seen in every quarter of Paris, and chiefly in the Faubourg St. Antoine. Look into one of them, if you would know, among other things, how a Frenchman behaves when in hiccoughs; (*his-cups*). At the entrance, may generally be inhaled the flavors of marron-roasting. Within, is a female well-dressed, and seated behind a counter whereon stand queerly-fashioned bottles, glasses, and flasks.

She sells bread at a price fixed for every fifteen days by the authorities ; wine at six or ten sous per bottle, and beer and cider at four. This beverage, and bread with occasional cheese, are conveyed into a small back apartment, containing several cloth-covered tables, to be enjoyed. The conversation and manners of those apartments, you will find abundantly in some novels of Paul de Kock. Good bread, good cheese, and wine at six sous the bottle, make no unimportant portion of the subsistence of multitudes of Parisian operatives. It is just one step *above* the diet of the classes before mentioned, and just one step *below* that of restaurants, whose dinners cost sixteen sous. A restaurant of sixteen sous ! !—nay of fifteen, if you at once purchase fifteen tickets ; and of fourteen, if you forswear wine. The Rocher de Cancale is the highest restaurant in Paris. The Au Bon Potage, in the Rue Jannison, is the lowest. They are at the extremities of the restaurant banqueting scale. Between them, range some dozen varieties. Among the fixed-priced restaurants are those of eighteen, twenty, twenty-three, twenty-eight, thirty-two, and finally of forty sous. Passing beyond the forty sous dinners, you sail out through a widening channel, into a broad ocean of charges, whose counter winds and cross currents so engulf and collapse the purse, that you almost wish your appetite anchored back amidst the tranquillity of *fixed prices*.

Your restaurant of sixteen sous, though entertaining its customers with rather questionable soups, yet serves

itself with pretty pompous titles. For instance, it inscribes over its door, *Au Bon Potage*, or *À La Renommée des Pieds de Mouton*. Sometimes it calls itself *Le Petit Very*, sometimes the *Restaurant de l'Univers*, and then again *Au Petit Rocher*. An establishment having lately assumed this latter designation, was therefor prosecuted by the proprietor of the veritable Rocher de Cancale. He deemed the assumption unwarrantable, and calculated to jeopardize, and depreciate the reputation of his famed resort. The complaint was, by a criminal tribunal, pronounced well-based, and the title of *Au Petit Rocher* joined the *has beens*.

The sixteen-sous-restaurant generally announces a 'salon superbe et magnifique!' with one hundred or more covers. Its napkins are always wonderfully clean, and its plate of rarest workmanship. The service is of most quick despatch, and its advertisement winningly says, 'on-y-lit le journal.' For sixteen sous, it will give you this dinner; to wit:—a soup; two dishes of meat very strong, (*très forts*) and garnished with vegetables selected from the *carte* by yourself; a carafon, or little decanter of good Macon; bread always *à discrétion*, and a very fine (*très beau*) dessert, corresponding to the season, or a petit verre of brandy. The generous feature about this bill of fare, is evidently the *pain à discrétion*. At every other restaurant, you must pay five sous for each additional roll. Hence do you see the *habitué* of a sixteen-sous establishment, nibbling away at roll after

roll, until he has managed to secure an extraordinary quantity of nourishment for his money. In its public, is comprehended a very large class, though not a wealthy one. Many students at law and medicine frequent it, reading professional treatises in the intervals between the dishes. And yet shall you there sometimes see the darkly-moustached individual, whom in the afternoon you had admired for-most exquisite bearing, among the promenaders in the gardens of the Tuileries. It is an equally significant proof of breeding to find fault at a sixteen-sous-restaurant, as at the Grand Vatel, and consequently even there may you often hear drawled forth aristocratical reproaches of 'quel diner, garçon, quel ex-é-cra-ble diner!'

I hardly think it worth while to tarry much, here or there, as we journey onwards, up and through the thirty-two sous, and other restaurants, until we arrive at those of forty. They unquestionably differ from each other. There is a difference, for instance, between the restaurant of twenty, and that of twenty-two sous. But the distinction is delicate, and seldom appreciable save by the garçon, and a practised habitué. They each have their single soup, their two dishes of meat, their carafon of wine, their bread at discretion, and their dessert. They each, moreover, have their peculiar *clientèle*, or public. It is not until you get up to a thirty-two-sous-restaurant, that the prospect begins to widen, and you find yourself entitled to *three* dishes of meat, and a *half bottle* of Macon, or Chablis. Gaucher keeps a very good res-

restaurant of this description, behind the Palais Royal. He gives you one dinner for thirty-two sous, or fifteen dinners for twenty-two and a half francs. The dishes at Gaucher's are thoroughly cooked; the lady at the counter has big white hands, and the garçons move about with the rapidity of lightning. If you know how to order, you may there get along very well. Gaucher's argenterie, however, is altogether *too* second hand. The forks have their prongs half eaten up by use. The spoons are extremely worn, and the knives look lean and dangerous. The company at Gaucher's comes under the head of 'shabbily genteel.' I have before me a caricature of this establishment. Eight diners have just discovered in their bowl of soup, a small shoe. Calling the garçon, they reproach him, not for the presence of the shoe, but for the absence of the soup which that shoe displaced. Gaucher's is patronized chiefly by those gentlemen, who are little anxious about the distinction between a cat and a rabbit.

Leaving Gaucher's, we come at once to the restaurants of forty sous. There are half a dozen in the Palais Royal. On the western side, Follet's is to be spoken of; and on the eastern, Yon's and Richard's. At Follet's, may you meet respectable looking refugees; Italian, Spanish and Polish. At Richard's, presides a dame-du-comptoir, more magnificent than any I have yet seen in similar establishments. These restaurants, however, lack in essential points. Follet's kitchen is altogether too near the salon, so that its

fumes reek through your atmosphere. At Richard's and Yon's, the floors fail in cleanliness, and the garçons move over them in heavy shoes, instead of noiseless pumps. At all of them, moreover, the conversation is quite too loud ;—likewise, there is much blowing of noses ;—also, they *do* spit. I know of no two-francs-restaurant, containing less exceptionable features than the *Colbert*, in the Galerie Colbert. The ceiling is lofty, the ventilation good, and magnificent mirrors surround the rooms. There are forty tables, for about one hundred and fifty covers. The company around you is promiscuous of ladies and gentlemen, speaking all European languages. That company is rather genteel. The conversation is through subdued tones. The ladies break bread in nice blue kids, and powdered-haired gentlemen tap their golden snuff boxes, at the end of the second course. The garçons, though too often serving in fidgety haste, every now and then exhibit some of that characteristic tranquillity, which adorns the best garçons of Vefour's and Grignon's. At the Colbert, you are perfectly at your ease, and may dine democratically, *with your hat on*.*

* So far as *management of the hat* is concerned, very little but most dubious contradiction, can be inferred, respecting European civility. The Frenchman oftentimes dines, not only at restaurants, but at tables d'hôte, and in the company of ladies too, with his top hatted. Stopping, as he travels by public conveyance, to dine, he does never, as always does the Englishman, take off hat or cap. At theatres, both English and French keep hats on, while the curtain is down ;—the English oftentimes, while

The dinner served at Au Grand Colbert for forty sous, is as follows :—a roll of bread ; a half bottle of Macon, or Chablis ; a soup ; three dishes, and a dessert. Your soup may be selected out from *nine* different descriptions. You may choose your *three dishes*

the curtain is up. On entering cafés, restaurants, reading-rooms, &c. &c., the custom of slightly raising the hat, in civility to the general company, is universal in France, and also in Italy. The Englishman does no such thing. The French Chambers legislate with hats off. The English Houses of Parliament,—Lords as well as Commons,—do business with hats on, taking off the same on rising to speak. The Germans, whom I am happy to note down as the civilest-politest people in Europe, make a great deal of the hat. When passing friends in the public streets, they take the hat entirely off: sometimes letting it fall, in extremest feeling of courtesy, to the very arm's length. This act of civility is also often done to solitary strangers, and *always* if in company with a friend who chances to know, and who salutes those strangers. A German, unlike your Englishman, would certainly make effort to save a drowning man, although he might perchance have never been introduced to him. So far as hat-civility is concerned, the vulgar and democratic familiarity, which the Tory part of John Bull likes sometimes to charge upon his brother Jonathan, is left far behind by the practice under many European despotisms. The King of Bavaria thus recognises every body, and never leaves his Pinaukothek, without raising his hat to the seven-foot high porter, there stationed at the door. The Emperor of Austria,—the 'Good Ferdinand,'—the paternal despot,—when alone promenading in the Prater, is continually taking off hat to any and every one that does the same to him, resolved not to be out-rivalled, in this form of politeness. At Munich, no one is permitted to put on hat in the theatre, whether the curtain be up or down. I was, one evening, rather amused at the growl of an

from eighteen kinds of fish ; six forms of fowl ; eight kinds of game ; twenty-one forms of beef ; twenty-five forms of veal ; thirteen forms of mutton, and from thirty kinds and forms of vegetables. Finally, for your dessert, you have a choice among thirty-six differ-

Englishman, at whom, as he put on his hat when rising at the close of the performance to leave the house, a huge, blackly-moustached, brazen-armed German gen d'armes, first softly sent, and, not being regarded, afterwards hoarsely *hurled* a horrid mass of native phraseology, signifying '*off with that hat.*' My Englishman deemed such remaining uncovered, exceeding humbug, saying such was not expected in England, &c. &c. &c. As to German reading-rooms, (to be found at Munich ;—Vienna, Prague, Dresden and Berlin have them not. In these cities, European periodicals can be found *only* at their Cafés) and public galleries of Art, (I am of course speaking of the heart of Germany, and not of its skirts along the Rhine, which the English have so much haunted, and so much changed) every one takes off hat on entering, and puts it not on, till departing. Go into a circulating library,—you are expected to doff hat. Visit any store, or even shop,—you must discover :—nay, you should discrown on entering each dirtiest Eilwagen-office, to engage a seat for your next pausing place in travel ; you *should* do so, for you perceive every German about you so doing. Your Allemand, who thus makes of his hat so much, that a *picture of German civility*, would be almost coincident with a *daily history of German hats*, does not, however, make much of the *glove*. He does not, like your American for instance, keep the hand of a friend, just returned after long absence, patiently out-extended as if for alms, until he can go through the hard process of pulling off a tight-embracing glove, in order that the coming shake may be a warm one, of naked palms. The wise traveller, however, never quarrels with *forms* of civility. If through such forms, the *thing* be visible ;—enough. A flexible man will

ent delicacies. Now this is all extremely liberal, and the business of selection may seem very easy. But I think you will hardly find it so. Much knowledge and skill are indispensable. Your great governing principle should be this ;—never select very compounded dishes. No cooks compound alimentary elements so much as the French. Nine dishes out of ten are described by one or the other of these terms of art, *à la*, or *sauté*,—that is to say, *got up*. Your veal is, *à la* chicorée, and your beef is *sauté aux champignons*, or *sauté au Madère*, that is to say, *got up* with mushrooms, or Madeira wine. The *à la* and the *sauté* are often carried to terrible extremes. I have, in several instances, known the original central substance completely lost in them ; as sometimes you may have failed to recognise a simple, long familiar air, amidst the *appoggiatúras* and flourishes, with which a professional

soon be bended to the form. It is only certain unbendable Englishmen, who with their bodies, resolutely transport their forms, nay more, their narrow island-spirit, over to the broad Continent, that suffer rubs, and checks and even breaks. I recollect an individual who conveyed across the channel, that one among his many forms called *language*, and who rather unfairly complained at Cologne, because forsooth, the landlord did not speak English. Of manners, as of morality and religion, there is no unexceptionable standard in the form ; as there certainly seems to be, in forms embodying beauty, or sublimity, or utility. Whoever wanders much and observingly over Europe, may perhaps, not after long time, hear his voice, Pyrrho-like, exclaiming that in most of these minor matters, as in many more serious ones,

‘ All we know is, nothing can be known.’

executor surrounds it. The consequences in a two-francs-restaurant, may be terrible. You cannot be sure of what you are dining on. A cat *à la* or *sauté*, may, with ease, be substituted for a chevreuil *à la* or *sauté*. Very little experience will inform you on this point. Nay, on reading over the carte of a Parisian restaurant, you may, ere aware of it, find your hand struck down with conviction upon the table, and your tongue declaring that you believe these French, even out of wasted chair bottoms or old leather, could get up a very palatable dish.

The above reflections will serve to guide us in the application of our general principle, and consequently we may subject it to this rule :—exercise *great* caution in selecting the *à las*, and the *sautés*. We have thus narrowed our sphere of choice into some security. We find, that as in the renowned restaurants, our chief effort is to hit upon the best dishes ; so at the Au Grand Colbert, the great task is to avoid the bad ones. For my part, I adopt a most un-epicurean simplicity. I prefer the Doric of a two-francs-restaurant, to its Corinthian. I feel always safe in the bread. *That*, thank God, was baked at a boulangerie. But when I come to the soup, I have not the same confidence. There are nine different kinds. Choose the simplest, but beware, oh beware, of the *Crouton à la purée*. I then usually call for a simple fried sole, and then,—as the knives and forks are never changed,—for a mere cutlet of mutton. By this time, the garyon begins to perceive that he is dealing with a man who perfectly

understands him. You look up into his face with the confidence of one who feels that he has not been gulled,—that he has not ordered one dish, and been served with another. For the third and last course, merely bespeak potatoes simply boiled. As for the dessert; I think you can never dream of Byronically wishing it your ‘dwelling-place.’ Though the map, or carte before you, be studded with marmelades and compotes, distrust them, and satisfy yourself with a dry *biscuit*. I have sometimes ventured into a meringue à la crème, but that rarely. The *à la* was there, and that *à la* enshrouds mysteries. If the mastication of the meringue, sound like the mastication of newly fallen snow, you may go on with assurance. If, however, its substance adhere tenaciously to the teeth, you had better generously abandon it, to be fabricated up into another meringue for some coming dessert-lover, and betake yourself at once to settling for the meal. Having got out of the Procrustean bed of two francs, the only question remaining is, what shall be presented to the garçon for his services. At a sixteen-sous-restaurant, the garçon expects two sous, and at that of thirty-two sous, he will not thank you unless you leave him four. At Colbert’s, do not go beyond five. If you do, the garçon to be sure will thank you, and that profoundly, but inwardly he will pronounce you an Englishman and a flat. As you have merely tasted the half bottle of sour Macon or Chablis, the best thing you can do, after quitting Colbert’s, and shaking the dust from your feet, is to repair at once to

Veron's for your coffee. A two-francs-restaurant is called cheap. Certain persons wonder how their dinners can be served at that price. When last in Boston, I dined at the Tremont House for a few sous more than two francs, on a dinner four times as desirable. That, to be sure, was a table d'hôte. Essentially so, is a two-francs-restaurant. The difference in mere *form*, between them, should, I think, if any thing, contribute to the greater cheapness of the latter.

It moreover serves you a déjeuner, or breakfast, at the fixed price of twenty-five sous. For this sum, you have bread, a half bottle of white or red wine, and two dishes chosen as at dinner. If you please, you may substitute a third dish for your wine. The French like substantial wine breakfasts. A light déjeuner is what they dream not of, and considering this meal with their dinner at five, you may fairly pronounce them the biggest eaters in Europe,—always excepting the Austrians. One feature about their meals, I here applaud. They are never profaned with *hot bread*. That steaming, leaden mixture, which burdens digestion at so many hotels and taverns, and private houses in the United States, you may search not only France, but all the continent over for in vain. There is a distant approach to it in England, under the disguise of buttered muffins. But, thank Heaven, that approach is distant. There are a few features wherein we may copy Europe, without contaminating our nationality. Cold bread at breakfast is one.

Next to the two-francs restaurants, are several thou-

sand Parisian tables d'hôte, of about equal cheapness. You may find them at the third and fourth rate hotels, and in private halls. These are democratically French, as are the aristocratically separated tables of the restaurants. Around them, gather strangers and friends to talk literature, business, or politics. They furnish pleasant pictures of French vivacity and *laissez-aller*. Here is one at the Hôtel Violet. It is kept by Monsieur and Madame Swager. Its *prix-fixe* is three francs, wine included. In rainy weather, I have dined at this table, rather for the sake of Monsieur Swager's company, than for his soup. Monsieur Swager's soup is bad; not bad for one franc, but bad, *exceedingly* bad for three. Moreover, you have not at his table, as at a restaurant, the regulating the succession of your dishes. This is also bad. Next to illy-cooked dishes, is the evil of their injudicious succession. Only your epicure may fitly appreciate this truth. A *plea in abatement* after a *plea in bar*, no new matter having arisen, would not more shock the professional palate of a common law judge, than would a *galantine à la gelée* after a *soufflé à la vanille*, shock the professional palate of a Parisian epicure. There is necessary sequence in the latter, as in the former. The complaint of not having enjoyed one's dinner, is less often attributable to the quality of the dishes, than to unskilfulness in their order of succession.* Hence does your epicure very properly

* I dined last July, at a genteely-thronged table d'hôte in Toeplitz, the renowned watering-place of Bohemia. For my

indulge a sort of contempt for all tables d'hôte, and particularly that at the Hôtel Violet. I have often applauded Monsieur Swager's entrées, never his entremets. His *bouilli*, being a universal French dish, is always relishable. His *aspergès à la sauce* is, with-

two swanzigers, I had presented to me the following dishes in the following order. First, came a bean soup. Secondly, a sort of indescribable pie. Thirdly, a boiled dish merged in gravy. Fourthly, sausages and green beans in the pod. Fifthly, sponge cake with cream. Sixthly, lamb and salad with preserved cherries. Seventhly, cheese and some butter. Eighthly, a quantity of very light thin cake. I partook of all these courses, but with little or no satisfaction. Their confusion perplexed me. No distinct, positive impressions remained. Their effects upon as elegant a company as I have ever seen, at good tables d'hôte in Germany, were various. Immediately after eating of the boiled dish so much merged in gravy, one very fat gentleman, nearly opposite me, fell fast asleep, and his head lolled back over his chair, while his mouth actually opened. The *Kellner*, or *garçon*, on presenting the 'sausages and green beans in pod,' was constrained to make one or two efforts to arouse him. Another gentleman, just after partaking of the lamb, salad, &c., thrust his big *table-knife* into his mouth, for the purposes of a tooth-pick. This, however, I had often witnessed before, at Munich and at Vienna, and by so well-bred persons in other respects, that the practice was gradually shifting in my estimation, from a very vulgar into a rather genteel one. Several persons sulkily read newspapers, in the long interval between the courses. Between cheese and the light thin cake, more than one individual rising, strolled restlessly twice or thrice through the hall, and then resumed his seat. The tumult of many in talk and laughter, was extremely discomposing. I may remark also that the ladies, whose bonnets, when not upon their heads,

out exception, the worst I have ever tasted. This class of tables d'hôte centres each day about it, no insignificant portion of the wit, intelligence, and manners of the metropolis. It is characteristic, and thoroughly French. Go there, if you would see the complaisant freedom of French intercourse, and the charming vivacity of French conversation. The English have no tables d'hôte; the Americans have no restaurants.* The French are more comprehensive. They embrace both. They have restaurants *and* tables d'hôte.

We may now look into the restaurants of second class, the first rate tables d'hôte, and finally into those seven renowned establishments which constitute, as it were, the summit of the Parisian banqueting pyramid.

hung over their chair-backs, and who lounged about lazily upon their elbows like the gentlemen, seemed never one jot nauseated at the largest quantity of public spitting, I had lately witnessed. I did not here see any one dining in his *shirt-sleeves*; a spectacle I once beheld on a rather warm day in July, in the public room of *Zam Goldenen Lamm*, the finest hotel in Vienna. The Germans appear to me to be the kindest-courteous people in Europe, but their tables d'hôte are damnable, and an Englishman judging of their manners at them, by the stubborn standards he invariably brings from his own narrow island, will pronounce such manners exceedingly strange, to say the least of them. One of their features is rather pleasant. No German gentleman, or German lady sits down at, or rises from, a German table d'hôte, without first offering the civility of a smile and bow, to the acquaintance and the strangers in his or her vicinity.

* Of course, with the exception of Delmonico's fine establishment in New York.

XX.

THE SECOND RATE RESTAURANTS.

'Je sais qu'il fut cruel, assassin, suborneur
 Mais de son estomac, je distingue son coeur.'

BESCHOUX.

THOSE intellectual gentlemen, who deem the pleasures of eating unworthy of speech and perhaps of thought, will hardly sympathize with the facts and reflections of the two following Passages. Aware of this, I feel distrustful of their companionship, and almost request them to abstain from walking with me through the renowned restaurants of Paris. Those gentlemen, on the other hand, who reckon the pleasures of eating among the commendable pleasures of life; who can distinguish between Spartan black broth, and *creci au clair de la lune*; who esteem a good dinner as worthy, first of anticipation, then of enjoyment, and afterwards of remembrance; and who, finally, behold in the cookery of a people, one type of their progress in civilization;—such gentlemen, I trust, may not look with frowning eyes upon these cogitations. Into *their* hands, may I venture to entrust myself. It is *their* sympathies and footsteps which, with some confidence, I solicit for the ensuing wanderings.

Paris contains five hundred restaurants of the second

class. I place them, for one reason, in the second class, because, though capable of providing very expensive dinners, they usually provide comparatively cheap ones. These restaurants are distributed all about the metropolis. In the Palais Royal, Prevot's has great merit. Prevot's apartment, in the magnificence of its chandeliers, columns, and mirrors, is next to Very's. There is one table whereat sitting, you may multiply yourself enjoying *pets de nonne*, at least seven times. The spaciousness of this hall requires at its farther extremity, an additional desk for an extra *dame-du-comptoir*.

Not far from Prevot's, and to be ranked on the same level with it, stands the Perigord. Its interior is not so spacious, but it is very tastefully adorned, and the chief window exhibits treasures in the way of game, and fish, fruit and fowl, not unlike those at a Comestibles. I know of nothing more stimulating to an appetite, than the spectacle in this window. Retiring once from the restaurant with a friend, after a hearty meal, and pausing a moment to contemplate this scene, he declared that he felt as strong a disposition to dine, as when, one hour before, he commenced his *potage à la julienne*. It is amusing to watch the countenances of the multitudes who, there promenading, stop for an instant, to eat these luxuries with their eyes. Would to heaven that thus cheaply, they might gratify their palates. If the Perigord's window feast the visual, the flavors from the Perigord's *cuisine* feast the nasal organs. They reek up through an aperture

on the other side of the building. Around this aperture, may you often see couched some half dozen ragged Savoyards, not apparently more for the purpose of watching the mysteries going on in the laboratory below, than for inhaling the fumes and ascending savors. A hungry man of vigorous fancy, there lingering for a moment, and thrusting, as he walks slowly round the corner, a tooth-pick into his mouth, might almost imagine that he had dined.

On the Boulevards, Hardy's may be named as a quiet, comfortable dining house. Many, however, prefer the Café Anglais, directly opposite. The Café Anglais has a questionable name. Moreover, it takes Galignani. Such manifested spirit to encourage the English, is proof that seeds of degeneration are already sown therein. The English corrupt three things:—the dishes—the *laisser-aller*—and the garçons. A *vol-au-vent de turbot à la Marengo*, for instance, cooked at a purely French-frequented restaurant, is a dish quite different from that got up under the same name, at a restaurant much patronized by Englishmen. The delightful Parisian *laisser-aller* is contaminated by English silence, and stiffness of deportment. The garçons are corrupted by too great presents. An Englishman gives twenty sous, where a French gentleman has been accustomed to give ten. Hence arise exorbitant expectations in garçons, much restlessness, indifferent service to all save eaters in big red faces, and vague dreamings after gold. Thus does the garçon grow up into an epitome of those hotels much

frequented by English travellers in Italy. Such garçon and his restaurant are to be avoided. They become members of the same class with certain Parisian shops, on whose doors are written 'English spoken here,' which is, being interpreted, 'English *taken in* here.'

Doux keeps a respectable restaurant over the passage to the Opera. One of his garçons is extremely amiable, and rather intelligent, with a fancy brilliant as his polished hair. Ask him to name his best dishes. With what significant upturnings of the eye, as if in recollection, does he not go on with announcements of 'we have this *sauté*,' and 'we have that *à la*!' His words address not only the ear and eye, but likewise the olfactories. He so describes a dish, you fancy that you can smell it. The last time I dined with Doux, he charged thirteen sous for a pear, and one franc for *fire*. This last charge looked rather singular, and a German gentleman at the next table declared, with a *bei Gott*, that he would not pay it, never having called for that dish, and swearing that the room was cold as the Hartz in midwinter. The dame-du-comptoir politely insisted, and the German was about to stop his dues to the garçon, when the resistless *manner* of that garçon quite overcame him.

Near the Boulevards, in the Rue Vivienne, is the Omnibus-Restaurant. It has but recently been opened. At its head is the Vicomte de Botherel. Titled gentlemen open restaurants in Paris, as titled gentlemen drive stage-coaches in England. The Viscount's *es-*

tablishment is based on a capital of two hundred thousand francs, whose shares are seven hundred and fifty francs each. Capitalists are pleased thus to invest moneys, and receive their due dividends. The rooms of this restaurant are exceedingly brilliant, and in its *clientèle* predominate the sex. It is the only establishment of this kind, wherein I have seen respectable ladies dining, without the presence of a gentleman.

The Boulevards abound in second rate restaurants. They do not, however, monopolize them. The faubourgs are likewise thronged. The hungry stranger is surprised to find in many of those unfashionable sections, such excellent eating. It was not until lately that I made some very valuable discoveries. The Rocher, itself located in a very obscure street, first gave me the hint. So recently as yesterday, walking in the Faubourg-Poissonnière, I read the word 'Restaurant,' in very small and dirty letters. As the hour of five had arrived, I suggested to my companion, that for curiosity's sake, we should there dine. Entering through a narrow avenue, and ascending a narrower flight of stairs, we found ourselves in a small room, containing half a dozen tables. At one, was a national guard in full uniform, seated opposite a rather old lady. At another, was a fine looking old gentleman, reading the *Journal des Debats*. At a third, were four gentlemen conversing with vivacity, and scattered among whose words, I frequently heard the names of Guizot and Molé. The garçon, in light pumps, and with a pocket full of spoons, pointed us to a vacant

seat, placed a carte within reach, gave us each a bread roll, and at once asked what wine we desired. I found his carte extremely rich. It seemed to me equalling Very's, in the number and complexity of its dishes. And then the cookery was admirable. The *apartment* and *furniture* were indeed ordinary; the *courses* were delicious. There was no parade, hardly a mirror, not a curtain, not even a dame-du-comptoir, and but one very poor chandelier. But there *was* the glory of a French cuisine. Nothing fed the eye; all was for the palate, and before the patisserie was half concluded, my companion exclaimed, 'the pleasures of eating are intense.' Eight francs were paid for a dinner, which at the Café de Paris, would have absorbed sixteen. Here was harmony between the thing given, and the thing received. At the Rocher, there is too often discord. I dined there about three weeks since, with a party of five. A twenty-five francs dinner each, had been ordered;—the bill, including wine, amounted to one hundred and ninety-two francs. Having dined at some forty different Parisian restaurants, I was satisfied of the gross exorbitancy of that charge. Such impositions are practised daily. There was not correspondence, nor slightest harmony, between the garçon's bill of fare, and his bill of expense, and no lover of concords could have been otherwise than offended. The world has not an eating house, whose dinners in their tout-ensemble, equal those that may be given at the Rocher de Cancale; and it has none, whose charges, for an ordi-

nary dinner, are so high. Wonders exist in this metropolis, whereof neither the American nor the English traveller, sojourning briefly, ever dreams. I am assured of the existence of Restaurants, whose *single* dishes, *not* courses, come quite up to any of the Rocher, at but one third of their expense. Certain ancient French epicures know their locality, and they have regard enough for their palates and purses, to keep such knowledge to themselves.

Among the tables d'hôte of the first class, are chiefly to be mentioned Meurice's, and that at the Hôtel des Princes. I first dined at Meurice's, on the second day of my arrival in Paris. I was charmed by the brilliancy of the table, adorned as it was, from the beginning to the end of the banquet, with vases of flowers and fruit. I was amazed and bewildered, by the multitudinous succession that passed before me, of unheard-of dishes. Meurice's table will accommodate thirty persons. Madame Meurice has, however, been known to crowd about it, thirty-five and even forty. It then becomes miserable residence for an epicure. The most flavourous dish produces little impression on him, whose elbows are pinned to his loins, like the wings of a skewered becassine. Hence an objection. Intending to dine at Meurice's, ascertain beforehand if the company will probably be numerous. If not, you may reasonably reckon among your day's pleasures, the prospect of enjoying a very magnificent banquet at five o'clock. Out from *twenty-seven* different dishes, you may select, for combination, the elements

of your meal; and when informed that the sum of only four francs responds to such luxury, your surprise mounts up into astonishment. Here seems a discord violent as that at the Rocher, but it is one whereof you have little right, and less disposition, to complain. The four francs, however, will bring forth no wine. You may select that in whole bottles, or half bottles, from the proper carte. The objection to tables d'hôte, on the ground of not being able to regulate the succession of your dishes, is much done away at Meurice's by the multitude of courses. There is a probability, amounting to moral certainty, that among the twenty-seven dishes, you will be able to combine into their due order, those which will most harmoniously correspond with your past habitudes, and gustatory organization. The company at Meurice's is chiefly English. That fact might perhaps have been inferred, from the *abundance* of the courses. Green English come over to the mysteries of Meurice's banquet. At once, some of them ignorantly satiate their appetite on the four first dishes. Twenty-three untasted delicacies that follow, teach them an important lesson for the next banquet. Two hours employed at table, enable one to discover, first, the untravelled English boor; second, the would-be English puppy; and finally, the thorough-bred Englishman,—whom by the way, you will afterwards recall, as one of the most finished and graceful models in your memory. Meurice's is pronounced the finest table d'hôte in the world. It is perhaps the most abundant and various, for the simple

charge of four francs. I do not, however, prefer it to that at the Hôtel des Princes. The latter has a quiet, and a certain delightful air of French self-possession about it, which you may search for in vain among the English at Meurice's. Its dinners are admirable for five francs; its wines very superior, and its service is extremely *comme-il-faut*.

There is another form of Parisian eating, that may be fitly introduced here. It is furnished by a *Traiteur*. Families sojourning here for a few months, find it particularly convenient. The usual custom is, to engage by the week or month, a *traiteur* to furnish breakfasts and dinners at a fixed price, and according to a regulated bill of fare. Thus may you often live extremely cheap, and extremely well. Sometimes, perhaps, you had better leave the bill of fare discretionary with the *traiteur*. Only say to him amiably, 'furnish to me and my family of four, at five o'clock each day, as good a dinner as you can, for five francs, per palate.' Such confidence on your part, often begets very pleasing results. You throw, as it were, a part of your happiness into the *traiteur's* power, and if he be Battiste, near the Palais Royal, your generosity will not be abused. Though the *traiteur* may cook far from your apartments, his dishes are always in the proper temperature. He serves them before you with as much finished regularity, as they are served at a *table d'hôte*, or restaurant. I doubt not you will often be gratified and startled, by his ingenuity in choosing, and regulating the order of your

dishes. You fancy yourself reading therein, his knowledge of your character. You, moreover, often experience the joy of doubtful anticipation, followed by an agreeable surprise. There is, perhaps, no moment in the life of a *gourmand*, more interesting than the interval between the consumption of one dish, and the arrival of its unknown successor. Hope, fear, confidence, doubt;—these are the battling emotions of that interregnum. The mere deposit, by the *traiteur* of his dish before him, does not put those emotions to flight; no, nor even the removal of the silver cover, for the combination is mysteriously French. It is not until the proper question is asked;—‘Eh bien, mon ami, quel morceau piquant avez vous là?’ that tranquillity is restored. Happy he, if the *traiteur* smilingly respond;—‘vol-au-vent à la financière, monsieur.’ It is however, only the *gourmand* who descends to the ignorant pleasure of surprise in unexpected dishes. Your accomplished epicure writes out his palate’s programme beforehand, and he eats his first course with harmonious reference to those which are to follow.

Leaving the *traiteur*, let us now ascend, at once, to the highest class of Parisian restaurants.



PASSAGES IN FOREIGN TRAVEL.



PASSAGES

IN

FOREIGN TRAVEL.

BY ISAAC APPLETON JEWETT.

"To know one's-self is, according to a Milesian sage, the only wisdom. I doubt if there be a man living, who so truly knows himself, that of himself he can deliver a true opinion. And yet one man hesitates not, to pronounce concerning the state and character of another man, of whom he must necessarily know still less than of himself; nay, your *Traveller* presumes to frame and deliver opinions about whole nations, in which work, the chances against truth of opinion, are multiplied some fifteen or twenty millions of times."—*De La Fontaine*.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

BOSTON :
CHARLES C. LITTLE AND JAMES BROWN.

M.DCCC.XXXVIII.

37

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1838,
By CHARLES C. LITTLE AND JAMES BROWN,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

BOSTON:
PRINTED BY FREEMAN AND BOLLES,
WASHINGTON-STREET.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME SECOND.

I.	Page.
AU GRAND VATEL.	7
II.	
FRENCH INGENUITY.	36
III.	
THE GRAND FRENCH OPERA.	51
IV.	
THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES—BERRYER.	64
V.	
THE DISJUNCTION BILL—LAMARTINE'S FALL.	80
VI.	
GUIROT—ARAGO—LAMARTINE.	97
VII.	
FRENCH RADICALISM IN 1837.	112
VIII.	
THE PARISIAN STAGE.	127
IX.	
PARISIAN THEATRES—MADEMOISELLE MARS.	143

vi CONTENTS OF VOLUME SECOND.

X.	
EXPOSITION OF ART AT THE LOUVRE IN 1837. .	Page. 160
XI.	
ADIEUS TO PARIS.	180
XII.	
A DAY AT BADEN IN BADEN.	191
XIII.	
BAIÆ—PROCIDA—ISCHIA.	205
XIV.	
VESUVIUS.	216
XV.	
JOURNEY FROM NAPLES TO ROME.	223
XVI.	
THE COLOSSEUM.	237
XVII.	
THE IMPROVISATRICE.	245
XVIII.	
RAMBLINGS IN ROME.	250
XIX.	
THE MISERERE.	256
XX.	
JOURNEY FROM ROME TO FLORENCE.	264
XXI.	
CONNOISSEURSHIP.	276
XXII.	
GALILEO—DANTE.	283
XXIII.	
RAMBLES IN FLORENCE.	293

CONTENTS OF VOLUME SECOND. vii

XXIV.

	Page.
THE ARMENIANS AT VENICE.	300

XXV.

GOLDONI IN ITALY.	313
---------------------------	-----

XXVI.

LAST DAYS IN ITALY.	318
-----------------------------	-----

XXVII.

CHILLON.	332
------------------	-----

XXVIII.

BERNE AND ITS BEARS.	341
------------------------------	-----

XXIX.

OBERLAND.	349
-------------------	-----

PASSAGES IN FOREIGN TRAVEL.

I.

AU GRAND VATEL.

‘When the Britons, Germans, Cimmericians and Scythians broke into France, they brought with them a rare voracity, and stomachs of no ordinary calibre. They did not long remain satisfied with the official cheer which a forced hospitality supplied to them. They aspired to *more refined* enjoyments, and in a short time, the Queen City was little more than an immense refectory.’

M. BRILLAT SAVARIN.

IN the highest category of Parisian Restaurants, I class seven; the Café de Paris—Grignon’s—the Trois Frères—Very’s—Vefour’s—the Rocher de Cancale, and the GRAND VATEL. Among these is reputed to tower supreme, the Rocher. It stands in the same relation to the others, as stands Taglioni with respect to Julia, Noblet, Alexis and Leroux; or rather as stands Shakspeare with respect to Shirley, Johnson and the other second rate dramatists of that age. Therefore, does your Parisian epicure, if he like dancing and dramatic

poetry exclaim,—‘Time has thus far beheld *one* Shakspeare, *one* Taglioni, and *one* Rocher de Cancale.’ For myself, I cannot altogether accede to this general reputation. In classing such establishments, I am guided by five elements, to wit;—cooking, expense, service, company, and apartment. Now, in cooking, the Rocher is unequalled. In each of the remaining elements, it is inferior to some one or other of its competitors. Without going into laborious comparisons, I at once declare that I give a preference to that restaurant, over whose entrance are inscribed these monumental words,—Au Grand Vatel. The Rocher may be patronized on special occasions;—the Grand Vatel I prefer, as a regular daily dining house. The former is the Johannisberg of your gourmet; the latter his Chambertin.

The Café de Paris stands on the Italian Boulevard. Its rooms are spacious, with ceilings of most aristocratic loftiness. Its furniture is rich. Its table-linen is of snowy whiteness. Its floor is polished into mirrors. Its garçons have clear complexions, and its dame-du-comptoir looks mellow, as if just bathed in cream. Indeed, no gentleman should enter those elegant rooms, unless lately from a bath, and in genteel vestments. He will see a company around him, of fashionable ladies and gentlemen. Such is the public of the Café de Paris. It is one sphere for the first bringing out of an elegant fashion. Counts, marquises, and bucks dressed for the opera, like to dine at the Café de Paris. It is, however, in the midst of

noise and motion. Those tranquil epicures who would not have digestion molested by street shouts, and rattling of carriages, will seldom patronize this restaurant. I have sometimes taken breakfast there. Its omelettes are beyond all praise. I remember them with some emotion. The Café de Paris is one of the most expensive restaurants in Paris. Gentlemen are pleased to pay for the renown of dining there.

If you would escape the outer world tumult near the Café de Paris, go at once to Grignon's. It is on the second floor, and its entrance is up through a broad staircase, in the Passage Vivienne. Grignon's is an immense establishment, with its twenty large and small dining apartments. The private rooms are often ordinary. Its public hall, however, has an air of lofty elegance, and well-bred quiet that much impresses you at first. Its thick and heavily folded window-curtains look almost baronial; and when gas-illuminated, the room is very brilliant. The quiet of Grignon's public, too often degenerates into mere stiffness and silence. There is moreover, much staring at entrances and exits. When last dining there, I counted six Americans at various tables, and a still greater number of English. There was of course, thus far, an absence of French *abandon*. The spirit of the various company, seemed to be narrowed and cramped by fastidious ideas of propriety. A transition from Grignon's to a characteristic French Café, is an emancipation indeed. In the one is all freedom; in the other all chains. The service at Grignon's is extremely

slow,—a feature in which it approximates to the gentility of the Rocher. Of its cookery, I remark in general, that the *entrées* are too highly seasoned for my taste. The *entremets* and *hors d'œuvres* are unexceptionable. I confess frankly, however, that I am not partial to Grignon's. I have sometimes been disappointed by unpardonable anachronisms, if so they may be called. Hockheimer has been introduced without the properly-colored glasses; and it has not been deemed fit to repeat a dinner there, since my *coquille de volaille* was served up in a silver imitation, instead of the veritable *shell* from the sea.

The *Trois Frères Provençaux* is situated in the northern extremity of the Palais Royal. You enter between two statues, whereof one is Hebe holding her emblems. The rooms are not very spacious. They are numerous, adorned with arched mirrors, between which are refreshing pictures of landscape. You may there dine, looking out into the gardens upon one of the gayest summer scenes in Europe. A barometer is suspended near the door, whereby those sensitive in digestion, may regulate their diet with reference to any indicated change of the weather. The *dame-du-comptoir* is to be looked at, as an image of *Mademoiselle Mars*. Moreover, she will say more good things in one half hour, than any other *dame-du-comptoir* can say in two. Old gentlemen of wit, in the intervals of their courses, are happy to leave their seats, and exchange merry sallies with her. Many dislike the *Trois Frères*, for that its tables are con-

tinuous; they should be isolated. Also its carte is in the shape of a large sheet of paper, instead of a conveniently bound volume. The first time I entered the restaurant, I beheld there dining a vivacious old gentleman, whom, the summer before, I had known at the springs of Baden, as an accomplished epicure. I sat down at table No. 3, with much confidence. You pay pretty smartly for your cookery at the Trois Frères;—but *such* cookery!!

Very's is but a few steps from the Trois Frères. Old Very was long ago, a renowned restaurateur. He now rests in one of the Parisian cemeteries. The man who served so many banquets in his day, has at last *become* a banquet. No epicure ever visits Paris, without placing an amaranth upon his tomb. There may you read;—

J. B. VERY.

Died at Paris, 21st January, 1809.

A good brother, a sincere friend;

His whole life was consecrated to the Useful Arts.

That he should have been a good brother and sincere friend, were inevitable consequences of his professional education; and when I consider the influences of diet upon the body, and through the body on the heart, and mind and character, I call his art not merely a useful, but likewise a *spiritual* one. 'Tell me what a man eats,' said Charles V. 'and I will tell you what he thinks.'

Very's salon of the first, like that of the second

floor, is magnificent. Taken by itself, it perhaps is not the most extraordinary room in the world; but taken with all its multiplications through twenty immense mirrors, it may safely be pronounced so. It is to restaurants, far more than what Veron's fine salon is to cafés. Its floor is of purer marble. Its chandeliers are more gorgeous. Its mirrors are larger and more numerous. Its gilding is more rich, and its arabesques are more lovely. Entering it for the first time, when illuminated, I doubt not you will pause, in a sort of rapture and astonishment. No palace from the lamp of Aladdin, could have ever arisen to your fancy, in the splendor and dazzling brilliancy of this fifty times reflected scene. The apartment will accommodate eighty epicures. The plate is in excellent order, and the carte is not only bound into a handsome volume, but also fortified with brass, like those old tomes which are reputed to contain the rarest treasures of human thought. The two dames-du-comptoir are magnificently apparelled, thus harmonizing with the gorgeousness around them. They possess not the quick wit of the lady at the Trois Frères. Indeed they have not the like foils to keep it active and elastic. Heavy Englishmen go much to Very's. Very's is said to be degenerating, and a prevailing idea is now embodied in the following formula;—'the English have *spoiled* Very's.'

Vefour's is next door to Very's. Strange proximity!—distracting with doubt the unaccustomed. The window at Vefour's, so surpassingly rich in game and

fruits, often wins away from Very's. Its rooms, though smaller, are gilded and painted into like dazzling and fanciful brilliancy. You perceive them half full of hungry Englishmen, therefore abandon it at once and proceed to the Rocher.

Au Rocher de Cancale ! The rock which gives the finest oysters to Europe, gives its name to this restaurant. It is situated rather obscurely, at the meeting of the Rue Mandar with that of Montorgueil. There is nothing pleasing about its exterior. Entering a sort of anteroom, about which are fancifully arranged fruits and game, a lady at the counter salutes you. There is nothing here, like the Vefour and Very splendor, you have just left. At the Rocher, is good cooking. At the Rocher, is no magnificence. From that anteroom, you pass up winding stairs, meeting here a mirror and there a mirror, and every where outleading narrow avenues into private dining apartments. There is ever something of mystery to me in those narrow avenues. They seem redolent of intrigues. They have been threaded by millions in the widest contrasts of sensual life ;—hunger and satiety. Were there no other history of human nature than what those walls might write, a very significant and comprehensive volume would the world possess. The winding stairs lead you to the salon, in the third story. That salon is too ordinary for description. It accommodates but fifteen diners. The Rocher generally entertains private parties. For their reception, it has fifteen cabinets. Some will contain four, six and ten ;

while others are for twenty and thirty persons. The Rocher garçons are excellent. They catch your slightest whisper. Nothing can be worse, than a half-deaf garçon. They are moreover of marble-coolness and tranquillity. Nothing can be more unpalatable to the eye, than a perspiring garçon. The carte of the Rocher is abundant beyond all comparison. Every great restaurant has its *crack* dish. That at the Rocher in 1837 is, *Sole en matelotte Normande*. The genius which conceived out that delicious combination, may be pronounced *creative*, in any comprehensible sense of the word. You wait long for courses at the Rocher. In their intervals, strive to fathom the depths of its multifarious carte. I have one, at this moment, before me. As a curiosity, would you like to contemplate its contents? Narrowed to that meagre strip of a Bill of Fare, at the first hotel of New England, you may be pleased for a moment to revel, though but in imagination, through the Bill of Fare at a first rate restaurant of Paris. As the opening question of the garçon is about wine, turn to the last page of the carte and make your choice among *thirty-seven* red, thirty-one white, and twelve foreign wines. Of soups, there are thirty-four different kinds. This is enormous; but look at the piscatory column. Behold *one hundred and twelve* different modes of serving up twenty or thirty kinds of fish! The German notion of Shakspeare's many-sidedness, is totally lost in this amplitude of a French cook's idea of the many-sidedness of an epicure's piscatory palate. But look at the

beef column,—*thirty-seven* modes of cooking ox and cow, whereof nineteen are beef-steaks *à la* this, or *à la* that. And yet the offspring beats the parent out and out, for lo! *fifty-two* modes of serving up veal! And still your fowl, though considerably smaller, beats them all, since of fowl, the Rocher professes seventy-two different styles in the cooking. Of game, it likewise has fifty; and this, moreover, is quite independent of fowl and game *rôtie*, whereof are thirty-five additional forms. ‘Strange multitude of combinations this,’ you exclaim, and when I tell you that one style of serving up a chicken’s leg is called *à la diable*, you may also exclaim that ingenuity is devoutly put to it, for their designations. Moreover, here is mutton in thirty-six forms; and its offspring, lamb, in twelve. Thus far, I have but spoken of the *entrées*. Behold the *entremets*. Fifty-six forms of vegetable,—twenty of eggs,—ten of coquillages,—fourteen of salads,—and forty-three of entremets sweet. There are also of hors d’œuvres, forty-four kinds. Your dessert may be selected from forty-two different delicacies, and the dinner may be concluded by tasting one among thirty kinds of *liqueur*. Here is some breadth and expansiveness of invention, with minutest ingenuity. The combinations which, in so few moments, I have enumerated, are results of many thoughtful years, many thousand experiments, and many disappointing efforts. A first rate French dish may not, like a first rate inspiration of poetry, music, or painting, be gleamed forth in a sudden instant.

Time and toil are indispensable, and I never look upon *Sole en matelotte Normande*, without reflecting that, if such dish were at once to be obliterated from the memory of cooks, and the *Almanach des Gourmands*, perhaps an age might pass away, before in all its present perfection, it could be re-created.*

* * * * *

And now I know no better resting-place, after our long walks among the Parisian Eating Houses, than a seat at table No. 6, in the Grand Vatel. My reader must certainly have heard of Vatel,—Vatel the cook, the Artist—the *great* Vatel;—how he was engaged to prepare a dinner for the royal fête at Chantilly; how the sea-fish (*marée*) had not arrived at 8 o'clock A. M., and how for that reason, retiring to his chamber, he stabbed himself to the heart, preferring death to even the possibility of disappointing a royal palate. The account may be read in Madame de Sévigné's letter of April 24th, 1671, wherein the writer, not without some pathos, thus conjectures: 'Songez que la marée est peut-être arrivée comme il expiroit.'†

* M. Henrion de Pensée, late President of the Court of Cassation, wrote thus to MM. La Place, Chaptal, and Berthollet:—'I regard the discovery of a dish, as a far more interesting event than the discovery of a star; for we have always stars enough, but we can never have too many dishes, and I shall not regard the sciences as sufficiently honored, or adequately represented amongst us, until I see a Cook in the first class of the Institute.'

† Madame De Sévigné has devoted two letters to the character and death of this renowned culinary Artist. She speaks of him as of one fit to administer a government;—'cet homme

Fitly was this restaurant consecrated to his memory. 'Au Grand Vatel.' The words have to me a monumental and a melancholy interest, and seldom do I pass beneath them, without half-denouncing the *marée* whose tardy arrival brought that martyr to a suicidal end.

d'une capacité distinguée de tous les autres, dont la *bonne tête* étoit capable de contenir tout le soin d'un Etat; cet homme *que je connoissois*;—pluming herself thus upon his acquaintance. His melancholy fate seems, for a time, to have entirely absorbed her thought. Concluding one of the letters, she says, 'M. De Menars is about marrying Mademoiselle de la Grange-Neuville, but I know not how I have courage to talk to you about any one but Vatel.' It seems there were many presentiments, or rather pre-events, bodeful of his coming destiny. On the evening before the fatal Friday, there was a Royal *souper*, and at several tables, the *roast* was lacking. Vatel was exceedingly troubled, and many times was heard to exclaim in bitterness, 'I am lost. I am honor-lost;' 'je suis perdu d'honneur; voici un affront que je ne supporterai pas.' To Gourville he said, 'my brain reels,' 'la tête me tourne,' imploring of him aid in the giving of orders. Gourville, like another Crito, often repeated consoling words, but the memory of the *rôti qui avoit manqué*, was ever returning. One of the Royal Princes visited the disconsolate cook in his chamber, telling him that nothing could have been finer than the *souper* of the King. 'Monseigneur,' replied Vatel, 'vôtre bonté m'achève; je sais que le *rôti a manqué à deux tables*.' 'Point du tout,' answered the Prince, 'ne vous fâchez point; tout va bien.'

At four of the clock, on Friday morning, April 24th, 1671, Vatel arose. All rested in sleep but a solitary purveyor, who was bringing in two loads of *marés*. 'Is that all;'—'*est-ce là tout?*' asked Vatel quickly. 'Oui, Monsieur.' Vatel had sent to every port in the kingdom. Vatel waited long, but no

You approach the restaurant, beneath those words, through a narrow staircase. Opening the door, and returning the recognition of a *dame-du-comptoir* on your left, walk at once around to No. 6. It is a little table for a party of two, behind which rises an immense mirror, and from whose point, you get a very complete visual range of the entire company. On your right hand is a table for six, and on your left, another for four. The large apartment will easily accommodate one hundred and fifty persons. There are, moreover, private cabinets, where you may be retired with your

more *marée* arrived. '*Sa tête s'échauffoit.*' He sought out Gourville, and said to him, 'I will not survive *this* disgrace.' Gourville dubiously smiled. Instantly Vatel rushes to his chamber; places his sword against the door, passes it towards his heart, makes two efforts in vain, a third is fatal, and he falls dead. In the mean time, the *marée* arrived from all quarters! They sought Vatel to take charge of it; went to his chamber, burst open the door, and found him bathed in blood. '*M. le Prince fut au désespoir.*' *M. le Duc pleura;*' for it was upon Vatel that depended his newly-proposed jaunt into Burgundy. The Prince, with much feeling, (*fort tristement*) announced his death to the King. '*On dit que c'étoit à force d'avoir de l'honneur à sa manière; on le loua fort; on loua et blâma son courage.*' The grief of the Court for Vatel, was temporary as it was violent, and from *Mad. De Sévigné*, one learns with sad astonishment, that as if nothing had happened, the fête went merrily onward to its close. Who could have anticipated such quick forgetfulness of the great Artist, and martyr to his fame *à sa manière*, as that revealed in the following narration?—'*On dîna très-bien, on fit collation, on soupa, on se promena, on joua, on fût à la chasse; tout étoit parfumé de jonquilles, tout étoit en-chaudé.*'

friends, and where the service is similar to that of the grand hall, except that therein enter no *half* bottles of wine.

As the hour of five has not arrived, very few diners have made their appearance. Here and there may a chair be seen, leaning against a table, to indicate that already such places have been reserved. Six or seven garçons in clean, white aprons, and polished hair, looked silently out at the crowds in the garden, or whisper something among themselves. Here, as in all the restaurants, stands a middle-aged gentleman by the side of the comptoir. His complexion is a little florid. His hair is brushed up with careful precision. His white cravat is painfully high. His dress-coat is of deep snuff color. His stomach is advancing into embonpoint, and his polished boots are strapped. You might perhaps take him for a visiter, were it not for that official napkin thrust under his left arm. He is the proprietor of the establishment, its Amphytrion, and is there stationed to look at garçons, and see that all marches well.

Suspending your hat and surtout from loops behind, you take a seat, and the garçon, depositing by the side of your plate,—whereon rest the usual napkin and large roll of bread,—a knife, fork and spoon, presents you the carte, and at once puts the question ‘*quel vin desirez vous, monsieur ?*’ Looking through that part of the carte, which contains at least forty-eight different kinds of wine, you resolve, as the dinner is to be an ordinary one, on Macon. The Macon of the Grand Vatel

is altogether the finest I have tasted in Paris. It is, however, much inspirited by an intermingling of eau-de-seltz, a bottle of which you likewise order.

Each individual has certain predilections and associations, which render one style of dinner more dear to him, than any other. That all persons should be similarly impressed by the same meal, is as absurd as that all persons should be similarly impressed by the same style in poetry, music, or painting. I almost fear that my reader,—whom I now most respectfully invite to dine with me, on the opposite side of the table,—may neither approve my choice of dishes, nor the order of their succession. And yet, I trust he will rub his hands in assent, when I call first for a dozen of Cancale oysters. ‘Garçon, une douzaine.’ They immediately enter, heaped up in their natural shells, upon a large plate, in company with a lemon. The Cancale oysters have often an unpleasant taste of copper. They lack, moreover, as do all French oysters, the exuberant richness of those to be enjoyed in New York. And yet, impregnated with that lemon juice, they constitute a very excellent hors d’œuvre.

Soup after oysters is exactly *comme-il-faut*, and suppose it now be tried. There are eighteen different kinds of soup, in the *carte* of the Grand Vatel. My reader may select that which best pleases him. I venture to suggest *Creci aux croûtons*. It is a soup delicious in itself, and it is rendered more delicious by its relation to the preceding dish. Those oysters seem to have prepared the palate for that soup. To speak

figuratively, the oysters have planted the elements of the soup's success. I may here say that unless cognizant of your dishes, you are not always safe in making choice. Experimenting upon that vast mysterious carte before you, like all experimenting, is expensive and dangerous. It is not every Columbus, that discovering a new world, thereby contributes to his own worldly happiness. Hoping to make some valuable discoveries, I once abandoned my usual soups, and called for *riz à la Turque*. The name looked relishable enough, but the dish, the soup itself!—surely neither Turk nor Christian could possibly have relished *that*.

Soup completed, the palate instinctively longs for fish. The carte of the Grand Vatel reveals to you seventy-six different forms of cooking fish. Very's having ninety-one, of course surpasses it; but it beats Vefour's by twenty-four. I doubt not, that dining at Havre, immediately after your arrival in Europe, you pronounced fried sole the most delicious piscatory dish that ever had been served before you. At the Grand Vatel, however, do not, *do not* fling yourself away on fried sole; call at once for *Turbot à la crème*. It is a combination mild as moonbeams, and can only be fitly spoken of in poetry. I think you may not find its name down in the carte. To say truth, the cartes of the Rocher and the Grand Vatel, do not disclose their best treasures. As Raphael doubtless had sublimer visions in his secret soul, than ever he revealed on canvass, so the secret repertory of a first rate French cuisine, possesses dishes altogether superior to those enumerated in

its carte. The *turbot*, as it is *au gratin*, requires the cook's ingenuity for some twenty or twenty-five minutes. During that time, the company has begun to thicken.

To you, an American traveller, one great beauty in the company of the Grand Vatel is this,—it is not only European, but Continental. Few Americans find their way thither, and still fewer English. Among the consequences of this absence are, comparative cheapness in bills, French civility in garçons, and French ease and liveliness all about you. I have become familiar with several of its *habitués*. One ancient gentleman interests me exceedingly. He wears the red ribbon, and on entering, salutes not only the Amphytrion, and the dame-du-comptoir, but likewise his garçon. When seated, he slowly unfolds his napkin, and passes it twice or thrice over his plate. Then taking his glass, he deliberately rubs that, holding it finally up to the light to see if it be clean. Then his knife, fork, and spoon, undergo the same cleansing process, and then he tucks one corner of his napkin into the bosom of his buttoned coat. By this time the garçon, who perfectly comprehends his palate, has placed before him wine and soup. His subsequent dishes are always ordered, without visible reference to the carte. He knows that carte by heart. This gentleman is a retired tradesman, of moderate income. He patronizes the Grand Vatel and the Théâtre Français. He is an *habitué* of both. At a little distance from him, stands another table, whereat are a Frenchman, his wife and three children. Farther

on, behold two *petits-maitres* in long black curls, with champaign ice-struck before them. Still farther on, a gentleman pours out Beaune to one, who *should be his wife*. And now arrive deputies, and proprietors, and gentlemen of fashion, and ladies, and young people, and old people, and Germans and Italians; throngs promiscuous, differing in ten thousand points, and resembling in two;—they are all hungry, and they are all conversational.

I have said, that in England are no restaurants. There are very distant approximations to them. There are public eating houses, under the miserable name of *chop-shops*.* Fearing, however, that in such establishments, gentlemen might perhaps too nearly approach each other, they are generally divided off into narrow compartments, by unsociable screens. Behind these compartments, John Bull sulkily sits himself to drink ale, eat roast beef, and to blush in solitude. If the English have no restaurants, neither have they the anti-domestic state of feeling and habits, which the existence of such establishments implies. Those persons who deem the hearth of home one richest nursery of private, and in their developement, of public virtues, will pronounce them in this respect far better off than the French. Whatever moralists

* An English epicurean Poet thus coarsely classifies these establishments :—

‘ But I love what is good,
When and where be my food,
In a *chop-house* or Royal Pavilion.’

and John Bull may think of this feature, no Frenchman could possibly, for a moment, think of making an exchange. To him, such publicity of life is indispensable to its enjoyment. He must take his dinner in public, and his coffee in public. He must read his newspaper in public, and promenade hours each day, in the public places of his metropolis. Such wish was implanted in him when a child, and has become a part of his man's character. If its gratification be hostile to the birth and growth of many substantial household virtues, it tends, at least, to make a frank, a graceful, a conversational, and an accomplished people. He pronounces the gratification of an opposite wish selfish, unsocial, aristocratical, narrowing, and prejudice-begetting. There might perhaps, be an intermediate course, capable of gathering to itself, the best features of either extreme, and whose pursuit would be attended by a preferable state of private and public society. Such course, a young and flexible nation might enter upon. The social system of France is in harmony with her past habitudes, her other national features, and her existing institutions. No man, in his senses, can at present wish to have over here the English social system, as no man could possibly desire to see this French social system, transported across the channel. They are totally unlike wheels of two totally unlike instruments. Each revolves well in its place. Neither can perform the office of the other.

The healthy developments of a people, like those of an individual, are always natural, and generally

harmonious. That one nation may avail itself of certain institutions in another, to *develope* (not *thwart*, or *change* the radical character of) *itself*, is reasonable enough. Any other availment than this would be unsalutary, and ridiculous; to say nothing of its unpatriotic character. There is much of query among travelling Americans, as to what of Europe might profitably be conveyed across the Atlantic. At first, broad questions may seem to arise. The more I look and reflect, the narrower grows the sphere of choice. As there is very little in American institutions, that at this moment would be feasible, or even desirable in Europe, so there is still less of Europe, that I would wish to see translated into the United States. I state my thought distinctly, disguising not its repulsiveness. My reason for it is this:—the beauty, and harmony, and originality, and dignity and strength of a nation developed forth into all its features, under *its own* institutions, and through *its own* influences. I would wish to see American heart and mind developed, not into European perfection, but into their own natural completeness, by the appropriate means. Therein do I seem to see human nature forth-coming into new forms, and forms as interesting as any witnessed by the past, or by the present. Those who like to contemplate the peculiar manifestations of man in Greece, and Rome, and Venice, will appreciate my thought. Any imported institution, or custom, or style of feeling and thinking, that might run counter to such natural manifestations, should be chased back to its cradle and

home in Europe. 'America is extremely provincial yet,' said lately an American gentleman, long resident in Paris. 'You should try to perfect yourselves upon models in the old world.' Risking the charge of narrowness and bigotry, I think that such models are, by us, to be looked up to, with very suspicious devotion. I would rather see society developed into imperfect originality, than into a perfect imitation. If there could be one safe transplantation across the Atlantic, you might suppose it of European works of art. Conversing once with Bartolini of Florence, and regretting that we had no statuary in the United States:—'You are better off without it,' said the sculptor. 'Would to Heaven I had been born in America. Why don't you do as did the Greeks? There's nothing new under the sun, because people are always studying models, instead of acting out their veritable selves. Do you know that I have never been to Rome? What's more, I don't look at the sculpture in the Ducal Gallery, but once a year.' In Bartolini's remark, may perhaps be something ultra, bordering on purism. The spirit of it, however, seems to me, unexceptionable. That spirit,—would to Heaven it might prevail in every department of American action. Instead of aping Europe, let us occasionally use her. She may furnish us, here and there, a hint. If we permit her to do more, depend upon it we shall *always* be provincial. We shall be strapped and twined into petty resemblances. We shall be America Europeanized. We shall have no original character, no

speaking forth of our true selves ; in short, no vigorous and imposing developement of what Thomas Carlyle might term the National Ego,—the Ineradicable Moi.

This *Turbot à la crème*, which the garçon has now brought in, you, after a short time, pronounce an airy and a graceful combination,—a very Taglioni of piscatory dishes. Words cannot well express its sportive delicacy. Perhaps it is one of the gayest achievements of the French culinary art. It is to other dishes, what the *La Gazza Ladra* is to operas, or the arabesque of the *Alhambra* to architecture. It is only well composed at the *Rocher*, and the *Grand Vatel*. *Grignon* makes it wretchedly, and one garçon at *Very's*, when the dish was ordered, actually did not know what it was. Englishmen, and even Americans, have been known to inhabit Paris weeks, nay months, without having tasted it. Such are among the consequences of going exclusively to Englishized French restaurants. I think you often may be made very cheerful, by the sportiveness of this marvellous dish. I have a friend who, in some moments of despondency, has half resolved to starve himself down into the merest sketch or skeleton of a man, and then forthwith to volume and body forth his bones upon *Turbot à la crème* alone. A psychological experiment this, which, I doubt not, might lead to some very curious, and perhaps very useful truths.

After *Turbot*, order a beefsteak à l'Anglaise. Order it, merely to assure yourself that the French cannot cook a beefsteak. England is the only country for

that simply flavoured dish ; and in England, mine host John Jennings of the 'Lion,' at Canterbury, is much to be recommended. His hot steaks exhale an indescribable aroma. The beefsteaks of France are unworthy the name. The dish is too simple for French ingenuity. It is only in intricate combinations that these cooks succeed. However chaste and classically simple may be their standard literature, their cookery is quite the reverse. A man of one idea is not to you more detestable, than is a dish of one idea to a Frenchman's palate.

While you are waiting for *aspergès aux petits pois*, that is, for an entremets of asparagus got up with peas, the garçon deposits before you a silver case of tooth-picks. 'What do you think of French vegetables?' asked I of a travelled American. 'Excellent, very excellent are they,' was his reply. 'What do you think of French vegetables?' asked I of another travelled American. 'Damnably, damnably,' replied he. The fact is, the French serve up the worst, and the best vegetables that grow. The dish just ordered has an amiable mirthful taste, but as for asparagus, or peas, their characteristics are quite swallowed up and lost, among the numerous ideas intermingled with them.

Ask now for an entrée of pâtisserie,—a *vol-au-vent à la financière*, for instance. It is a gentle delicacy, in the midst whereof you discover a cockril's comb. The word *vol-au-vent*, typifies it exactly. It seems *flying to the wind*, so mild and feather-like is its course to its

destination. We may now go on, if we please, calling and still re-calling for any score of additional dishes. So Frenchly cooked, have been those already enjoyed, we are unburdened as before commencing. Herein is one beauty of a French meal. You are not sluggish after it, and have none of that old, transatlantic, bloated, blowzy after-dinner sensation. You are conversational, nay, rather amiable, and if an enemy in the world have a favor to request, now is his moment to present himself. Happy influences these, and haply to be remembered, when all other influences of foreign travel have passed away!

French cookery addresses much the palate, but still more the stomach and constitution, and through them the entire man. When a scholar at Hofwyl is fretful or peevish, Fellenburg does not give him a chastisement, he gives him a warm bath. Fellenburg wisely knows what moral ameliorations, such physical agent can bring about. Diet is a tremendous agent for spiritual ends. I like to fancy society, moral, intellectual and political, under the old image of a ship, at whose helm however, I seem to see a fat man, in white apron, and white tasseled cap, with ladle in hand.

The merely physical ends of eating are threefold. There is the simple and exclusive end, of gratifying those few square inches of gustative superficies, denominated the Palate. This is a narrow, base and a sensual end, proposed to themselves by *gluttons* alone. There is then the end of not only gratifying the pal-

ate, but likewise of pleasing the stomach, and thus diffusing for a time throughout the frame, much balmy and aromatic enjoyment. This end is certainly higher than the first-named, and lies within the daily endeavour of all *gourmands*. And now we come to the third and noblest end, proposed to himself by none save your accomplished and philosophical epicure. This end has three constituent parts, whereof each harmonizes with the other:—the securing for your palate, its largest possible quantity of present gratification; for your stomach and general frame, the greatest amount of present enjoyment; and for your constitution, the best materials of its permanent strength and activity. To accomplish this triply-divided and most comprehensive end, is labor of deepest difficulty. Not only must good *digestion* wait on *appetite*, but *health* on both. What pleases the palate may much offend the stomach, or the constitution; and what benefits the constitution may not be most relished by the palate, or even the stomach. The labor though difficult is not impossible; and when achieved, like all difficult labors on this earth, bears forth the finest fruits. In successful pursuit of this, as of a more spiritual aim, each one must be his own teacher, and his own guide. The means which bless one man, may curse his neighbor. Hence appears the daring quackery of those lecture-books which prescribe the same dietetic system for all mankind;—lengthening or shortening all mortal palates and stomachs, to their one Procrustean bed. Strangely presuming lectures!—striving to teach the

unteachable. Let him who would not shorten his days, or more properly to speak, diminish the number of his earthly meals, beware of them.

Americans pay little attention to cooking. Americans have dyspepsia, and its consequences,—world-hating, cracker-and-water-regimen, with much kneading of the stomach. The French have good cooking, and they know little or nothing about that disease. Moreover, from the highest to the lowest, they take their meals very slowly. Such health-promoting practice, is profoundly scouted at by multitudes of a people, intent only on mighty destinies in the future, towards which they wildly rush, and with whom, what in other lands is called *dining*, can only be expressed by that indigestible phrase, *gobbling down*. Herein do we act out certain inconsistencies. Anxious to the extremest point about our moral diet, we totally neglect that physical aliment, whereupon so much of efficacy in the heart's food depends. We sustain a corps of dyspepsia doctors; we laugh at the art which might render dyspepsia impossible.

An *omelette soufflé* may well precede your dessert. An omelette 'blown up!'—a type is this of the vapoury lightness in all French dishes. To the eye, it presents an ample exterior. It is, however, but a zephyr, and with ease may be compressed into a maiden's thimble. When vanished away over your palate, you pronounce it stuff unsubstantial as infant's dreams. But nothing can be more delicate. The delicacy, half-musical, of

nightingale's tongues served up at that banquet of a Roman epicure, might *perhaps* compare.

For the dessert you have a choice among thirty-nine articles. Bewildering is this. Take a *meringue à la crème*. It will prepare your palate for the forth-coming coffee. This beverage, however, is usually sipped at some café. The Moka of the Grand Vatel is excellent. Before introducing it, the garçon deposits before you the bowls of *perfumed* water. After coffee, imitate the French lady opposite, and swallow a little glass of *liqueur*. You may however, not care to disturb the agreeable impression, wrought through French coffee, by taking any thing subsequent thereunto. Indeed, frequently arise difficulties and doubts in determining upon the true pausing point, in the courses of a Parisian dinner. I should not be surprised were you to stop at once with *turbot à la crème*, resolved to run no risk of annihilating, or in any manner of confusing the one-ness, and tranquil delicacy of its impression. Whoever has seen Macbeth last embodied by Kemble, Siddons, and those other mighty spirits now passed away for ever, and who has resolved not to have marred the memory thereof, by witnessing another representation, will, I trust, appreciate this anxiety of an epicure to preserve unruffled the mirror of his dream. Unto him, if in his usual benevolence, it is no cheerful employ, to note among carelessly-dining friends around him, one positively pleasant gustatory impression broken in upon by others less worthy; the satisfactory completeness, for instance, of *queue de mouton*

à la purée, shattered into fragments by *haricots* and *artichauts*; the music of one full finely-falling wave thus jangled, as it were, by the splash and splatter of quick-successive wavelets. If for him there be one other contemplation still less cheerful, it is perhaps the sight of those who are pretending to dine, and alas, dine not; who *dwell* not on separate courses of the banquet; who perform a sort of palate-service, while their hearts are far from them. No man expects to see, without sending his soul to his eye; or to hear, without sending it to his ear; or to meditate, without sending it to his brain; and yet there *are* those who pretend to dine, without sending it to the palate, or even to the stomach, which latter indeed by an antique Thinker, was deemed its legitimate cradle and dwelling-place. I am thoroughly convinced that from frequent neglect of such important mission, injuriously-huge quantities are often devoured, where healthily-small portions would have sufficed; the stomach and constitution possessing quite sufficient for their purposes, long before the palate is in any wise satisfied; the former exclaiming 'hold, enough,' the latter blindly shouting out 'come on.' I was recently dining with two English friends. After soup, I took my *poularde en bas de soie* and *charlotte russe*, with that silent, close attention, becoming one who had often besought a preservation of the 'kindly fruits of the earth, so that in due time, he might enjoy them.' I was satisfied, and felt conscious that I had dined. My friends, however, continued still to call upon the garçon, and

actually consumed four meat and game courses, after my *charlotte russe* had, so to speak, squared the circle of my appetite. The explanation of their unsatisfied, still-devouring state, was in the fact that during the entire meal, they had been rather warmly engaged in discussing the abstract question, whether or no the French could, in strictness, be called an *economical* people. The mind of each was of course active within his brain, instead of being where should, for the time, reside the mind of every diner; their palates could no more notice and be gratified by the passing flavors, than could, by their ears be noticed, the striking clock; and when they took leave of the *dame-du-comptoir*, so far from being entitled to declare that they had enjoyed a dinner, they might only with propriety state, that 'whereas some time ago, a certain quantity of nourishment was *out-side* of us, that certain quantity of nourishment is now *in-side* of us.' There was moreover for them, no rememberable ground whereon gratitude might stand. I believe Doctor Franklin sometimes went so far as to aver, that five minutes after dinner, he remembered not what he had been eating. Strange unphilosophic averment,—one stimulator of a noble sentiment in man's nature thus quite neglected!

If you conclude to take a glass of *liqueur* after your coffee, take it, and then call for the bill. The *garçon* places before you a narrow strip of paper, whereon, in the manuscript of the *dame-du-comptoir*, you peruse the following symbolic expressions:—

	F.
Macon	1, 10
Eau de Seltz	15
Pain	10
Huîtres	10
Citron	5
Potage	12
Turnor	1, 05
Bifteck	18
Vol-au-vent	1, 10
Aspergès	1, 10
Omelette	1, 10
Meringue	1,
Café	16
Liqueur	5
	<hr/> 13, 2

Though my reader has been abundantly dining with me, I, as is usually done, ordered each dish 'for *one* only.' The garçon expects a franc. Having listened to his '*mercie Monsieur,*' let us now bid adieu, for the present, to the renowned Restaurants of Paris.

II.

FRENCH INGENUITY.

THE French, as has oftentimes been said, are ingenious in matters pertaining to luxury and mere pleasure, not in those of comfort and substantial happiness. I do not ask for better illustrations of a part of this truth, than have been furnished by my this week's rambles among various establishments in this vicinity, among which may here be named the Gobelins, the Sèvres Porcelain, and the Plate Glass manufactory, and I shall venture to add, a very curious hospital near the Clichy Barrière.

I have lately come from the Gobelins. I visited the establishment with some curiosity, for I had read of its tapestry in very distant days, and had seen it adorning walls in nearly every city of Europe. Over the entrance gate are a tri-colored flag and the words, 'Manufacture Royale des Tapisseries de la Couronne.' Entering, a woman requested a brief sight of my passport, and thereafter gave me a square bit of wood, numbered 'forty-five.' I walked onwards into a sort of antechamber, where were waiting some twenty strangers, curious like myself. This establishment is open to the public on Wednesdays and Saturdays, at two o'clock, P. M. As I paced up and down the

apartment, awaiting my turn for admission, I could not but reflect upon another contrast, suggested by the occasion, between French and English practice, and therethrough, between French and English character. To the English manufactories, access is extremely difficult. To the French manufactories, it is extremely easy. Go to Manchester, or Birmingham, or Leeds, with letters positively averring that your object, in visiting their great establishments, cannot be to plagiarize, still are so many obstacles put, here and there, in the way to your complete and satisfactory examination ; so much growling and suspecting deportment is exhibited on every side, that you almost regret their presentation. Into some of these establishments, entrance to a stranger is on no terms permitted, and driven from their doors, he moves away with the conviction that John Bull's manufactories are as unsociable and unapproachable, as John Bull himself. I must say, however, that into the splendid dock-yard at Woolwich, I was freely admitted on stating that I was an American, not a Foreigner. Had I been includable within this latter class, an admission could have been secured, only by certain round-about processes, for whose troubles such admission would hardly have compensated. In France, they do these things otherwise ; and in such opposite practice, do I read another proof of the freedom, and generosity and unsuspecting frankness of their character. The chapter of contrasts between the English and their neighbors, is rather a long one. I shall not now

pretend to say for whose profit I think lie the results. If any man have prejudices in favor of one mode of doing things to the exclusion of all others, let him survey the systems of the English and the French. Let him note in these two nations, the same ends wrought by widely different, though often equally efficient, means. His prejudices will vanish.

A door having opened, I heard a voice calling numbers from 'thirty to forty.' The designated parties entered, and after a lapse of five minutes, the door again opened, and numbers were called from 'forty to fifty,' which of course included mine. An attendant walked along with us, explaining every thing to our completest satisfaction. In the first room were four looms. They were of very simple construction. The warp was placed vertically, in the style called *haute-lisse*. Behind each frame were two or three workmen. At one, they were transferring into tapestry, a magnificent scene from the canvass of Rubens. The painting was suspended behind the workmen. At the side of each, were baskets containing several hundred spools of the woof, or variously colored yarns, wherewith the transfer was being made. The outlines of the pictorial scene were traced in black, and as a sort of guide to the artist, upon the warp. The artist, seated on his little stool, looked around at the painting behind him, closely scrutinized the colors to be transferred, then selected a spool of yarn with corresponding hues, and interwove a part of its contents. A moment after, he re-examined the painting, re-selected, and re-inter-

wove, and so went on again and again. Here was he working most magnificent results, with the smallest quantity of genius. He was making Rubens live in another form, and that a very bright and beautiful one. The tapestry was about half completed. There was there a very angelic face, which seen from a few steps distance, rivalled the polish and bloom of the original. There was close by, a lion, not exactly pawing to get free his hinder parts, but slowly creeping into most brilliant, and nature-resembling life. There was a landscape of green, covered with trees, and threaded by a stream, whereon the eye rested with unusual and very refreshing satisfaction. Who could have dreamed that bits of colored yarn had been able, in any combination however ingenious, to embody so fine a rural scene, and so sweet thought as was in that countenance of Eve? The mere *art* of a painter seems almost a trivial thing, when by big-handed and coarse-minded men, it can thus be transferred, exactly to the truth, from one vehicle into another. What then may properly command our admiration? The great original conception of the artist, and that alone;—the painter's painting such as he first beheld it, ere he thought of canvass or of pencil. The work of transfer, thus done with little genius, is done with still less speed. Five or six years are often necessary, for the execution of a single small piece of tapestry.

We followed our guide into another room containing a single loom, and then into another with six, and then on to the wool-dying establishment directed by able

chemists. Wool exclusively is used, and many shades here given to it can be found nowhere else, save perhaps in the stained window-glass of certain Gothic churches. An annual course of lectures is here delivered upon chemistry, as applicable to the dying art. There is also hereunto attached, a drawing school, in which the principles of this art are taught, and where may be read one reason, for the superior variety and taste of French to English design.

Thence we moved into that part of the establishment, assigned to the manufacture of carpets. There were two large apartments, in which stood ten or a dozen frames. This is the only place in France, where carpets are made, imitating the Persian. The pieces in process of manufacture, stand vertically in frames like those for tapestry. The carpet manufacturer, however, is seated on the *right* side of his work, while the tapestry-artist invariably, and to me rather mysteriously, makes *his* transfer upon the *wrong*. On each of the frames was written the destination of its manufacture. One was for a salon at St. Cloud, another for the palace at Versailles, and another for the Louvre. And surely if magnificence be longed for by royal footsteps, that longing might well be gratified, in such splendid specimens of pathway as these before me. The magnitude of the pieces, the varied brilliancy of the hues, and the many beautiful combinations of birds and flowers wrought into them, might warrant any quantity of admiration.

From these rooms we moved through a court-yard,—

pausing just long enough to perceive that the architecture, and external appearance of the whole establishment were shabby in the extreme,—into another long room of ten tapestry frames, with several workmen at each, and thence onwards into still another, containing half that number of looms, in one of which Louis Philippe was manufactured as far up as the waist, and finally out into the Show-Room. The show-room contained eight or ten large executed works, to most of which were applicable the epithets, splendid, magnificent, beautiful, wonderful, in large abundance, varying still according to the taste and associations of each beholder. The prices of these productions, depending on their size and delicate finish, are extremely various. Here was a piece for four hundred francs, and another for five thousand. For a representation of St. Stephen, in a frame of six feet by four, one must pay two thousand francs. To us retiring, our cicerone politely opened the door. Some presented him half a dozen sous, and some a *mercie*. He seemed equally satisfied with either. When, one morning, I had walked through Blenheim House, in England, itself containing some of the finest tapestry out of France, I presented my guide of fifteen minutes, a servant of the palace, with one shilling. Said the pampered and beer-bloated shilling-hater, as he returned the aforesaid coin, and consequentially rubbed his hands,—‘I never takes less than two and six pence,—*in the morning*.’

A half hour’s swift ride from the Gobelins, brought

me to the door of the great manufactory at Sèvres. Nothing, in its way, could well surpass the magnificence of the show-rooms into which, by an ancient cicerone in chapeau-bras, I was immediately ushered. They were five or six in number, and most tastefully arranged in them, were services, and vases, and tables, and pictures. The vases chiefly took my eye. There they stood in their graceful forms, and lovely colors, and bearing designs of most delicate workmanship. These vases not otherwise serve than for princely presents. 'Pray, what is the estimated value of this?' asked I. 'Forty-five thousand francs,' replied the cicerone. Forty-five thousand francs worth of time and talent expended for a king's gift, muttered my Americanism, and of such, are twelve or fifteen specimens here before me. And fifty men are here continually at work, lavishing their ingenuity on these and resembling luxuries. This is something akin to the ducal establishment of *pietra-dura*, at Florence. In both, are very ingenious powers and vast expenditures made to execute merely luxurious results. Had the French people, and the French government looked oftener at ends more practical and useful, there might not now be thirty thousand operatives at Lyons, and another thirty thousand in certain other towns of France, half-naked and half-famished. Some of the pictures were refined into the nicest delicacy conceivable. Here I saw transferred into porcelain, the very design of Rubens, which I had just before seen at the Gobelins. There was chiefly to be admired the For-

narina of Raphael, and the Cupid and Psyche of Gerard. These pieces have hardly the freedom and naturalness, of their originals on canvass. They are too intensely polished for truth. In exquisite finish of workmanship, they are marvellous. They produce on the eye a sensation, not unlike that wrought upon the ear, by keen and most silvery notes in music. I was pleased with several tables inwrought with variously colored porcelain,—works that almost vied with the extraordinary productions, in a not very unlike department, at Florence. What vast advancements in civilization, should not such establishments as this and the Gobelins presuppose ! By the civilization of the French, I would not mean the civilization of the Parisians, but of a large majority of the French people. Such civilization exists not. These works are discords in the nation. Power and ingenuity have not yet been directed to an end so broad and generous, as the weal of the general people. Material happiness, and the refinement *thence* resulting, have been neglected for spheres of luxury. The ploughs and axes, and much merely useful machinery in this country, are clumsy, and but inconveniently serve their ends. France, however, can weave the only tapestry, and manufacture the finest porcelain in Europe. She has, moreover, a manufactory of mosaics, and she makes the most magnificent mirrors in the world.

In the Rue St. Denis is a large depot for looking-glasses. The plates are cast at St. Gobin, some thirty leagues distant. The mirrors are manufactured here.

This establishment is not included among the numerous monopolies of government. It is managed by a private association. I was interested by an hour's walk about it. Several apartments were filled with many thousand polished plates. They were of all sizes, from one foot square, to a gigantic specimen, seventeen feet high by fifteen wide. From these rooms, I was conducted into Nos. 1, and 2, of the workshops. In each, were eight or ten large tables. The process of silvering was now going on. Over a table was rubbed the thin composition. On this was poured quicksilver, whereon was soon placed the glass plate, itself pressed down by weights. After twenty-four hours, the thus silvered plate is removed, and so inclined that any superabundant mercury may pass off. The number of workmen here is but fifty. The decline is great from the time when seven hundred men were employed at such manufacture, in the old royal establishment. This, however, is the great central manufactory of the kingdom. Its products go, indeed, throughout all Europe.

I know not by what association, I to-day found myself,—half an hour after visiting the Entrepot-des-Glaces,—at Dr. La Porte's hospital in the Rue de Clichy. A hospital it is for dogs, cats, and birds, whereof among the latter, chiefly pine parrots. On two columns of the portal under which I passed, stood a lion and a hound, in bronze. Dr. La Porte, saluting me politely, conducted me through his original establishment. He informed me that he received healthy dogs and cats to board, at the rate of ten sous per day.

For invalids, his charge was twenty, not including medicines. For bleeding or autopsie, the price was three francs, and for tail-cutting, one. Indeed, he showed me a plan of the administration and charges, which proved his system liberal and complete. He introduced me to his library of several hundred volumes, on some of which I read the titles,—‘*Maladies des Animaux*,’—‘*Traité des Vapeurs*.’ I perceived stuffed cats and dogs around the room, and also several preserved birds,—proofs impressive that in spite of Dr. La Porte’s skill and his library, death had been strangely here at work. The Doctor asserted with much seriousness, that such an institution was indispensable in a city, where the aforementioned animals were in exceedingly great esteem ; where so many gentlemen had no other companion than a parrot, and where a noble lady deemed her retinue incomplete, unless attached to her by a silver chain were a Spanish lap-dog, or an Italian greyhound. Perhaps no better illustration of this part of French and aristocratical taste could be furnished, than the picture of a Countess with her four daughters, pausing in her fashionable promenade through the gardens of the Tuileries, that her puppy may, at its ease, respond to one of nature’s questions. Dr. La Porte was healing near forty patients canine, six or seven Angoras in different stages of convalescence, and a parrot that responded not to my salutation of ‘bon jour.’ Having listened to a description of some of the Doctor’s medicines, and examined a very curious collection of surgical instruments, I took my leave.

I could desire no more agreeable proof of French ingenuity, than was furnished by my experience at the Bains-Chinois, immediately after leaving Dr. La Porte's hospital. I think the finest bathing rooms I have ever seen, are at Nottingham, Manchester, and at Liverpool, in England. But with their magnificence, their merit ceases. They have not about them any of those hundred little contrivances of ingenuity, whereby an hour passed in a French bath, and under the hands of a French baigneur, is rendered one of the most intensely delicious of any in your foreign life. To lie down in water raised to ninety-six of Fahrenheit; to brush my limbs with laborious toil some thirty minutes; to wipe all moisture, with icy towels, shiveringly away; to dress myself again, and walk homeward,—*such* were the dreary facts, with which bathing had till now been associated in my memory. My first experience in Paris, convinced me that I had not yet arrived at even the threshold of the bathing art. And still, the most refined system in all this metropolis, advances hardly into the antechamber of the old Roman luxury.

The surest mode for securing all the delight which surrounds a first rate Parisian bath is, to inform the garçon, with an amiable smile, that you throw yourself frankly into his hands. Tell him you desire to know the extremity of his talent. Insinuate that you have something heard of this establishment, and wish now to test its fame. Surprising, what attachment seems instantly to spring up out of his heart towards

you ! He places a snowy bed-cloth in the bath. He perfumes the water. He invites you gently to step therein. He presents you a carte of his perfumeries, his little wines and refreshments. He places before you, on a convenient stand, the *Journal des Debats*. He shows you the *brève*t whereby he is an authorized 'Professor of corn-cutting.' He opens his case of professional instruments. He pares and refines your foot, into the delicacy of the noblest lady's hand. He laves you in balmyest savon, till your bath-water is mellowed into the whiteness of cream. He pours over you most aromatic cologne, and with his mittened hand, opens wide all doors to perspiration. For forty or fifty minutes, he is continually about your back, and breast, and legs, and feet. His interest in them seems growing into an affection. At length he rings a bell, and soon is conveyed into your presence a huge basket. 'Arise, sir,' he says, 'quick, quick.' Ascending up from the soap-foam, as it were, a masculine Venus of the bath, one burning napkin is hurried on your breast, and another over your shoulders ; your arms are thrust into the sleeves of a hot peignoir ; other napkins replace the moistened ones ; an ample robe-de-chambre is wrapped around your body ; your legs are enfolded about in tight warm linen ; delicate slippers half embrace your nether extremities, and reposing in one cushioned arm chair, with your legs deposited by the baigneur along another, you respond with no describable emotions, to his triumphant question,—'Eh bien, Monsieur, comment trouvez vous

cela ?' The garçon leaves you now to solitary enjoyment, wherein meditating, you feel your nerves tranquil, and your pulses beating cool ; the pleasant of the past is alone remembered, the future is all in light ; you feel physically born again, and you declare aloud that the long-sought fountain of rejuvenescence was not altogether a dream. For such skill, and effort, and interest on the part of the garçon, and for such satisfaction in yourself, you cheerfully pay seven, eight, and perhaps nine francs.

To these instances of ingenuity among the French, may, in addition, be suggested a few others. I have often admired the construction of their theatres. In most of them are some twenty classes of seats, curiously distinguished, for the accommodation of so many various tastes and purses. As the large theatrical system of Paris leaves no intellectual wish of the people unprovided for, so is each establishment most elaborately contrived, for the different bodily predilections of its peculiar public. In cookery too, what people have such minute and ingenious means, not only for sustaining bones and muscles, but for delighting the palate ? Where does pastry meet your eye, under such seducing and multitudinous aspects ? The two most beautiful steam-engines in Paris are, not for raising the waters of the Seine into unprovided sections of the city, but for manufacturing little pastilles of chocolate, in the Rues Richelieu and St. Honoré. Where in the world is sugar worked up into such variety of form and hue ? Where has jewelry

ever assumed so many bewildering shapes? Where were clocks and watches ever ornamented with art so infinite and marvellous? Where can you find such ingenious lamps, and so beautiful chandeliers? Where so numerous shops, thronged with merely *jouets* for children? What dwellings have such cheerless fire-places, such outlandish door-locks, such clumsy windows, and—look you!—such magnificent mirrors? What nation has so splendid a manufactory of carpets, and moreover so many uncarpeted floors? The French do not abound in establishments for making cheap and comfortable clothing; but who have originated so many ornamental designs for silks and cottons? What other nation fabricates so admirable gloves, and to the annual value of thirty millions of francs? Who, quicker than a French milliner, can transform age into youth? Where were flowers of art so fashioned to outrival flowers of nature? The most skilful dentist in Paris is an American; but what teeth in all the world can compare with those of ivory, wrought by Désirabode in the Palais Royal? Whence but hence, comes the loveliest rouge of the whole earth? Where can you find eyes like those languishing in glass at Dr. Desjardins? Where were false locks ever wrought so like to real, as in many shops of the Passage Panorama? What fans can distantly approach the master-pieces of Duvelleroy? Where were moustaches, and whiskers, and imperials, and canes, and caricatures, and pipes, and snuff-boxes, and powder-horns ever made by such various skill?

Where is the grand centre of the world's fashion but here? Who can conceive out caps and bonnets, like a prolific French woman? Who, like her, can send her thought all over Europe, in the vehicle of a dress? The French come among *us*, to study railroads, and canals and prisons. We by *them*, may be instructed in the arrangement of a mantle, in the cooking of frogs, in the restoration of his health to a parrot or a lap-dog. Surely, in all matters of luxury, and fancy and mere pleasure, no people can surpass the French, and none moreover can converse about these trifles, in a more appropriate language. That their ingenuity is venturing forth into channels hitherto untried, is manifest to every observer. It is becoming more and more positive and practical. The substantial happiness of the people, is beginning to assume definiteness and importance, as one worthy end of thought and action. The French are beginning to comprehend in their age, what a certain other nation is fortunate enough to know in its youth. The time is, I doubt not, approaching, when the word 'comfortable' will be thoroughly acclimated in France. That it is hardly so now, I might easily arrange several instances, in the way of proof and illustration.

III.

THE GRAND FRENCH OPERA.

'Il faut se rendre à ce palais magique,
 Où les beaux vers, la danse, la musique,
 L'art de charmer les yeux par les couleurs,
 L'art plus heureux de séduire les cœurs,
 De cent plaisirs font un plaisir unique.'

VOLTAIRE.

NEXT to suppressing its press, the quickest cause of revolution in Paris, would be the suppression of its music. Such suppression would wrest many thousand instruments from professional hands, and their accustomed tones from several hundred thousand ears. Paris, though it contains but a million of people, hears more music in *one* night, than England, Scotland and Ireland listen to in three.

It is computed that ten thousand persons here make their living, grinding hurdy-gurdys, blowing pipes, and singing madrigals, through the public streets. Hither do they flock from all quarters of Europe,—men, women and children,—Spaniards, Italians, Swiss and Bohemians; some in their national costume, and some not; many of them blind, many armless, and many even legless. Here is an old fellow dragged about on a little car, by a very small jackass. He has no legs, and but a left arm. That left arm grinds one of the

worst organs I have lately heard, and while it grinds, a little girl with a soliciting tin cup, ventures cautiously within the boutique, before which that car has paused. Into her tin cup is dropped a sous. But the wandering musician that most interests me, is a pale tall man, totally blind, playing upon a sort of flagelet, and led about from door to door by a little dog. The dog, holding a tin plate in his mouth, half enters a door, pauses a moment, looks up into his blind master's face, and then walks on. At the next door, he repeats such solicitation. Sometimes he gets a sous; more generally, nothing. The dog is to the blind man, what the little girl is to the legless one, and I never see him thus journeying about from door to door, without thinking that a genius like Charles Lamb's, might write out that scene into a very beautiful moral chapter. It is, however, well known that these persons are often associated with hale hearty men and women, and whoever may succeed in getting a blind musician into their employ, sweat not themselves at the brow. Street music is the only music of a vast deal of the Parisian population. Those who can spare a franc, go to Julien's or Musard's. Sometimes, however, the people enjoy a treat of bands. . And here I wish to interline, that the military bands of Paris,—whereof *thirty* were present under the windows of the Tuileries on new year's eve,—are, with the exception of one at Milan, the finest I have heard in Europe. Several of them perform each morning in the Place Carrousel, and whoever has a taste for this style of music, may there have it cultivated and completely gratified.

Musard's new rooms are very brilliant, in their chandelier light. They are each night open. Some thousand persons are each night present. The orchestra number ninety. Musard gives you twelve pieces of music, for your one piece of twenty sous. They are mostly overtures and quadrilles. At this moment is in vogue, what Musard calls a Musical Voyage. It gives the national airs of nearly every people under the sun. The strain begins in China, and pauses not till it has circum-sounded the earth, playing Yankee-Doodle in the United States. Considering its price, no music in the world equals Musard's. He could not be supported in any other capital than this. His rooms are thronged by a very elegantly-dressed and well-deported company. French Counts and Marquises go with their wives to Musard's. French bucks and shopkeepers go with their mistresses to Musard's. Life in Paris may be seen at Musard's. It is as thoroughly an European resort, as any in the metropolis. In five minutes, you may there hear spoken every language of the Continent, and one or two of Africa. At Musard's one part of the company sits, another lounges about arm in arm. There is sometimes loud conversation at Musard's. 'Silence, silence,' said sternly a German, in blue eye and broad head, apparently to himself, but really to a music-disturbing speaker behind him, in long hair-curls and terrible moustaches. '*Morbleu*,' growled the gentleman in moustaches, and turning quickly round, thrust his arms into a sudden fold, and asked the German what

he meant. An exchange of cards was the consequence, and a consequence of the exchange of cards was, that on the morrow morning at seven o'clock, the gentleman in moustaches was horizontal in the Bois-de-Boulogne. Helmeted horsemen are posted, with swords drawn, outside the entrance to Musard's. Armed soldiery guard within, and there do servants in completest livery, glide about with orgeats and ice. What with the very diversified company, and very original music, one may for an hour feel as foreign at Musard's, as at any public resort in the capital.

Besides these, there have this winter been many other public, and many private concerts. Some statistics-gatherer enumerates of the former two hundred and fifty-five, and of the latter eight hundred and two. One eight-dollar ticket concert for the benefit of refugee Italians, was got up in great taste. Another for the Lyonnese sufferers, was admirable. Generally, these concerts are given by artists, who have not been fortunate enough to secure engagements at the Opera Houses. Sometimes they are got up by Bohemians in native costume, and I have lately attended one given by Guzikow, a genius from some far province of Russia, performing, upon an instrument of his own make, music as indescribable as his instrument.

The first step above the concerts is the Opéra Comique. It is renowned for airy German and French music. Its attractive operas have this winter been, the *Pré*

aux Clercs and *Zampa* of Herold; the *Chalet* and *Postillon de Longumeau* by Adam; the *Eclair* of Halevy; the *Luther de Vienne* of Monpou; the *Acteon*, *Cheval de Bronze*, and the *Ambassadrice* of Auber. The pieces of this Opera House are usually given, one half to spoken comedy, and the other half to comedy sung. You may there hear the voice of Damoreau Cinti, one of the most finished in the metropolis; also that of Jenny Colon. The orchestra of about fifty, are in excellent condition. And here I may say that the orchestras of all the theatres are respectable, and many of them admirable. They must needs be so, for the execution of the musical vaudevilles. There are eight regular orchestras in Paris, equal to the best in England. There are five others much surpassing them; and there are four leaving them at an immeasurable distance behind. Those who wish to be amused by agreeable comedy and light frolicsome music, go much to the Opéra Comique. Its prices are about two thirds those of the Grand French Opera. It gives you no dancing, and nothing extraordinary in the way of scenery.

The finest music perhaps in the world, you may hear, if you be fortunate enough to have a ticket, on occasional sabbath days at two o'clock, in the hall of the Conservatoire-de-Musique. Nothing can possibly surpass the instrumentation of its orchestra, under the lead of Mr. Habeneck. The masterpieces which it most admirably executes, are the symphonies of Beethoven. It may furnish you with your only broad and

deep conception of the peculiar genius of this composer. The Conservatoire is, moreover, a school for the developement and cultivation of young musical genius.

We now come to the Académie Royale de Musique, or the *Grand French Opera*. 'This the French are also pleased to call their *Grande Scène Lirique*. When a voice has established its reputation there, it is established not only for all France, but for all Europe. No scenery, no dresses, can compare with those of the Grand Opera. Magnificent are they beyond all description. No dancers can compare with the best upon its boards. Its third rate surpass the first of any other city in France, and when a renowned French dancer appears among you, be assured she has pirouetted herself into fame at the Royal Opera. All French singers, and all dancers in Italy and Germany, feel themselves provincial till they have appeared upon its stage. 'Le triomphe des Amazones est dans le domaine exclusif du Grand Opera,' said a few days ago, M. Liadières, in commenting, before the Chamber of Deputies, on a petition for the equal rights of women with men. 'The House is the largest of its kind in Paris, and every evening may be seen waving and glittering, in largest quantity of plumes and jewels.

I have before me, a statement of the prices of admission to all the Parisian theatres; and if you like statistics, you may read those for the Grand Opera. For a seat in the pit, you pay three and a half francs. Invariably is the demand for tickets so great, that to secure a place in the pit, you must join the crowd,

or rather the queue at the box office, one hour before the opening of the doors. For a *Stalle d'Orchestre*,—that is, a place in one of three elegant rows of seats, between the orchestra and the pit, you must give seven and a half francs. For a *Stalle d'Amphithéâtre*,—that is, a place in one of five or six rows of comfortably armed seats, *behind* and a little above the pit, likewise seven and a half francs. For a *Première Galerie*,—that is, a seat in the little gallery which runs in front of the *side-boxes* in the first tier, you also pay seven francs and a half, and the same sum moreover for a *Balcon*,—that is, a place between the first tier of boxes, and two elegant boxes, whereof one is Royal, next the stage. Now to enjoy a place in any one of these four classes of seats, so great is the invariable rush, you must, a day beforehand, secure your right at the box office. For such guaranty, two francs and a half *more* are demanded, so that your ticket costs you ten francs. Under the side boxes of the first tier are the *Baignoires*—boxes whose interior may be concealed by convenient lattice work. For two seats there, accommodating a gentleman and his mistress, the price is eighteen francs; the guaranty mounts it up to twenty-four. The price for seats in boxes *opposite* the stage, of the first tier,—excepting of course the three belonging to the Duke of Orleans,—is the same. The price for a seat in the *side-boxes* of first tier is six and a half francs; the guaranty makes it nine. For the second tier, the prices are five and a half francs,—that is to say, eight. For the third, three

and a half, or more truly, five. For the fourth, the price is a little less. The house will contain near two thousand persons, and is filled three times a week. You may now perhaps understand how the receipts of this establishment amounted in 1836, to one million one hundred and twenty thousand francs. And yet such enormous sum is insufficient to cover its more enormous expenses. The other theatres are taxed for its support, and government has introduced for its benefit, one hundred and twenty-five thousand francs into the budget of 1837. The sources of this expense are in the multitudes of its artists, vocal, pantomimic, and instrumental; in its very rich dresses, and grand scenery. The *mise en scène* of an opera, sometimes costs fifty thousand francs, and if it fail,—as did this winter, the *Esmerelda* of Victor Hugo, and *Mademoiselle Bertin*,—no small sum passes from the treasury of the establishment.

Music, scenery, and dancing variously combined, are its agents. A sort of mongrel agency it is, which, however, produces very clever effects. At the Italian Opera, all is music and nothing but music. At the French, another taste is to be gratified, and other combinations are contrived and executed. At the former, you have a simple, distinct, and classical source of a definable pleasure. In the latter, is an overwhelming abundance of musical and scenic riches. There are eight or ten combined sources of delight, any *one* of which would be sufficient for an evening. You are perplexed and confounded, for while your eye has been

enchained to the footsteps of Taglioni, have escaped you the grace of fifty other sylphs, some of the richest music, and some of the finest scenery in the world.

I have said that scenery acts a conspicuous part at the Grand Opera. You are addressed through the eye, frequently as through the ear. The great object is to keep you aroused. One of the most extraordinary instances of this combination, I lately witnessed in the third act of the opera, *Robert-le-Diable*. Describing stage scenery is generally pretty poor business. But the scenery of the Grand Opera, can hardly be classed with mere stage scenery. It is on too large and perfect a scale. The illusion is too complete. And of all its imitations of the earthly and the unearthly, of the heavenly and the diabolical, it can itself furnish no parallel to the scene I am going briefly to sketch. I sketch it, for it illustrates one part of present taste.

The broad curtain ascends, and a broader scene is revealed, through which you see grim chasms leading to the abodes of fiends. A man clothed richly in crimson and gold, himself leagued with those fiends, communes unto himself. There is stillness for an instant; then hoarsely growl the immense basses of the orchestra, and up from those far chasms come mingled yells, and shouts, and screams, and hollow sea-trumpet-like callings upon the name of the *victim* of the fiend-leagued. Then follow interviews, of which I need say nothing. The fiend-leagued finally vanishes in flame, and up ascends a cloud *before* that scene,

quite shutting it out from your view. The whole theatre is now darkened ; you may hardly see your friend in the next box. That cloud ascends,—ascends. Its lower edge begins slowly to be revealed, and soon, as it passes heavenwards, your eyes rest upon long, silent galleries, and broken, ivy-mantled arches of a cloister ; upon graves and tombs whereon lie shrouded images of the dead in white, with hands clasped across their breasts ; and far through the dreary distance you see flickering gleams, as of silver in the moonlight. It is the fiend-leagued stalking alone through that dreary charnel-house,—alone with his tall shadow flung athwart the graves. Supernatural lights are now seen flickering above, and around these habitations of the dead. The fiend-leagued looks cautiously around, and waving his arm, those stony lids of tombs slowly ascend, graves are opened, and up from them solemnly and silently glide forth their tenants in snowy death-shrouds, and they gather, and gather in countless numbers, around him who has conjured them from their drear prison-houses. The fiend-leagued now retires. The shrouds fall partly from the corpses ; their long hair waves in the wind, and while a score take to playing at dice upon the tombs, a half dozen other score engage in a sort of Dance of Death. What the music was until now, I cannot distinctly say. My attention was quite chained to this unearthly spectacle. I was but one of two thousand spectators, whom the scene long held in profoundest stillness. And now arose varied tones ; combinations gloomy, sepulchral, saddening,—such as

seldom come from human instruments. It was the music of Meyerbeer, his characteristical music, serious, nay, of deepest-toned solemnity. Had the poetry of this man been revealed through the vehicle of language, instead of music, it would have resembled the dreariest passages of Dante, Byron, of Goëthe's Faust. Whence came the influences developing his genius? Think you not from the stern and melancholy north? Surely never from Spain, or Italy, or even France. But lo!—there is a sudden consternation among the ghosts. Their dances cease. They begin to droop. The fiend-leagued is returning. Gradually their life grows less and less. The funereal shrouds are mysteriously re-wrapped about them. There are distant bursts of laughter, and clanking of chains, and melancholy music. The dust goes down in sadness to the dust, and the curtain falls. 'Surely,' said I, 'there could not well be a more appalling spectacle. It was a regular resurrection.' 'Call it rather an image of life,' said a German beside me; 'they came out from mystery, and dancing and dicing briefly, have returned back to mystery again.' 'Call it rather a clap-trap,' might have said another, 'by pale French dancers, quite unworthy to be linked in your memory with the majestic and sorrowful strains of Meyerbeer.'

As has been already stated, no opera is performed at the Royal Academy, without an intermingling of the dance. It moreover has its regular ballets. Since the departure of Taglioni, the *Diable Boiteux* has been brought out for the sister Esslers. Therese Essler is

a tall German, who dances well. Fanny Essler is a middle-sized German, who dances admirably. That there are diametrically opposite styles in dancing, as in every other art, is not more forcibly illustrated than by Taglioni and Fanny Essler. Taglioni belongs to the gentle, airy, waving school. In your memory, will she be classed with those fairy-like frescoes of nymphs, that still seem to soar upon the walls of the poet's house at Pompeii. Fanny Essler is quite different. She dances sharply and dramatically. She can dance the Tarantula, which Taglioni cannot. She dances the Spanish Cachucha,—a magnificent dance, and in her limbs magnificently embodied. She makes great use of her arms, which Taglioni does not. She smiles, and is full of coquetry. Taglioni never smiles, and is classically severe. They are, however, equal exhibitions of grace in their peculiar spheres. They equally move, as if by *inspiration*. Taglioni is no more superior to Essler, than Shakspeare's *Midsummer-Night's Dream* is superior to his *Much Ado about Nothing*. They need not be compared, and you who love to see a beau-ideal realized, though but in motion, will be delighted in them both.

Of the Grand French Opera and of Parisian music, I need write no more ; though, after politics and the theatres, they most possess Parisian conversation. Music flourishes in Paris. It does not so flourish in London. Here is its great European centre. Here are its judges, and hither come the to-be-judged. Whoever has not appeared at Paris, enjoys no Euro-

pean reputation. Every composition, worthy of being heard, is here performed. There exist fourteen distinguished musical composers. Rossini has declared that he shall work no more. The future will expect much from Halevy, Auber, and Meyerbeer.

IV.

THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES—BERRYER.

I HAVE, for three months, been observing the proceedings in the two political chambers of France. Their legislation, the bills approved, the bills rejected, the various opinions involved in their discussion,—these constitute one broad and significant type of the time.

The Chamber of Peers is, as you may be aware, composed of two hundred and fifty-nine members. They are appointed by the king, out of certain classes of notable citizens, designated in the charter. At the age of twenty-five, they may sit in the chamber; at that of thirty, they vote. Their various titles are of Duke, Marquis, Count, Viscount, and Baron. The Princes of the Blood Royal are Peers by birthright. This body's sanction is indispensable to the enactment of all laws, and it constitutes the only tribunal whereby ministers, accused by the Chamber of Deputies, may be tried, and also persons charged with high treason, or any offences against the surety of the state. It holds its sessions, far away from the other Chamber, over in the old palace of the Luxembourg,—a palace that has around it as much revolutionary, consular, imperial,

and Bourbon history, as any edifice in the kingdom. You enter beneath a lofty portal, into a large open court. Through a door at one of its corners, you pass up a flight of stairs, first showing your yellow ticket to a National guard, and then presenting it to a liveried huissier, who conducts you up a narrow staircase, dimly lamp-lighted, and dreary enough to recall certain avenues in the old prisons of state at Venice. Out from that staircase, you pass into the strangers' gallery, and now down before you may be seen, whatever France possesses of peers of the realm. The charter which annulled every creation of nobility by Charles X., permits no exclusive privileges to that existing for life, under Louis Philippe and his successors. The king may make nobles at his pleasure, but he can give them only rank and honors, without any exemption from the charges and duties of society.

The Peers sit in a semicircular hall, not unlike the senate-room of the United States, resembling also the Chamber of Deputies, though much smaller. Its diameter is about eighty feet. At the middle of this diameter is a carved-out recess, wherein stands the chair of President Pasquier,—who is, moreover, Chancellor of France,—circled behind which are several statues, and between them hang many standards captured in old wars. The peers' benches are ranged amphitheatrically in front of the President. Whoever would address the assembly, may ascend the tribune. Seldom, however, have I seen any of them taking that trouble. Generally their few ideas have been delivered, without moving

from their place. In personal appearance, they differ somewhat from the members of the other house. The coats of each are gold-embroidered. They likewise present a less number of juvenile heads ; and as for the matter of tumult and lively action, they are quite tame in such comparison. Thenard, the great chemist, attracted eyes by his shaggy head of hair ; Victor Cousin, by his spirituality and airs of pertness ; and long I looked upon the worn and impressive features of Marshal Soult. *Looking* is indeed the only purpose for which, this winter, I have ever visited the Chamber of Peers. Had my object been hearing, I should invariably have come to be disappointed. Except the Marquis de Dreux Brézé, there is hardly an orator in the whole assembly. And as for interesting discussion, the enunciation of principles, the developement of reasons for this or that policy, there has not, thus far in the session,—I write upon the 10th of April, 1837,—been an occasion worth crossing the Seine to enjoy. Until my recent experience, I had no just conception of the political zeroism of the French Chamber of Peers. The present opinions and feelings of the nation, the wants and progress of this society, have not been therein, this year, revealed. There they sit, three or four days of each week, listening to tedious reports, talking lazily about bills before them, looking forward to the trial of Meunier, Lavaux, and Lacaze, and then adjourning. How wide the contrast between the political importance of this assembly, and that of the United States' Senate, or the English House of Lords !

The daily political press discusses none of their proceedings, speaks seldom of their men. When the political progress of the week is summed up, little or no allusion is made to that body. The ministers are seldom in their benches there. Had the Chamber of Peers never been, by the king, convoked in December 1836, I firmly believe that public feeling and public knowledge, would have been no other than what they are at present. A report of one of their sessions is barrenness itself, and the occasional news of journalists about them is, that the affair of Meunier has been, by the Peers, postponed to the latter part of next week, or next month.

Where, then, *shall* we look for the present politics of France? About what *is* this loud political discussion of the press? Where *are* the ministers upon their benches? Where may you see the great results, and also one great source, of public opinion? Only at the Chamber of Deputies. This is the sole national chamber of France. Go there, and watch its fluctuations and its permanences, if you would know in what corner sits the wind of general feeling. Go there, moreover, if you would hear France's best orators, and her most stupid readers. Go there, if you would see the finest parliamentary hall in the world, and likewise assembled therein, four hundred and fifty-nine law-makers, more turbulent, more disorderly, more abounding in chat and motion, than any law-makers whereof Christendom, or even Pagandom, can be possessed. In this assembly are one hundred and sixty-

nine public functionaries, whereof seventy-four are magistrates of different French courts, and forty are military gentlemen. Of the two hundred and ninety members, *not* public functionaries, forty-six are advocates, eight are doctors, three are bankers, six are manufacturers, eight are masters of forges, five are notaries, and the rest are proprietors, cultivators, or rentiers. An American, accustomed to hear the voice of every citizen in the election of his representatives, is somewhat surprised on learning that these so-called representatives of France,—of thirty-three and a half millions of people,—are elected by only eighty thousand of the qualified. The phrase Representative Government, as understood broadly and liberally in the United States, is applicable to no political organization in France, or even in England. How slow is progress towards that state, now so generally deemed the end of all political association,—the application of the opinions, the sentiments, the feelings, the demands of the general people!

I was first in this Chamber, on the 17th of last January. The subject before the assembly, was the address to the king in reply to his opening speech. The debates upon it continued nine days. They engaged the first men of the chamber, among whom as orators stood foremost, Odillon Barrot, Guizot, Passy, Thiers, Duvergier de Hauranne, and Berryer. The chief article in the address related to intervention in Spain. That question, you are aware, destroyed the last, and created the present Cabinet,—the Cabinet of the 6th

of September. Its agitation in the Chamber was tremendous indeed. I heard speak upon it, Pierre Antoine Berryer.

The chamber, as you know, is in form a hemisphere. The seats rise gradually, each behind the other, as they radiate out from the centre. At that centre, in a somewhat elevated chair, sits President Dupin. Before him is the tribune or pulpit, up to which each member ascends, who would speak out, or read forth his speech. I like this idea of the tribune. It isolates the orator. It brings him more conspicuously before the eyes of the House. It gives a more parliamentary form to his delivery. I object to it, however, as not isolating the orator enough. It still conceals just half his form. It gives him wherewithal to *lean* his gaucherie, and awkwardness upon. Favorable this doubtless is to the careless and the unstudied. By one who knows that eloquence is greatly an art, among whose elements are figure and position, as well as face-expression and gesture, such pulpit-screen cannot be desired. Nay, by such, it will be desired away. It helps to destroy the dramatic part of his situation. No portion of the delivery of Mark Antony's speech over the body of Cæsar, was ever to me so unimpressive as that which precedes his descent from the Roman pulpit. I thought Mr. Berryer, as he mounted into the tribune, wished its elevated front away, that his compact and muscular frame might stand full forth, in the open presence of the whole assembly.

Ere he commenced, Mr. Berryer looked around him

for a moment amidst, profoundest silence. At his left hand, was the *Extreme Gauche*, on one of whose front seats sat Odillon Barrot, in folded arms, with Lafitte and Arago. That portion of the Chamber represented the radicalism and the republicanism of France. Between *its* opinions and *his* doctrines, rolled oceans broad and for ever impassable. At its side, was the party called the *Centre Gauche*. Here was seated the brisk and spectacled statesman, Thiers. Around that leader were beating fifty hearts, not one of whose throbs were in political sympathy with those of the man at the tribune. Right abroad before him, extended the large *Centre*, the two hundred and forty-two sustainers of the present ministry, the redoutable *Doctrinaires*. On the three front seats were ranged, with their portfolios before them, all the members of the Cabinet. Mr. Guizot was Minister of Public Instruction. Count Molé, Minister of Foreign Affairs, was there. Persil was Minister of Public Justice. Duchatel had the portfolio of the Finances. Gasparin was Minister of the Interior; Martin of Commerce. Bernard and Rosamel were there,—the one Minister of War and the other of the Marine. Between this *Centre*-body and Mr. Berryer, were a very few sentiments in common. Next to the *Centre*, and as it were inter dovetailed with it, sat the *Centre Droit*. With the opinions in those seats, Berryer was far from being at war. They were ultra-*Doctrinaires*, and they embraced, though with no cordial hand, the opinions, the feelings, the hopes and the fears of the party on

their left, the party of the *Extrême Droit*, the sombre and sullen party of the Legitimatisers, the few fond rememberers of the dynasty of Charles X. Among them sat Lamartine, and from *their* ranks had just walked forth the orator. Their opinions he was now about to develop. Around the Chamber, in the galleries, in the royal and diplomatic boxes, were ambassadors, princes, and gentlemen;—duchesses, and many titled dames, among whom was chiefly conspicuous, the Princess Lieven;—and elegant ladies, not merely from all parts of Europe, but of the world. They had here assembled, only to hear the eloquence of yonder man in the tribune. Their eyes rested on a body of middling stature, toughly built, just forty-seven years of age thirteen days before, and buttoned tightly up to the chin in a blue frock-coat. His face was of determined and massive make, surmounted by a forehead, calm and rather expansive. That face and forehead were, two hours hence, to be charged with blood, and flaming like firebrands. Mr. Berryer was a lawyer. He, moreover, centered around him the love and the hopes of the old royalist party. To him, that party ever looked for mouth-defence and vindication. He had always been the defender of the *La France* and the *Quotidienne*, so often, in the last six years, dragged into the culprit's box at the Cour d'Assises. He had written much in a sort of thundering style; his voice had sounded like thunder many a time from the spot whereon he now stood; and in this Chamber, he was representing the department of Haute-

Loire,—a department which, on that educational map picturing the comparative intelligence of various sections of France, by various colors, from the very dark to the very bright, looks black as Erebus.

Mr. Berryer's position was peculiar. He was the man of a proscribed and fallen dynasty. What right had *he* to be discoursing to such an assembly as this? Will he be listened to? What dares he say? How will he be received? I was captivated by the easy non-chalant manner, with which he now thrust his left hand deep down into his bosom, and the sort of bulldog defiance with which he looked around upon his audience, as, placing his right hand clenched upon the tribune before him, he uttered his first idea:—‘The subject now before the assembly, is the grandest which has occupied France for the last six years.’ He then went on enunciating his thoughts. He attacked and he denounced. He seized upon the ministry, as it were by the throat, pinning it against the wall. Leaving the ministry, he dashed over to the opposition. He blazed away at them, without fear and without remorse. He attacked the policy of intervention in Spain, and also of non-intervention. He mowed about his scythe into this and that opinion, this and that feeling, this and that policy, always with fearlessness, always with power. ‘Why do they endure this?’ said I. ‘Why do they not, as usual, interrupt the speaker?’ First, Mr. Berryer belongs to the past. His words will do no great harm. Secondly, Mr. Berryer has a splendid voice, and a certain resistless

grandeur of manner. But he *was* interrupted. 'I tell you,' said Berryer, 'there can be no intervention in Spain.' 'Pourquoi?' asked a piping voice in the *Centre Gauche*. 'Pourquoi?' shouted Berryer with scorn and energy. There was a movement general. 'Parceque,' answered Berryer, and then paused. The agitation in the Chamber suspended him for a moment. 'Because,' resumed the speaker, 'all reasons for so intervening, involve consequences which you will unhesitatingly *reject*. *Because* what this ministry desires, is *impossible* in Spain. *Because* what the opposition wishes, can *never* be accomplished. You asked me the *pourquoi*, you have my three *parceques*. After a pause, he said, 'I am now going to developpe these truths. I shall wound your ideas, but that's another reason for hearing me with attention.' And so he went on, developing his truths, and wounding ideas. The interruptions soon became very frequent. He called Don Carlos by the recognition of Charles V. Said a voice in the *Gauche*—'We know nothing of Charles V. any more than of Louis XIX., or of Henry V.' Mr. Berryer went on, 'When Charles V. shall be triumphant'—(tremendous interruptions)—'When Charles V. shall be'—here the confusion had grown into what the French call *un bruit épouvantable*. The President rang his bell incessantly. I recalled certain sittings of the Convention, in the old Revolution. The minister of public instruction arose, and in his place declared with emphasis, that such words could not come from that tribune. 'We know no Charles V.'

said he. 'We have to do only with Don Carlos.' 'Eh bien,' says Berryer, 'I care not about words. When Don Carlos' — and here the satisfactory ejaculations of 'Ah, ah, enfin,' were murmured throughout the assembly, and the orator, shrugging significantly his shoulders, went on. He went on to new denunciations, and to new interruptions. 'Silence,' exclaimed Berryer, 'I'll stand here till I am heard. I have ideas to speak forth, and I *will* speak them;' and then he placed himself into a dogged obstinate position, which declared emphatically, *no budging hence*. Silence was at length restored, and Berryer continued. A little man on a distant seat in the *Centre* interrupted him saying— 'Mais non, ce n'est pas cela, ce n'est pas cela.' 'Come down to the tribune, sir, if you wish to speak,' shouted Berryer; 'but, for God's sake, do not interrupt me thus.'

To one quite green in French political assemblies, the scene was altogether extraordinary. In what is called an *interruption*, every member moves with discontentment in his seat, tosses up impatiently his hands, mutters something to himself, his neighbor, or the speaker; some ten or twenty rise up, passions flare in the eye, the President rings loudly his bell, the sworded huissiers cry out, '*silence, Messieurs, silence*;' and the orator in the tribune, looking solitary and sullen, merely sips, by way of diversion, some sugared water from the glass at his right hand. Mr. Berryer spoke two hours. His voice continued clear

and powerful. His gesture was chiefly with his right hand, and not unlike the sledge-hammer style of Webster. His position and manner were full of vigor and independence. So much for the vehicle. His thought was dramatic in a very high degree. His ideas were condensed into the smallest possible quantity of words. His speech sounded well, and it reads well. Its delivery, right in the face of that Opposition, and those Doctrinaires, seemed to me proof of no ordinary moral courage. When it was concluded, Mr. Berryer descended into the *Extreme Right*. Several gentlemen of that section felicitated him, and Lammartine shook him warmly by the hand. The whole assembly rose. Several went out into the conversation rooms. Many gathered in groups, gesticulating violently. The hall, for fifteen minutes, was all in hubbub. One of the huissiers, in sombre livery, placed a fresh glass of sugared water at the tribune. The president at length rang his bell to order. Cries were frequently heard of '*en place, Messieurs, en place ;*' and looking down into the tribune, I saw, leisurely leaning upon its desk, a little, thin, bronze-complexioned man, in black dress coat and white cravat. His face was rather solemn and impressive. The brows projected, and from light falling down through the chamber's single window in the ceiling, cast sombre shadows over all his features. This was François Pierre Guillaume Guizot, the author, among other works, of thirty volumes of French history ; lately made member of the Academy of moral and

political sciences, Minister of Public Instruction, and Chief of the Doctrinaires.

‘It is but seven years,’ he slowly began, still leaning familiarly on the tribune, ‘it is but seven years since, that the last honorable speaker and myself entered this chamber; he to sustain the ministry of M. De Polignac, I to batter it down (‘*tres bien, tres bien,*’ muttered twenty voices), he to oppose the Address of the 221, I to support it. (New acclamations). We have both of us been, since that time, and we are still to-day, true to our origin and to our principles. What he did seven years ago, he has just now done. What I then did, I do to-day.’ I was much pleased by this quick grouping of the preceding and the present speaker. A few words had opened the wide chasm that yawned between them. They showed Mr. Guizot belonging to the present, Mr. Berryer standing on the past. The little statesman went on. I was charmed with his distinct and slow enunciation. His voice was firm, though it lacked the volume of Berryer’s tones. I was pleased with the compressed neatness of his delivery, and the luminous arrangement of his thought. Others seemed equally pleased. The ejaculations of ‘*tres bien, tres bien, bravo, oui, oui, oui,*’ chased each other up, for the next half hour, very rapidly from the Centre. He went on developing himself with few interruptions, but with many sensations, many marks of adhesion, many, what the French call, *vifs assentiments*. He declared that France would continue in her recent and present course with regard to Spain;

that she would not *engage* herself, but would attempt to act, and *would* act, so as to serve that country, and to baffle the designs of the Pretender. Here Odillon Barrot cried out,—‘*Je demande la parole.*’ It was to signify that he desired to speak, at this sitting or on the morrow.

I have often heard Mr. Guizot at the tribune. I have always been impressed, by his solemn conciliatory tone and manner. I like his terseness of thought, and the measured precision of his speech. I like his neatness,—his *nettété*, as his friends call it. I like him for never wandering out of the circumference of his subject. Ten times a day will he ascend the tribune, to answer questions or objections. How swiftly does he conceive out the necessary answer, and with what concise distinctness does he enunciate it! I know of nothing, in its way, more delightful than to hear Mr. Guizot, after announcing that he rises to place the subject before the Chamber on its true foundations, go on to separate from it the nets and entanglements flung around it by preceding speakers, and in five or ten minutes, make what was dark confusion regular and transparent as the day. Mr. Guizot’s doctrines are terribly attacked, never his character or his intellect. There is nothing about him of blaze or fire. All is calm, practical, passionless. I think him the most adroit speaker in the Cabinet. Indeed, he is almost the only *speaker*. Count Molé *reads*, and so do others of the ministry.

When Mr. Guizot had concluded, Mr. Sauzet as-

cended the tribune, and after him, Mr. Remusat, with a little bundle of manuscripts. He commenced *reading* his speech. I confess I am surprised to find so many members of this assembly, *reading* their speeches. I am not prepared for such exhibition, in a nation famed for its much and admirable conversation. The French are reputed quick, and nimble of thought and tongue. They are so. But they do not seem capable of sustained efforts. They can chat with the best parrots in the world. Very few of them care about *speaking* consecutively, three, four, or five hours, on a single theme. There is no continuing over a speech, as with us, to the second or third day. Spoken or written, it is never what we call *long-winded*. This reading of speeches, however, is becoming of less and less favor. The press endeavors to laugh it down. The Chamber itself does not seem altogether to like it. The taking out of a manuscript, is generally one signal for inattention. Mr. Remusat, as I said, began to read, and immediately twenty members getting up, walked into the couloir and hemicycle for conversation. Twenty others took up pens for letter writing. A half dozen stared at the Princess Lieven, through lorgnettes. The *Extreme Left* betook themselves to lively talk around Odillon Barrot. The *Extreme Right* glowered at them in morose and bitter silence, while every moment President Dupin arose to ring his bell.

The session, which commenced, as usual, at two o'clock, closed, as usual, at six. The debate on the Address, continued three days longer. It was finally

adopted by a majority of eighty-five voices. Such vast majority produced wide sensation. The Opposition were not prepared for it. The Ministry had not dared to reckon upon it. The debate had stirred up, and evolved the opinions of the Chamber. This vote had settled them into form and distinctness. 'Eh bien,' thought Mr. Guizot, rubbing his hands,—'we are well sustained. We shall go strongly and triumphantly on. Let us congratulate ourselves upon this first manifestation of attachment to the Cabinet of September 6th. We shall carry out some grand measures. We shall make permanent a grand policy. I am at the head of the Doctrinaires. A future of success is before me.'

Do not dream too confidently, Mr. Guizot. You are indeed strong now. Beware how you presume upon your strength. There are storms in the future. You are to be railed at by saucy voices from yonder tribune, and saucier tongues in the Parisian press. You are to meet with shocks,—nay, with reverses; and there is *one* defeat awaiting you, that shall make you start in yonder ministerial seat, and shall half snatch the portfolio from your hand.

V.

THE DISJUNCTION BILL—LAMARTINE'S FALL.

WHAT has the French Chamber of Deputies done this winter? What measures has it adopted? What projects has it rejected? Of what opinions, and sentiments, and passions has it been the theatre? Its movements are watched with joy or dread, throughout all Europe. There cannot be a more central speaker to the Old World, than an orator in its Tribune.

The reaction of the Chamber after its great debate upon the Address to the King, was like that of a strong and excitable man, after some mighty effort. For four days, there was a discontinuance of its sessions. On the fifth, it assembled. The President announced that all who intended to speak upon the Bill respecting Municipal Attributions, must, as usual, enroll their names at the proper bureau. Communications were made by their respective ministers, on the subjects of war, commerce, and the marine. Committees were appointed to examine several *projets* of laws presented by the government, and, as usual, to report thereon. The Chamber adjourned.

Until February 11th, the Chamber was engaged in discussing the bill of municipal attributions. Its object was to newly regulate the Communes. The dis-

cussion was dry enough, and half the time, a quorum of members could not be counted present. The features of this bill I need not transcribe, nor the remarks which they gave rise to. The regulations introduced, and ultimately voted, will much ameliorate the civil and municipal administration of the Communes. While this uninteresting bill was lazily creeping on, a petition was read to the Chambers, by M. de Tracy, from certain refugee Poles. They were exiled noblemen, not needing pecuniary aid. They petitioned in favor of their needy countrymen, who were receiving such aid from the French government. A reduction of that aid had just been suddenly made. The petition represented the hardships of such *sudden* reduction, asking a postponement thereof for one year, with many words about the noble hospitality of France. A report was made upon the petition, which after some discussion, was referred to the Minister of the Interior. From this discussion, I learn that the present policy of France towards political exiles, is generous in a high degree. In the budget of 1837, a sum of two million five hundred thousand francs, is voted for their assistance. In the course of the last six years, this government has expended for them, the extraordinary amount of *nineteen million* five hundred and fifty-four thousand francs. Their number in the kingdom at this time, is six thousand four hundred and sixty; whereof two are Hanoverians; six hundred and eighty are Spaniards; six hundred and twenty-seven are Italians, and five thousand one hundred and fifty-one are

Poles. By a law of 1832, none of them, with a few exceptions, are permitted to enter the capital, or either of the seven large cities of the kingdom. Without special permission of government, they cannot change their residence, and on slight suspicion, may, by the police, be transported out of the territory. Most of them are engaged in profitable occupations, and it is the wish of government, that, as fast as possible, they amalgamate with the French people. The assistance now each year granted, is to cease through gradual reductions. The debate was conducted in a manly style, without any whimpering about fallen Poland, or palaver in the way of national generosity.

One day's debate was sufficient for the law which authorized an extra expenditure of one hundred and sixty thousand francs, for the fortification of custom houses on the frontiers of the Pyrenees. Next came, on the 20th of February, a debate on the *projet* of a law respecting Savings Banks. It was a measure of administration, merely. It met with loud opposition at the tribune, but was carried by a majority of ninety-four voices. As in *all* French legislation, the *projet* of the law originated with the ministry. From their hands, it passed into a committee of eight or ten deputies, who reported thereon to the Chamber. The debate was first, general on the whole bill. Then came the discussion of each article. The vote was first taken upon each article, by *rising and sitting*, and finally by *ballot*, on the whole bill.

On February 23d, commenced the debate on a bill

respecting the national guard of the department of the Seine. Its reporter was Mr. Jacqueminot. The two main objects of the bill were these :—to compel the *enlistment* into that body, by fine, and by an imprisonment of from five days to one year, of individuals, who by certain pretexts, had thus far succeeded in eluding its duties and burdens, and also to make a *uniform* imperative upon every member of that citizen-soldier corps. As is its custom, the Journal des Debats had, by powerful articles, early prepared the public and the Chamber for the *projet*. When it appeared in that Chamber, the opposition arose strong. Its provisions were pronounced onerous, unequal, intolerable. Out of the Chamber, the vast opposition press seized upon it with gloveless hands. Many of the Journals went so far as to denounce the institution of the National Guard itself. The Journal des Debats and the Paix, in their accustomed style, took up every objection, even the smallest, and refuted it with ability. The discussion elicited all public opinion with regard to this semi-military establishment. The vast majority of that opinion relies still upon that establishment, as one true guardian of the throne, and the only guaranty of public order. The bill passed into a law, by a majority of one hundred and nineteen votes.

As Saturdays are generally set apart for the hearing of petitions, on the 25th of February, the Sieur Frederick Bonaparte, announcing himself as bastard son of the Emperor Napoleon, petitioned to be heard respecting certain rights he claimed in France and foreign

countries. His petition was rejected. A petition from certain pastors of the department, Gard, asking for the establishment of a Protestant Faculty of Theology at Paris, was deferred. A petition in Arabic was presented, coming from Tlemcen, Africa. It was from Eiöub-Ben-Hussien-El-Knaznadj, and his two Turkish brothers, Ahmed and Ishmäil. It complained of Marshal Clausel, Governor of Algiers. It began thus:—‘Praise to God alone, who alone is worthy of admiration. To the very excellent, the very grand, the very honored magistrate, distinguished by high intelligence and a spirit right, firm and just,—the President of the Chamber of Deputies, residing at Paris, the home of justice and of equity. Greetings to your illustrious person, and splendid dignity. Let infinite salutations, appropriate to your rank and elevated position, be to you addressed, and to all who sit in the compass of your honored Divan, worthy of all veneration and respect. May God remove from you, Seigneur, all evil and all injury, heaping upon you every kind of good, and every subject of joy. The following, with the aid of God, we, who are three in number, have resolved to make known to you.’ The petition goes on stating and accumulating instances of extortion, which will doubtless aid to swell the tremendous charges, now being made out against the unfortunate Marshal. It concludes thus:—‘Every where your name is pronounced with eulogy. Justice, equity, and strict observance of law, make the basis of your character. In you dwells our hope. In you we place our

confidence, for we are fathers of families and oppressed. Accept now, as before, the greetings due to your illustrious person and dignity. Written at Algiers, on Monday, 8th day of the moon Chewal, 1252. By the hand of Eiöub, son of Hussein-El-Knaznadj. With the authority of his two brothers, who know not how to write.'

On the 28th of February, commenced the great debate on the *projet* of the Law of Disjunction. That *projet* was thus worded:—'The crimes and offences contemplated by the 1st chapter of the 3d book of the Penal Code; by the military laws, and by the laws of 10th April and 24th May, 1834, shall, in case of *participation* or *complicity* therein, by the military and individuals belonging to the civil order, be prosecuted and adjudged *separately*. The military, and the persons assimilated to the military, shall be sent before a council of war; the individuals belonging to the civil order, before the ordinary tribunals.' The crimes and offences, above alluded to, are *political*. The great originating motive of the *projet* was, the acquitment by the Strasburg Jury, of the civil and military participators in the insurrection of last October, headed by Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. That unprecedented acquittal was a blow struck at the ministry. It shook their confidence in the integrity and capacity of juries, so far as politico-military culprits are concerned. This *projet* was designed to prevent a similar outrage upon common sense and public justice. Its discussion, continuing seven days, aroused all the political pas-

sions of France. The Chambers, the press, the cafés, the salons, the foyers, all were in the excitement of hope, or fear, or indignation. Will that *projet* pass into a law? If so, political progress has ceased; the age has even gone back;—if not, the ministry must retire.

First came Mr. Salvandy's long report, sustaining the *projet*, for reasons of great necessity, and maintaining its constitutionality. The debate was then opened by Dupin, President of the Chamber. He spoke an hour against the *projet*. He treated the subject, as the profoundest lawyer in the kingdom ought to have treated it. His compact and serried arguments, there was no breaking through. His speech contains the germs of every great objection to the bill. He declared himself deeply agitated, before the *projet* of that law. It seemed to him, threatening the fall of judicial reason, to bring about the change, not of a secondary rule, but of a fundamental principle, a principle ingrained with the essence of things. He gave the distinctions between *indivisibility* and *connexity*, technical words that were to figure largely in the debate. He went back all over the past history of France, and showed, that in all times, however widely distinguished might have been the classes of society, the principle of *indivisibility* in criminal procedure,—that is, the principle of never dividing the means of conviction and the means of defence of those accused of the same crime,—had been acknowledged and applied. It remained for the nine-

teenth century to witness an attempt to violate it. He saw no reason for change in the established legislation of the past. He combated the doctrine that the military were the natural judges of military offenders, and a jury the natural judges of civil. He maintained that councils of war were not safe tribunals for interpreting, and applying the nice principles of a civil, or penal code. He had every confidence in a jury. A jury was the country,—the *pays*. The acquitment at Strasburg was an extraordinary case. It was perhaps a scandal. But it had resulted from an application of this very principle of *Disjunction*. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte had, by the government, been *disjoined* from his accomplices. The government had exiled him, without trial, to America. The jury had found his accomplices innocent. Had the head and subordinate members of that conspiracy, been brought before the *same* tribunal, the result would have been different. The Government felt that the arraignment before a jury, of one in whose veins ran the blood of Napoleon, would have been an outrage upon the memory of that great man, and a shock to the present feelings of the nation. The *projet* of this law was based on two suppositions equally false:—first, that all juries would conduct, as had conducted that at Strasburg; second, that a French jury, judging military and civil offenders, would not convict the former, preferring rather disorder in the army, and its consequences to merchants and shop-keepers. He went on multiplying arguments and instances, to prove that such dis-

trust of a jury was unwarrantable. He then showed the hazards of *divisibility* in procedure. He stated the embarrassments, the doubts, the hesitations, the ambiguities it would give rise to. Suppose four merchants and two soldiers, accused of plotting against the surety of the State. The former are tried by a jury, the latter by a council of war. If those be acquitted, and these condemned,—what suspicion in public opinion against the jury! If these be condemned and those acquitted,—what an exciting argument is furnished to malecontents against councils of war! He declared that the present bill tended to uncitizenize the soldier; and here he read an authority from Napoleon, declaring justice to be uniform in France, and that a Frenchman is a citizen ere he is a soldier. He reminded the Chamber, that the Charter of 1830 had guaranteed a jury to those accused of political offences. He spoke again of councils of war, efficient in one sphere, the preserving of discipline in the army; but inefficient and dangerous in this other, of applying the penal code, and judging of political offenders. He said he had had some experience before councils of war. The accused, however firm, however brave, however accustomed to look death in the face, still trembled before them. In this connexion, though not as an illustration, he happened to introduce the name of Marshal Ney, whose defender he had been, and whose memory, by the family, had been given him in charge to protect. The nephew of the Marshal, M. De L'Espee, here arose, and in much excitement, demanded if the

speaker intended to insinuate that Marshal Ney had flinched before his judges. Dupin made the proper exculpatory explanations, but the confusion of the Chamber, and the agitation of De L'Espee, grew intensely French and rather terrible. Silence having been restored, the president went on, amassing reasons and reasonings, and motives on motives, for the rejection of the bill, with a luminousness and condensed power, which, at this tribune, I have never known equalled. All arguments in favor of the *projet*, were, in their due time, marshalled forth. Mr. Parant, general advocate before the Court of Cassation, attacked every position of Mr. Dupin. He opposed *indivisibility* and *connexity* of procedure, with most masculine and lawyer-like ability. He declared the acquitment of that Strasburg jury, scandalous in the extreme, adding that such scandal could not again be risked. 'What,' interrupted one, 'an *avocat-général* attack the supreme decision of a jury!' Other orators now crowded in. Feeling and language grew *violent*, even in the French sense of that word, and so closed the second day of the debate.

The third day was distinguished as that on which Alphonse Lamartine, the admirable poet, and accomplished scholar, *fell*. I say he *fell*, because on that day he went over and down to ministerial ranks; because he committed egregious blunders in a discussion for which he was, and for which, very maladroitly, he *declared himself*, incompetent; because in his course, he astounded and mortified the great majority of his

friends, and because, the day after his speech, the *Journal des Debats* came forth in an apology for his blunders, qualifying them as merely deficiencies in tact. His disgrace on that occasion was one mournful commentary on the miserable French pedantry, which sends poets, and chemists, and merely literary men, into the sphere of legislation; as if their own peculiar spheres were not broad and glorious enough; as if nature, and the influences which have made them what they are, had not very imperfectly formed them for what they should never strive to be. M. Lamartine, announcing himself *for* the bill, declared that he knew nothing of the words, *indivisibility* and *connexity*. He had never before heard of them. No wonder he had never before heard of them. While the great leaders in the debate had been mastering the facts and relations which those words comprehend, Alphonse Lamartine had been inditing sweet verses for his recent episode of *Jocelyn*. Throughout his speech, he was interrupted times without number. Now voices would growl, and hands be tossed up, in the *gauche*. Then murmurings would be heard among the supporters of the ministry, and then again prolonged laughter would go around the entire assembly. The loud burst at the extreme left, degenerated into spasmodic jerkings of muscle as it crossed the centre, and finally disappeared among the legitimatists, in dreary smiles. The speaker was extremely inaccurate in his fact-statements. Members were continually setting him right. 'You have not comprehended the law,' said

Odillon Barrot. 'That is not so,' said Mr. Thiers. 'The army has three hundred thousand, *not* five hundred thousand men,' interrupted another. 'Very good poetry that, but miserable logic,' said a voice in the Extreme Gauche, and then there was another laugh. One great blunder of Lamartine was to represent the law as merely temporary; as a law of exception and of circumstance. 'I say, however, that I do not consider the law as perpetual and permanent. I consider it as a temporary measure; a sort of *coup d'état législatif*,'—here the speaker was interrupted by laughter on the left. 'Very well,' said Barrot; 'you give the law its veritable name.' 'You brand it in advance,' said another, 'the epithet shall remain.' This idea of Lamartine was in flat opposition to that of the originators of the bill. The Journal des Debats frankly confessed, and half denounced this error of the speaker. Before descending from the tribune, he said; 'Believe me, gentlemen, the ground is not yet strong. The dull noises of revolution are still audible in Europe. I know not what the future is preparing for our glorious and unhappy country. The destiny of nations is in God's hand. But what I do know is, that the country dreads all revolutions by violence. Yes, it asks for legislative reforms. It demands a second Constituent Assembly, placing itself at the end of our revolutions to close them up, as the first Assembly was at their beginning to open them. (Great sensation). I prefer, a thousand times, the revolutions of anarchy to the revolutions of the barracks. Yes, in

anarchy, in popular movements,'—here Mr. Arago interrupted, saying, 'popular movements and anarchy are different; tell us at least the difference.' Another member of the opposition observed, 'after his eulogy on privileges, military commissioners, and absolutism, nothing is wanting but his panegyric of anarchy.' 'Let me explain my thought,' said Lamartine; 'how can I do it amidst such a tumult of apostrophes?' 'Order, order,' shouted twenty voices, and Lamartine explained his thought, and took his seat. An orator immediately mounted the tribune and said, 'however great may be my respect for a beautiful character, and for immense talents, I still feel myself permitted to consider the *apology* you have just heard for the *projet* before you, as one of the rudest attacks that could possibly be made upon it.'—('Bravo, bravo,' from the *gauche*). The opposition press spoke next day of the politician, the legislator, and the poet, not with their wonted remorselessness of denunciation; rather with regretful sadness. They beheld Lamartine's political blunders, through his poetical fame. They half pardoned the one, for they, and indeed all France, had been illustrated by the other.

On the fourth day, the bill was defended by Persil, Minister of Justice, and attacked by Mr. Hennequin. The minister went on to give additional reasons why the law proposed was necessary, nay indispensable; why it wounded no constitutional institution, no principle of law; and he maintained that government would have failed in duty, had they failed to bring it for-

ward. He showed the absurdity of the present state of things, wherein, if one or several of the military, committed a political crime, they were judged by the *special* laws recognised by a council of war, whereas if they associated with themselves the meanest citizen, they were sure of a trial before the popular tribunal of a jury. M. Persil produced a wide sensation, when very unexpectedly, he announced that it was in contemplation to bring forward some new laws for the safety of the Royal Person. M. Hennequin attacked the minister's positions. Indeed, he assailed all the ministry. 'You are ever speaking of the Constituent Assembly,' said he, turning towards the ministerial benches. 'Ah, gentlemen, what would say your fathers of '89, if they beheld you and your children, trampling under foot all the great principles which they established and consecrated. Consult better the palpitations of the national heart, and you will cease to wrong the spirit with which it is now animated.' The discussion was continued on the subsequent day by M. Martin, Minister of Commerce, *for* the law, and M. Chaix-d'Est-Ange, *against* it. On this occasion, was the *debut* of the last named speaker. His speech was pronounced a magnificent improvisation, and brought from even his enemies a confession, that for him was opening a future of success and fame. The Minister of Commerce spoke with energy and adroitness, and the triumphs of this day, as of the preceding, were claimed by the ministry. On the sixth, M. Berryer denounced the *projet*, amidst unparalleled

interruptions. M. Salvandy, its able reporter, summed up all objections, judicial and political, in the immense discussion, nullifying them as he could. On the seventh and last day, the discussion was miscellaneous, and half conversational. One member read a speech, to which the Chamber listened not. Many amendments were brought forward, and pushed back again. At length the moment arrived for proceeding to the *scrutin*, or ballot upon the bill. There is no taking of *ayes* and *noes*, in French legislative forms. No Deputy's vote is necessarily made known. One guaranty of political consistency is thus quite neglected. Preparatory to balloting, two urns were placed, one upon the tribune, and another at the President's right hand. The voters ascended the tribune on one side, and securing a white and a black ball each, walked onwards to deposit them, as judgment dictated, in either urn. M. Thiers, as he advanced, held visibly up before all eyes, a ball of black, damning to the bill. The balloting occupied about twenty minutes. The President then proclaimed the result.

Number of voters 420, (marks of astonishment).

Absolute majority, 211.

White balls for the *projet*, 209, (profound sensation).

Black balls against the *projet*, 211, (tremendous agitation).

'The bill is rejected by a majority of two voices,' announced the President. Acclamations were reiterated throughout the Chamber, of '*vive le roi*;' and voices at the extreme left shouted hoarsely forth, '*vive*

la charte, vive la charte.' Had Bonaparte descended, all bronze as he is, from his brazen column in the Place Vendome, and with bayonets and drums, stalked at this moment into the hemi-cycle of the Chamber, there could have been no more pallid consternation, than that which chased the blood from ministerial visages, at the above terrible announcement. They heard therein a knell, summoning them to the obscurity, and forgetfulness of private life. They had met their first overwhelming defeat. It was as if a dam had been, by sudden miracle, let fall into their headlong stream, whose waters were now surging up and over them. The Bills on the Dotation, and the Appanage; the Bill on Non-Revelation; the Bill on Deportation, and other Schemes, which they had half conjured up to bear, in future, their *Doctrine*-policy onwards into despotism, retired backwards, as spirits of ill, forbidden and rebuked.

'We have been beaten in a great debate,' said Mr. Guizot. 'A measure, indispensable to the safety of the throne, has been by the Chamber, thrust back from among the safeguards of public liberty. Upon that Chamber, I solemnly declare, shall ever hang the responsibility, and God grant that, millstone like, it may not drag you down to the hazards and horrors of revolution. The discipline of the army is enfeebled; the councils of war are discredited, and the outrage of the Strasburg Jury acquitment is sanctioned.' 'We have been victorious in a great conflict,' might have exclaimed the opposition. 'We have sustained the

inviolability of the Charter. We have kept consecrate the institution of the Jury. We have defended the bulwarks of French law, and of right. We have battered back the assailants of fundamental principles. We have proved that, whatever be the spirit of the Cabinet, the liberties of France have still a defender in this Assembly. We have struck a staggering blow at the Doctrinaires. We have confounded Mr. Guizot and his confederates, and at last, thank God, we have begun to drive them forth from their ministerial seats.'

VI.

GUIZOT—ARAGO—LAMARTINE.

‘WILL the Ministry retire?’

This was the frequent question of the press and of salons, immediately after its signal defeat on the Disjunction Bill. ‘The Ministry will *not* retire,’ was the reply. The recent vote was not part of a systematic vote against the Cabinet of September 6th. It was the result of a union of conflicting minorities, upon which no stable ministerial system could ever be based. Therefore will this ministry go on, endowing France, hereafter as heretofore, with beautiful and useful laws. It will develope into action the principles of the charter. It will satisfy every want of the nation. It will devote its heart, and soul and strength, to moral, social, political and physical progress ;—and thereupon, it introduced to the Chamber, on the 8th of March, a bill creating an extra fund, for the execution of great public works. The usual report was read by M. Duvergier de Hauranne. It maintained broadly, that it was well to execute great public enterprises in France, and that for such execution, an extraordinary fund was indispensable. It stated that many works were nearly finished ; they were the canals and the monuments.

Many others were far from completion ; such were the royal roads and the ports. And many were still but *projets* ; and these were the railroads. I extract the following passages, as illustrative of the time ;—‘ In fine, each epoch has its mission and its character. The character of the present epoch is, to be pacific and industrial. Its mission is, by labor and education, to develop all those germs of power and riches, which idleness and ignorance have for too long a time neglected. The Government would fail in its duty, did it not place itself at the *head* of this great movement to hasten and direct it.’ ‘ Each Government should bestow a dowry upon the people. That of the present Government shall be, on the one hand, the dissemination of instruction among *all* classes ; and on the other, a developement, without example, of public works, in *every part* of the country ;—an admirably dowry, Gentlemen, a dowry glorious indeed, and one that prepares for coming generations, a better condition, a life less tormented, and a destiny more happy.’ The Report discussed, among other things, the question of how far Government and private companies, ought to participate in these enterprises. In England, the accumulation of wealth in individuals, gave to private associations a power which the great division of property, and the consequent absence of large fortunes, rendered quite impossible in France. And yet the French Government ought to commence, and achieve these works, *only* in cases of absolute necessity.

In the debate, the opposition denounced the bill, as

conferring on Government a monopoly it should not have. Mr. Duchatel sustained it with vigor, and well-based common sense. His speech was one of the most valuable acquisitions to the session. He insisted strongly upon the necessity of governmental interference in such works as the construction of roads, the making navigable of streams, and the improvement of ports. Private associations were not to be confided in for such great enterprises; and from the past industrial history of France, were drawn instances in proof. The United States were frequently brought into the discussion by both parties; by one, as an illustration of the efficiency of private associations; by the other, as proof of the intervention, in great public works, of Government, both National and State. I know of nothing more agreeable to the (shall I say?) *vanity* of an American, than to see that young Republic already transported across the ocean, to act, on many subjects, as teacher to the old world. The time, however, is coming, when *all* her institutions shall here be studied, and devoutly too, as a text-book. After two days' discussion, the bill became a law,—two hundred and eighteen members voting against forty-seven. Out of that vote, the ministry drank confidence; and the country, courage. The former derived therefrom one guaranty of future support, and the latter a proof convincing, that when the Cabinet conceives out measures for ends broad and useful to the country, the Chamber is not, by wretched party zeal, blinded into an opposition. The law is an important one. It

shows some tendencies of the time. It recognises the principle of general, physical amelioration. Its spirit is comprehensive. Its objects are practical and material. One of its first fruits was seen on the following day, in the shape of an appropriation, by the Chamber, of eighty-four millions francs for the completion and reparation of royal routes. France contains eight thousand six hundred and twenty-eight leagues of royal routes, whereof six thousand one hundred and seventy-nine are in perfect condition; one thousand four hundred and sixty-three are in need of repairs; and nine hundred and eighty-six are incomplete. The sum necessary for their entire completion, is one hundred and thirty-five millions of francs. At the present time, Government has the sole right of constructing *royal* routes. Its agents, moreover, superintend the construction of *departmental* routes. The *communal* roads are made and kept in order, by the resources and agents of the departments and the communes.

On the 14th of March, commenced the discussion of a Bill, regulating secondary instruction. It was before the Chamber fourteen days. Liberty of instruction had been promised by the charter. To fulfil that promise, this bill was conceived. By the side of, or rather *under* that vast system of public education, re-created by Napoleon, after its destruction in 1789, and which is now designated by the word *University*, thrive many hundred private teachers. The great object of the bill was to regulate their qualifications, and the conditions under which they might continue

their little establishments. The debate, however, took a wider range. In the course of it, were developed some prevailing ideas, on the great ends and appropriate means of French education. The comprehensive system of the University was attacked, as originated in despotism, as smacking of the middle ages, and as little subserving the wants of the present time. It was defended, as a broad, and uniform, and *established* system, into which modern ideas, through modern legislation, might easily be made to enter. M. Guizot's opening speech, was a master-piece of perspicuity and large views. He insisted upon the necessity of *paternal authority*, coming to the aid of Government in the education of youth. Alas ! that authority but imperfectly existed in France, and wide among chiefs of families, was the absence of all just ideas on this important subject. He alluded to the relaxation of morals, and the want of all fixedness in ideas, as other existing obstacles to salutary education. He vindicated the intervention of Government, through the University. He distinguished between those material enterprises which with safety might be trusted to individuals, and those of a moral and intellectual character, whose higher importance, demanded the supervision of higher powers. In speaking of the despotic origin of the University he said :—‘ You may insert therein liberty. Owe we nothing to Napoleon for having created it ? Think you, that you could have created it in the circumstances amidst which we live ? It does not reject back the ameliorations which our time makes

necessary. It can nourish the germs of liberty which you may engraft therein, but *never*, I repeat, could you have created it. No one, no assembly, no government has energy sufficient to create so mighty a machine. We inherit to-day, and we profit by, the grand works of Napoleon. Notwithstanding the vices in them, we can make despotism pass out, and liberty enter. It is entering every day; but the grand works remain, and it is right to render gratitude for them to the memory of that Emperor,—that Emperor who, without doubt, was a despot, but one of those despots who leave behind them works for even the times of liberty.' He took the occasion to repel, and that with vigor too, the assaults upon Government, as stationary, retrograde,—a power illiberal. What is *progress*? An acquisition of what we need; the walking in ways to such acquisition. Now what does France need? She needs guarantees of duration; guarantees of stability in all things, for her institutions of liberty, as well as for all the rest. She wants riches,—well-being,—illumination. She wants to be consolidated, to be enlightened, [*éclairée*]. In such things lie progress. Such things should Government direct. The augmentation of general and material well-being,—the augmentation of intellectual and moral well-being,—the consolidation of all acquisitions, and many sure guarantees for French institutions,—such, *such* are the veritable needs of the country. These are wants which it is the duty of Government to supply. Government *will* supply them.

The session of March 23d was distinguished for a discussion, unpeaceful and yet not hostile, by a great *savant*, and a great poet. They contended, each for the objects of his professional sphere. One of the debaters may usually be seen, between Odillon Barrot and Lafitte, on the Extreme Left; the other occupies a lofty seat, near the Extreme Right. Mr. Arago spoke for science; Alphonse Lamartine for ancient letters. How so prolific, and spiritual, and philosophical a debate as this, was generated by so barren an article of the bill as the 17th, I never comprehended. Commenting on this article, Mr. Arago took occasion to denounce the study of Greek and Latin, not in the superior, but in the communal colleges. He would have them displaced by mathematics, and modern languages. He would have Spanish studied at Perpignan, English at Havre, and German at Besançon. 'They tell us,' said he, 'that Greek and Latin should be the principal study in our colleges. What! Racine, Fenelon, Boileau, Corneille Bossuet, Moliere,—the *immortal* Moliere,—are they incapable of forming our intellects and our hearts? There was an illustrious man that knew not Latin. He is buried at St. Helena. Bonaparte, gentlemen, was formed by the reading of French authors. Many of them he knew by heart. One of our greatest poets,—be not startled, I do not allude to Mr. Lamartine, though he deserves that distinction,—knows nothing of Latin, and he tells it to all the world. That poet is Berenger. I might cite you the example of Vauvenargues, Quinault, and

many others. But let us pass to England. Shakspeare, gentlemen, Shakspeare, that immortal genius, had no knowledge of Latin.' He then went on into the praise of scientific studies, which he thought had grown into some strange disfavor at the University. He cited Bacon, Cuvier, Buffon,—the lights of their time. He showed how such studies powerfully subserved material interests. All the Alexandrines in the world, could not extract one particle of coal from the earth. Such studies remove prejudices. Without our progress in astronomy, an astrologer would be figuring in the budget of public functionaries. It is upon progress in the exact sciences, that depends the material and moral perfection of humanity. We have every thing to expect from this progress in machinery, and the application of steam to industry,—that marvellous invention, whereof *a Frenchman, Denis Papin, was the author!* The fruits will soon appear. And when the sciences shall have accomplished their tasks, some poet,—for poets will still exist,—shall in noble enthusiasm, exclaim, as he speaks of them and their progress:—

'L'astre poursuivant sa carrière,
Verse des torrents de lumière,
Sur ses obscurs blasphémateurs.'

'*Très bien, très bien,*' said many voices, and Lamar-tine mounted into the tribune. On this occasion, the poet acquitted himself eloquently, and with consistency. He agreed with Mr. Arago in many things. He be-

lieved in a certain importance due to scientific, useful, and material studies. He declared that Bacon, and Herschel, and Arago himself, were not merely men of science ; they were grand poets. He agreed with him in the statement, that the present educational system of France was a perfect masquerade of opinions, modes and old religions, applicable to men of another epoch, in other manners, and living under other religious and legislative systems. At the present civilized time, it seemed only fit to produce laughable *quiproquos* of men. He differed from Mr. Arago in this :—he would have scientific study *posterior* to classical study. The heart should be educated first. The heart was educated by awakening the sentiment of the Beautiful, which indeed was none other than the sentiment of the good, the just, the honest. The models of the beautiful, (*le beau*) were to be searched after in antiquity. *Why*, was a mystery to be felt, not explained. Read Sophocles, Homer and the Bible ; behold the Parthenon and the Apollo ; and then question your consciences. He protested against this exclusive tendency to studies practical and industrial. It was a posthumous application of the materialism of the last century. He showed how the study of dead languages, had been common to all times and to all people,—to the Turks as well as to the Romans. He beheld a grand symptom, in this universal *instinct*. The Beautiful, antique as it was, had come down through many generations, unchanged and unchangeable ; and he prayed that the immutability of the past might preside for

ever, not only with all the majesty of time, but in all the majesty of Nature. The Beautiful in literature and the arts, is but the expression of Nature. In proportion then, as Nature is more primitive, and grand, and *active*, the more complete will be those arts which express her. Now it is evident that there are certain momentary and fugitive epochs in the life of nations, when these two conditions of the beautiful meet. It is when improving civilization has already produced the art of thinking and writing, and when Nature, still young, still vigorous, still primitive, has freshness and *naïveté* enough to inspire art. Study the history of all nations; you will find the apogee of their literature, at this precise point of their existence. It is there that the *beautiful* is produced, in all its newness, and all its sublimity. It is there that you must seek for models. Now wherein are such models preserved? In those immortal tongues, which you are asked to fling aside. Beware, gentlemen, how here you act. Look fitly to industrial and material education, but above all, preserve and cherish an *intellectual* fraternity, at the opening of life. Preserve the study of those languages, which enclose the treasures of the beautiful. The beautiful is the virtue of the intellect. In suppressing its worship, have a care; for thereby you may suppress the virtue of the heart. 'The soul, the intelligence,' concluded Lamartine, 'is the harmony of all our moral faculties,—that harmony wherein reside conscience and genius,—*Conscience and Genius!*—the only objects which your educational system forgets.

Eh bien, this conscience and genius, what produces them? What develops them? Is it *calcul*? Is it mathematics,—the only science which feels not, thinks not, reasons not? (Here Mr. Arago shrugged his shoulders). No. It is those moral studies, which you are asked to banish into exile among the Inutilities. What then will be the result? You will have a nation of admirable workers, fit to make bridges, and railroads, and tissues, and cottons. But is herein *all* the man? Is man a machine,—a mere tool, fashioned to make money, to produce in a given time, the greatest possible quantity of physical result? Has man no other then a mercantile, an industrial, a terrestrial end? If so, your system of positive instruction is perfect. But forget not, gentlemen, this doctrine degrades human nature. Man has another end, an end more noble, an end more divine, than to move stones about upon this earth. The end of man is Thought, Conscience, Virtue; and the Creator of that human thought divine, will not ask of civilization whether it has formed skilful operatives, useful industrials, and numerous manualists; but rather has it elevated, and ennobled, and aggrandized, and moralized, and dignified this Thought, by giving action to the great faculties which constitute man.'

These ideas of Lamartine were well thrown into that discussion, and that assembly. The tide of opinion is, however, now rushing onwards to the practical. Such ideas, eloquent though they be, are whirled aimlessly about, here and there, upon the eddying

stream. Lamartine and Berryer are respectfully listened to, as representatives of the *have beens*. The latter storms at the tribune, for a dynasty that is no more; the former raises his voice for a dynasty, that many deem to be already of the past. The tomb of Charles X. at Goritz is not darker, or more real, than that whose portals yawn wide in France, for the Greek and Roman Classics. It is not that those models really are neglected; their *spirit*, so interpenetrated with all parts of French literature, is quite giving away. Romanticism is usurping its place.

The subsequent articles of the bill, continued to be discussed. De. Tracy attacked the system of imprisonments, as a part of discipline in the Royal Colleges. Mr. Arago attacked the system of *bourses*. In the Royal Colleges at Paris alone, are one hundred and ninety-six bourses, or purses, of a thousand francs each, for the literary education of the poor. Mr. Arago declared that they flooded society with demi-savants. Saint Marc Girardin, the able reporter on the bill, spoke warmly in their favor. In his speech, he happened to use the words, *bourgeoisie* and *classe-moyenne*. The movement in the *gauche* was threatening. 'I beg pardon,' apologized he, 'for having used these terms—terms that can only deceive. I declare that there is no longer a *classe-moyenne* in France. I ask pardon for the exaggeration of my words. Since the revolution of eighty-nine, there has been no *classe-moyenne*, no *bourgeoisie*. We know no such categories, or distinctions. We have only the *Nation*.' The Extreme

Left was delighted with this. A voice exclaimed, 'Very well, you are in the truth ;' and Odillon Barrot observed, 'Continue as you are, and remember these words, when the question shall arise of an electoral reform.'

That article of the bill, which proposed equal liberty of instruction, in the secondary *ecclesiastical* schools, or those schools, wherein youth are prepared for the ecclesiastical sphere, brought out Mr. Guizot again in a luminous speech. He exhibited his views on the union of Church and State. He drew his distinction between civil and religious society. He was for their union, in a *certain* degree. The value and dignity of each demanded it. He gave a sketch of the moral and religious condition of France. He deplored the unquietude, the fermentation, the trouble wherein lived so many spirits. He was touched by the unbridled passion for movement, for material well-being, for selfish enjoyment, which every where was visible, and particularly among the inferior classes. While such tumult reigned in the spirit, all external administration was of little avail. There must be religious belief abroad in the nation's heart ; and here Saint Marc Girardin interjected that he believed it *was* fast spreading. He thought the tide was now upon the turn. 'I thank God,' said he, 'that religious beliefs, far from being now abandoned, are resorted to with impatience and curious interest. I see our youth in the disorders of the age, seeking what to seize hold upon, and asking of the faith of their fathers, if it still have any life and health to be-

- queath to them. If I have any hope, in the midst of the words of despair which echo around us, it is, that religion is soon to return into the present state of things. Mark it well, gentlemen, religion must soon prevail, or France will perish utterly.'

After these various discussions, the bill, guaranteeing and regulating liberty of instruction, passed into a law. Like all privileges granted by the Charter, it is, as it ought to be, surrounded with conditions. The character of those conditions determines the value of that privilege. Through them, you may see a portion of the liberty of the time. The law contains twenty-eight articles of regulatory and restrictive provisions. It gives to every Frenchman, of the age of twenty-five years, permission to form and direct an establishment for secondary instruction, on his delivering to the rector of the Academy in the *locale* of his intended establishment, a certificate of capacity, a certificate of morality, a programme of his course of studies and interior regulation, and a plan of the vicinity wherein his establishment is to be carried on. This *plan* must be approved by the mayor of that commune, which approval can be refused only for reasons of convenience, or salubrity. The certificate of *morality* must be from the mayor of the commune, wherein the applicant has for three years resided, delivered on said mayor's responsibility, with the attestation of three municipal counsellors. The certificate of *capacity* must be from a committee, composed of said rector of the academy ; the president of the royal court of that

academy's vicinity, or in his default, the president of the civil tribunal ; the mayor of the town ; a minister of one of the religions recognised by the State, designated by the minister of public instruction ; and of four persons, selected likewise by this minister, from among the magistrates and notable citizens, or the professors, or superior functionaries of public instruction. I give the essential features of the law. I trust that through them, you may see what spirit of free instruction, is deemed in harmony with the spirit and institutions of the revolution of 1830. Compare and contrast it with what exists in the United States. In so doing, remember however, that the free establishments for secondary instruction in this kingdom, are altogether independent of that general system of public education, which is under governmental inspection, and which exists under the designation of 'University of France.'

VII.

FRENCH RADICALISM IN 1837.

ALTHOUGH Catholicism be the religion of a majority of the French people, the power of the Romish Church is insignificant in France. Although monarchy be the form of government under which Frenchmen live, it is to be sustained without the aid of certain endowments, which have been deemed essential to all French monarchies in the past. These statements, I think, are illustrated by some recent proceedings and expressions of opinion, with respect to the archbishop of Paris, and the proposed appanage of the Duc de Nemours.

On the 23d of February last, the Minister of Finances introduced to the Chamber of Deputies a bill, with a single article, thus worded :—‘ Cession is made to the city of Paris of the site, which the buildings, court and garden, of the ancient archiepiscopal palace occupied.’ Those buildings, you are aware, were destroyed, February 1831, in a popular tumult excited by certain manifested political predilections of the archbishop himself. The effect of the cession was ultimately, to convert that present barren site, near Notre Dame, into a public promenade. On the 10th of March, Hyacinthe Louis de Quelen, Archbishop of Paris, publicly protested against that projected cession.

It would effect an alienation, whereunto the archbishop might not silently lend himself. The metropolitan chapter adhered to, and sustained this protest. It was published in the Gazette de France, the Quotidienne, the Journal Général de France, and had the hearty approval of those legitimatist organs. On the 23d of March, Louis Philippe, after deliberation in Council of State, publicly decreed that by such protest, the archbishop had committed an excess and usurpation of power, and had contravened the laws of the realm; that there was error in the declaration of adhesion by the metropolitan chapter; and that said protest and declaration were, and should hereafter ever be, *suppressed*. On the 29th of March, the Bill of Cession was, in the Chamber of Deputies, without debate, voted into a law, by a majority of two hundred and twenty-nine to twenty-five, and great thereat was the astonishment of the Chamber. On the 20th of May, was laid before the Peers, the half-enacted law, who after much discussion and recalling of bitter remembrances, gave to it their sanction. The opposition in the Chamber of Peers, was moderated by an opening, three days before this discussion, of the doors of St. Germain l'Auxerrois,—doors which, since the popular pillage of that church in 1831, had by the Government, been closed. These are *the facts*. Out of them grew discussions, and expressions of opinion in the press. The archbishop had his defenders in the legitimatist periodicals. He was attacked by the governmental press, and by all varieties of the opposition. The whole

public feeling was awakened. The discussions were any thing but salutary to religion, and the archbishop himself was railed at without mercy. He seemed to have forgotten that, within the last fifty years, two great revolutions had taken place in France. He seemed to have forgotten, that all property denominated ecclesiastical, was the property of the State. He had forgotten the famous vote of September 2d, 1789. He had protested against the State's appropriating that which was its own. The consequences of that protest taught him a severe, and an important lesson. They taught him,—what he seemed not to know,—the very subordinate position of the French Catholic Church, with respect to the French Government. The time is past in France, when the voices of priests were powerful outside their pulpits. The Chamber of Deputies and Peers, and the King, will do what they please with so-called ecclesiastical property. The highest church dignitary in the kingdom has raised himself in protestations, and he has been beaten back, and battered down into a sense of humiliating powerlessness. The State in silencing the voice of the archbishop, still opens that church, upon whose doors have been its seals for six years. Such is a part in the system of that conciliatory spirit, which prompted the pardon of Meunier, and the recently promulgated Amnesty. Such is one proffered consolation for a popular outrage, mainly provoked by the archbishop himself. The Government would fain remove all grief-awakening memorials. The dilapidated towers and rent

portals of St. Germain L'Auxerrois, recall one passionate outbreak of public feeling. Those towers and portals are to be renovated. I doubt not that some such worthy motives originate the act, and yet there are those who attribute it much to love of gothic art, which would preserve this illustration of the middle ages, as it is now restoring, among other buildings, the ancient chapel of St. Louis.

On March 10th, was introduced to the Deputies, a bill for endowing the Queen of the Belgians. By the marriage contract of July 1832, one million of francs was stipulated as dowry for the daughter of the French King, with an annual appropriation of three hundred thousand francs, in case of widowhood. Great was the opposition to that endowment. It was based upon a law of March 2d, 1832, which provides, that in case of *insufficiency of private domain*, the endowments of the younger sons of the king, and of the princesses, were to be regulated by special laws. The opposition declared that Louis Philippe,—the wealthiest monarch in Europe,—possessed said *sufficiency* of private domain. It was on this occasion that the *Chiarivari*, a wholly opposition and half legitimatist paper, came out with its pungent article headed :—‘ One million, if you please ? ’ ‘ Un million, s’il vous plait. ’ Selecting for caption, that law which punishes public beggars, it went on striving to bring the Government within its penalties. For that article was it arraigned before the *Cour d’Assises*, and for the triumph of opposition, and to the astonishment of many disinterested spectators, it was acquitted. The bill was ultimately passed.

A bill for endowing the Duke of Nemours, second son of the king, was introduced by Count Molé, and as usual committed for report. While in that committee, came forth public opinion with respect to it. The bill proposed to confer upon the Duc de Nemours, under the title of Appanage, the domain of Rambouillet and the forests of Sénonche, Château-neuf, and Montécaut. Their annual revenue was, by the minister, estimated at four hundred and seventy thousand francs. Such endowment was declared to be conformable with the traditions of the antique monarchy, and the spirit of modern French Institutions. By nearly every opposition journal, was that endowment attacked. It was, of course, defended by the ministerial press. The legitimatists watched the contest from afar. Said the *Journal des Debats*;—‘Laws of dotation are indispensable to the Royal Establishment; they are in the very essence and root of monarchical government. Dynasties are apart from the nation, to represent the nation, to be supported by the nation; the sons of the king are part of this dynasty. They must be supported.’ The journal maintained, in many powerful articles, that the private domain was insufficient, and that the contemplated endowment of the duke, was not too great for one so near the throne. Appanages had been respected in all past times; they had survived the destroying night of August 4th, 1789; they were not now to be swept away. The law was odious to the opposition, because it tended to strengthen and dignify the throne. The opposition assailed it with might and wit, insisting upon the sufficiency of private domain.

Among all expressions of opinion with respect to this appanage, I know of none which produced a wider sensation, than that of M. de Cormenin, a member of the Chamber of Deputies, the author of celebrated letters, on the civil list in 1832; a political writer, pronounced by Armand Carrel, the most rich, and various, and piquant and popular of the time; a man now detested by the ministry, as representing the lowest and wretchedest Radicalism. When recently discussing that law endowing the Queen of the Belgians, Count Molé, alluding in the tribune to this gentleman, observed:—‘the honorable member, I should say, the member’—here arose violent interruptions;—‘yes, gentlemen, I persist in saying, *the member* ;’—new clamors,—and a voice in the gauche exclaimed, ‘you should at least be civil when asking for money.’ The fact is, De Cormenin’s pamphlet entitled, ‘Letters upon the Appanage of the Duke of Nemours,’ which, in two months, has passed through fifteen editions, struck the deadliest blow at that *projet* of the ministry. Their hatred burst forth into personalities. The pamphlet can be read in an hour, and as it illustrates something of what is permitted to the press, as well as whitherward tend certain opinions of the time, I trust a little acquaintance with it may not be uninteresting.

De Cormenin begins by informing the young Duke,—who, by the way, is a handsome youth, and may be seen, every other night, in white hair and white kids, at the Grand Opera,—that he hardly knows how to commence the discourse which he is very sorry to be com-

pelled to let off at him, on the subject of his appanage ; for hereabouts walking, is a freethinker momentarily in danger of traps, snares, and flaming firebrands. Ah ! could he but have lived in the times of Massillon, Mably, Montesquieu, or of Voltaire and Rousseau, *then* might he have discoursed upon the luxury, the vices, the hardness of heart, the pride and avarice of the great ; upon the love of equality, contempt of riches, our duties to the poor, and other like themes. But while such dissertations were permitted under an absolute monarchy, they are hardly so now, though from the summit of the barricades, we with a loud voice, have proclaimed the liberty of the press. He then goes on to expose this miscalled liberty, and says :— ‘ We are simply *here* ; *Malheur* to those who defend the liberties of the people, *malheur* ! For them, the anathemas of the Camarilla ; for them, the calumnies of the only good press ; for them, the persecutions of the ministry ; for them, are fines, and confiscations, and the living sepulchres of Salazie.’

He then looks into the eleven grave considerations, or arguments, of ministers. We need hardly follow him through them all. In many of them is a freedom of thought, which, considering that it has been published fifteen times without interruption, rather gives the lie to his previous statement about want of liberty in the French press. In treating the second consideration, are much neatness and vigor. ‘ The ministers, Monseigneur, invoke for you, the traditions of the ancient monarchy. Of what monarchy do they speak ?

Of the monarchy of our fathers? And pray what relation is there between absolute royalty, and constitutional royalty?—between the king of *gentilshommes* and the king of *le bourgeois*?—between pompous Versailles and modest Neuilly?—between Louis XIV. and Louis Philippe? But perhaps they mean the monarchy of Charles X. And if we are to imitate Charles X., why have we chased him from the throne? I am grieved to tell you, Monseigneur, your supporters of the appanage, know nothing about the subject. No, they comprehend it not. They do not perceive that there is no common feature between your predecessors and you; that between them and you are mountains, oceans, impassable abysms, boundless and bottomless; that all *their* force, that all *their* éclat came from legitimacy, and the consecration of holy bubbles; that all *your* force, and all *your* éclat can but come from the usurpation and the consecration of the people. Born of a revolution in a tempestuous day, you can ripen in no other than *its* sun. For you there is nothing but *that*. You are, as a dynasty, younger than any of us; nay younger than yourself. You may have descendants, but you have no ancestry. You date only from July. You are but six years old. For you, the eight centuries of the antique monarchy are, and ought to be, as if they were not.' Really, M. De Cormenin has here stated some plain truths in most significant style. It is not altogether unrefreshing to look over such passages. Mirabeau himself could not have worded the idea better. Nay, there is a sort of

Mirabeauism imprinted upon the whole letter ; and if Count Molé, in his petty malice, refused to its author the designation of *honorable*, it certainly could not have been because he deemed him lacking in pith.

As it is not uninteresting to hear how a French Radical, under the new Revolution, can speak, let us listen. ‘ Your ministers at the Tuileries, Monseigneur, will ask, “ what is the meaning of all this morose and clamorous opposition ? Why make so much noise about so small an affair ? ” What mean *you*, then, I ask, by small affairs ? Alas, they are big with abuse ; and moreover, they are irreparable. As for your laws of confiscation, intimidation, extirpation, deportation, and non-revelation,—you, Ministers, know as well as I, they will not survive you. But your little laws of family,—for them the future, and *what* a future ! ’ Proceeding thereafter to illustrate the influence of the law, in accumulating property and aggrandizing persons, he asks :—‘ Is there nothing in this double future threatening to liberty ? Is that the equality promised by July ? Can one call by the name of *little* laws, those laws which tend to centre in a single house the exercise of sovereignty, the inheritance of the empire, the possession of great appanages, the enjoyment of all the honors, all the privileges, all the riches, all the avenues to power, with the investment of authorities, and highest places in the state ? Yes, Monseigneur, fitly have these laws been named *family laws*, for when executed, there will be, neither in a political nor vulgar acceptation, but one family in France, and that family will be yours.’

You perceive that sometimes our Radical drives directly at the prince ; then again aiming at the prince, he strikes the ministry ; and still again, with his broad scythe, he almost cuts into the whole Orleans family. This seems to be a rather gloveless mode of handling one, whom you would pronounce at first, and even at second sight, a very harmless young man. Whatever he may have said, at the beginning of his letter, about free speaking in past dynasties, I doubt not that had he published the foregoing sentences in the days of *lettres-de-cachet*, he would at their close, have found himself quite unable to commence the next ; a sentence, indeed, not uncomplimentary. ‘ Monseigneur, it is a beautiful and a rich spectacle, to behold your radiant fortune superior to the vicissitudes of time and the decay of empires ; traversing the absolute monarchy of Louis XIV., the constitutional royalty of Louis XVI., the storms of the republic, the restoration of Louis XVIII., the government of Charles X., and the revolution of July ; holding a golden sceptre in its hand, and crowned with a triple band of pearls and diamonds.’

Our Radical now descends to figures, and he so marshals them, as to prove that the income of Monseigneur’s family is twenty-five millions of francs,—an enormous sum, and quite too much to be safely in the hands of one, though that one be a prince. Showing how this fortune came to them originally from the nation, he exhorts Nemours thus :—‘ Confess, Monseigneur, that this is a very noble, a very generous

nation, this nation of Frenchmen, and that your family owes to it acknowledgments without bounds.' But our Radical now boldly attacks Monseigneur's *right* to the appanage,—apanage, or *a-pennage*, derived from *a pennis*, 'which is,' says Loysel naïvely, 'to give wings to the young seigneurs, going away from their parents' nest, so that they may fly.' He shows that expiring kings *formerly* gave away parts of the State in appanage; but times had a little changed. 'France,' says he, 'is no longer to be dismembered. She is no longer to be given away to kings' sons; she is one and indivisible, like the sovereignty of the people. Monarchs on their death-beds are but men, who expire and go down to the dust whence they came, without the power of giving away a village clock,—they who once might distribute duchies and kingdoms.' He then shows that appanages are feudal, and that feudalities are abolished; that they are of the *majorats*, and majorats are forbidden; that they are of indefinite entails, and such entails are prohibited. We need not follow our Radical through his proofs of *sufficiency in private domain*. Let us only hear him speak of how might be appropriated, the proceeds of a public sale of the proposed appanage,—proceeds which he shows would amount to forty millions of francs.

And here I wish to recall to my radical reader, that if he have travelled in France, he has doubtless visited the low places and the high ones; he has seen the abodes of millions in poverty, and some palaces of the few in power; he has been among the wretched fau-

bourgs of Paris and over its Tuileries ; he has tried to measure the wide chasms which yawn between an occasional residence of some royal prince, and the constant hovels of multitudes who pine and toil to support him. And I doubt not he has been at Rambouillet and Fontainebleau ; through the solitary splendor of St. Cloud, and the large magnificence of Versailles. And walking in meditation among the fountains and gilded chambers of the latter, I doubt not queries have entered his thought, as to what was actually indispensable in the regal establishment of the present dynasty, and what, originated for the gratification of other ideas, might, with the decay of those ideas, be permitted to cease. When peace shall have become the practised principle of the world, the millions of men now wasted in war, may be emancipated into useful spheres, and for the substantial advancement of society. When economy *has* become the professed principle of a nation ; when that nation deems its government established only for itself ; when there is continual speech about the sovereignty of the people ; when the magnificent luxury of Louis XVI. is remembered only to be condemned ; when France in politics, detaches herself as much as possible from the past ;—in such a state of fact and feeling, I say the question may well arise, not only in your radical, but likewise in your conservative, whether certain wealth of the State, now lying half-dead at this or that occasional royal residence, might not, in compatibility with the comfort and dignity of the crown, and the

glory of the general people, be thence taken and converted into some other form,—a form at once glorious to sovereign and subject; not subtracting from the true splendor of the former, and adding much to the happiness of the latter. De Cormenin has some pithy ideas upon this subject, and his hints to young Nemours are condensed into such neat formulas, that I cannot forbear extracting them. ‘Now, if you will permit me, Monseigneur, I think I can aid you in handsomely employing these forty millions, and can quite respond to that prodigality of character, that chivalrous generosity, and those grand sentiments which have ever distinguished the heroes of your race. With this forty millions from Rambouillet, you might give popular libraries, to thirty-eight thousand communes of France. You might establish twelve thousand *écoles de couture*, for the poor women in the country. You might furnish means of support to ten thousand asylums for little children. You might open, in three hundred and fifty villages, refuges for the aged of both sexes. You might prevent from dying by hunger, during two months of winter, thirty thousand operatives without work. You might establish in the country, five thousand schools for girls. You might furnish, for five years, a pension of one hundred francs to five thousand wounded, crippled, or infirm soldiers. You might endow two hundred and fifty professors in the sciences, arts, mechanics, history, morals, philosophy, design, agriculture, geometry, and their application, who would disseminate their

lessons gratuitously into all parts, the most uninformed and the most populous of France. I know not whether such an employ of the forty millions, would be more monarchical than the establishment of an ostentatious appanage, but I think it would be a little more useful, and a little more national. With these forty millions from Rambouillet, loaned to substantial and intelligent companies, France might be covered with canals, and *canalized* rivers; with bridges, fountains, ports, roads, and railroads; activity might be given to multitudes of laborers, and four hundred millions of *works* would be the result. With these forty millions from Rambouillet, the ruins of Huningue might be restored, and a bulwark raised against an enemy,—a bulwark, Monseigneur, which you might defend against the Austrians or Prussians, for which you are wondrously well adapted. With these forty millions from Rambouillet, we might assist our artisans in their transportation of peaceful influences into Africa,—instruments and good methods of agriculture; perfected means of industry; the politeness of our manners, and the goods of civilization. Thus might the south of France be enriched, the charges of the treasury be diminished, and surely, such course would be more worthy and more humane than *extorting* from the Arabs, burning their houses, cutting off their heads, and showing ourselves as barbarous as even the barbarians. In fine, Monseigneur, should a war arise that interested *indeed* the dignity of France,—that is to say, a war against the sovereignty of the people;—with

the forty millions from Rambouillet, might, for a year be sustained, an army of fifty thousand men, an army in whose ranks you might appear with honor, and find opportunities to exhibit your gratitude to the nation which has so much enriched your father, and which has heaped so many bounties upon your happy house.'

No sooner was the pamphlet, from which the above passages are taken, published, than out came a pamphlet entitled '*La Liste civile Dévoilée*,' disproving it quite, and railing at our radical in good tempestuous terms. But De Cormenin, nowise intimidated, still replied with vigor, and in a freedom which, had not the ministry been lately foiled in several prosecutions, would have certainly arraigned him before the Cour d'Assises.

The 15th of April witnessed the retirement of Mr. Guizot, the formation of a new ministry, and an announcement to the Chamber of Deputies, that the Appanage Bill had been withdrawn. Great was the rejoicing in the Chamber, and the press, at that announced withdrawal. The opposition journals hailed it as the triumph of public opinion, and one good omen for constitutional monarchy. The old ministerial organs regretted, that the bill had not *at once* been brought before the Chamber and voted, ere party discussion had so blinded public opinion and led it astray. They seemed to have quite forgotten, that where truth is left free to battle with falsehood, right with wrong, the chances of success are vastly in favor of the former.

VIII.

THE PARISIAN STAGE.

CIVILIZATION is a rather complex word. When applied to large political communities, its elements are not easily estimated. France claims to be the most civilized of modern nations. Where are the evidences of such civilization? I look for them in her agriculture, her commerce, and her manufactures, and I find them not. I look for them in her works of art, her paintings, sculpture, architecture and music; in her government; her social manners; her educational institutions, and the resulting intelligence to the minds of her people; her religious institutions, and the resulting faith to the heart of the nation; in her periodical press, and her imaginative literature. I shall not here declare, how often I have looked for them in vain. There is a class of proofs, yet unmentioned, which should not be neglected;—I mean, her Theatres.

The remark that the Theatre of a nation is its Literature in action, came very happily from the mouth of a French woman. It is, however, about twice too broad for the truth, even in France. A part of her literature may, nevertheless, be read upon the stage. Within that stage, are now circled and condensed

many of the tastes, and feelings, and opinions, and tendencies of the time. I look upon it as one type of the time. I see in Paris twenty-three theatres. They are open every night. Thousands throng into them. I note them, not so much as amusements, as eyes through which one may look down into the soul of Parisian society. As mere amusements, they may soon cease to interest. Considered, however, as exponents; as visible proofs of invisible under-currents; as audible illustrations of unspoken hopes and fears in the French nation's heart;—in short, as types of this transitionary age, they do possess continual interest, and values not easily to be estimated. A celebrated physician has recently published two large volumes on Prostitution in Paris. Read them, if you would briefly know something of moral states in this metropolis. Had Parent Duchatelet published a like number of pictorial volumes, on the Parisian drama of the past winter, he would have furnished a like significant, and impressive proof on this same topic;—Parisian morality.

The stage of Paris teems with as much novelty as its press. Indeed, it is the press of those who will not, or who cannot read; and it acts each night, as constantly as does the press, each day. Every week witnesses some new revelations. The month of November last, brought out twenty-seven new pieces; among which were two operas, four dramas, and twenty vaudevilles. In April, 1837, forty authors produced twenty-three new pieces; whereof were fourteen vau-

devilles, eight dramas, and one comedy. In the year 1836, the pens of one hundred and eighty-eight authors, were freshly delivered of two hundred and ninety-six dramatic compositions. In 1835, were produced two hundred and twenty-one pieces, by one hundred and eighty-three authors. In 1834, there were one hundred and eighty-eight new works, by one hundred and forty-eight writers. Thus we perceive an annual increase of theatrical productions. It is however, worthy of remembrance, that while in 1836, those high theatres, the Odeon and the Français, produced, the former three, and the latter seven, dramas; those low theatres, the Pantheon, and the Porte St. Antoine, gave birth, the former to forty, and the latter to thirty-four, *soi-disant* new compositions. What vast intellectual activity, I hear you exclaim, for the accomplishment of such results! And who are the workmen? The present number of writers in Paris for its stage, is estimated at four hundred. Of these the most prolific is Eugene Scribe. His pieces amount to three hundred and fifty, and up to 1833, he had realized for his theatrical compositions, one hundred and forty-eight thousand francs. Rougemont has produced of comedy, tragedy, opera, vaudeville, drama, and melodrama, sixty-four pieces by himself, and one hundred and four as a laborer with others. This intellectual collaboration, this Beaumont and Fletcher copartnership, is here carried into all sorts of extremes. Four and five authors often associate. One contributes plot, another fancy, another music, another

clap-traps, and another merely his name. No writer's name is worth more than Eugene Scribe's. A piece, heralded thereby is generally sure, if not of success, at least of much run. Two stupid writers write a stupid comedy, engage eight or ten applauders (claqueurs), and presenting Scribe five hundred francs, send their piece to the Gaieté, his name linked with theirs as its authors. The piece draws crowds for a while, as ostensibly, it is in part the offspring of a dramatist, the most original and popular of the time.

The very prolific writer of the last year, was Bayard, who revealed himself in twelve pieces. Theaulon wrote eleven; Scribe ten; Paul de Kock nine; Desverges eight; Ancelot seven; and Duvert six. The number of debutants was twenty-two. Many of the celebrated writers are, by contract, secured for single theatres. Bayard now composes for the Variétés alone. But this practice is not universal, and on a single evening, you may read four plays of Scribe announced for representation, at four different theatres of the capital. With regard to the intellectual merit of these dishes, thus hastily cooked up, and as hastily devoured, I remark that it is very unequal. Many of them possess much wit and more waggery, interwoven with plots of exceeding ingenuity. Then there is a large multitude, whose plots are meagre, and whose wit is flat. They lack propriety, substance, character. And yet these French are determined to enjoy them. The wit, wanting in language, is supplied by the actor's wit of countenance, or gesture, or

attitudes. No audience enjoys visible waggery like a French one. Odry, or Gabriel, or Arnal, or little Jenny Vertpré, may say very commonplace things, but in so queer and significant a *manner*, that the silly things are quite lost sight of, in the glow and vivacity of that manner. Lepeintre plays in many ordinary pieces, but Lepeintre's practical wit sustains the pieces, and in this spirit, he is said to have comedy enough in his *fingers*, to supply half the Provinces. Thus are many new dramas tacked to a great artist, whose skill and past reputation, sustain for a time, both actor and the acted. A wretched piece called *Cesar*, is not coughed and whistled down at the Gymnase, because the inimitable Bouffé keeps it up. Madame Ancelot's comedy of *Marie*, would never have seen its fifty-fifth representation, had not Mademoiselle Mars condescended to rescue it from the damnation of an ennuied audience.

Of the two hundred and ninety-six new pieces, which appeared in 1836, two hundred are now forgotten utterly ; ninety are fast on their road to forgetfulness, and six stand a chance of surviving, some eight or ten years longer. Those two hundred pieces, however, served their ends. They established, or kept up the notoriety of their authors ; they helped to keep up the vogue of their theatres ; and they put money into both purses of authors and theatres. They added nothing to the value of French literature.

The reputation of a theatre, is in the hands of its peculiar public. Each theatre, like each café and

restaurant, has its public. The public of the Italian Opera, is quite different from that of the Opéra Comique. The public of the Vaudeville, seldom patronizes the theatre of the Porte St. Martin ; and the public of this latter, rarely witnesses representations on the boards of the former. The Théâtre Français centres around it one crowd, and the Gymnase Dramatique another. A drama, after having run itself into exhaustion at the Gaieté, may start fresh again at the Pantheon, or the Luxembourg. Thus are the twenty-three Parisian theatres patronized by twenty-three different public circles,—or more truly, twenty-three different public polygons, of many sides, with angles quite acute. The theatres sometimes exchange their companies, they seldom mingle their publics. A company at the Vaudeville, will now and then be engaged to perform, for an evening, before a public of the Théâtre des Variétés ; and Mademoiselle Mars, with a troop of comedians from the Français, has been known to emigrate, for a night, to the boards of the Grand Opera.

Had some of these facts not been forgotten, I apprehend that certain English writers about the Parisian stage, would never have taken certain abominable dramas of the Porte St. Martin, and the enthusiasm with which they are there applauded, as types of all Parisian dramas, and illustrations of all Parisian theatrical taste. While the *Tour de Nesle* of Dumas, and Victor Hugo's *Lucrèce Borgia* are exciting the horror and laughter of fifteen hundred spectators at the thea-

tre just above-named; the master-pieces of Corneille and Racine, are creating admiration in two thousand Parisians at the Français; and two thousand other auditors are listening at the Grand Opera, to the solemn strains of Myerbeer in the Huguenots. The Faubourg St. Antoine craves a theatrical aliment, quite different from that demanded by the Chaussée d'Antin; and when Mr. Bulwer was guided to his conclusions on the state of the Parisian stage, by the dramas he witnessed at the Porte St. Martin, his proceeding was not unlike deriving general conclusions on Parisian eating, from scenes beheld at a Magasin de Vin,—forgetting quite the second rate Restaurants, to say nothing of the Grand Vatel, and the Rocher.

It is extremely difficult to discover features, common to so *numerous* a variety of theatrical publics. They have few common features; they have many peculiar ones. Shall I say that generally they enjoy assaults upon religion? I have indeed witnessed, this winter, many instances, in which religion appeared to little advantage. Its ministers have sometimes been placed in ludicrous positions, and only two weeks ago, a petition was presented to the Chamber of Deputies, against their irreverent introduction upon the stage. But here is a fact. I record it in honor of the blood-thirsty, and diabolical Porte St. Martin. A few nights since, while one of its dozen crimes was about being perpetrated in the Tour de Nesle, the assassin, ere he struck the blow, permitted his victim to call, for the last time, upon his God. '*Il n'y-en-a-pas,*' spoke up a voice in

one of the boxes. The terrible cry instantly arose from every side of, *à la porte, à la porte*, and in two minutes, the atheist was driven from the theatre. The cry was the *à la lanterne* of this epoch. Was he driven forth because he interrupted the play? Hardly so. Was it because he publicly *revealed* his infidelity? Was an atheist of the *heart and tongue*, denounced by atheists of the *heart* merely? Many, perhaps, may think so. And yet, though thus motivated, the movement was a good omen. If infidelity do couch in secret bosoms, such public leaping forth is not, it seems, every where tolerated. If religion have clandestine scorners, it has public reverers;—and that is something to say for this Babylon. I strive to read in the above-stated fact, one natural outbreak of a people, on their return to religious belief. It seems to me, slightly illustrative of such return. It is in harmony therewith. It is just what such a people ought to have done. The atheists of Robespierre's time would not have silenced the declaration. Neither, on the other hand, would a sound-hearted house have much cared for it. The former might have sympathized therewith, as the embodiment of a familiar thought; the latter have forgotten it, as the harmless speech of a mad fool. The one might not have noticed it because it was so near; the other because it was so distant.

In the now-performing drama of *Louis XI.* at the Français, the catholic religion is sneered at, through the bigotry and degrading superstition of that ignoble

King. In a waggish piece, called *Judith et Holofernes*, at the Palais Royal, the scriptural decapitation is justified with reasons, amusingly drawn from heaven by monks, to the infinite satisfaction of a laughing audience. At the Ambigue Comique, a seven-act drama entitled *Nebuchodonosor*, very magnificently got up, has run fifty nights. . The consequences of image-worship, revealed in the grass-eating monarch, are given with fearful dramatic power. They probably subserve religious ends, as much as any succession of stage exhibitions can do. While religion is thus, through its forms and outward symbols, frequently attacked, it is seldom or never defended. I cannot recall a single sentiment, or a single combination of plots, whose tendencies look towards such an end. In this respect, the theatre is here, what it has every where been. Its friends have seldom claimed for it, the championship of the Bible and Christianity. Herein is not its legitimate sphere. It is in *morality*, if any where, that such sphere exists. It has been a religious agent for ill; it has been a moral agent for good *and* ill.

If the Parisian stage work little for religion, it works less for morality. Considered in this respect, it is, in some of its representations, a faithfully-reflecting mirror of numerous features in present French society. The dramatic exhibitions of the past winter have been extremely various. Antiquity has figured largely at the Français, in tragedies of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire. The middle ages have been represented at nearly all the theatres, great and small. The age of

Louis XIV. has very frequently been made to live again. There have been acted many comedies, founded on those times of luxury, immediately subsequent. The Republic, the Consulate, and the Empire have each had their representatives. Nothing has yet appeared of the historical in the Restoration, or since the Revolution of 1830. Of the manners, and feelings, and opinions, however, of this present epoch, the dramatic types are not wanting. It is to these latter pieces, I chiefly allude, when speaking of the moral mirrors in the present French drama. The precedently-named exhibitions, I notice as illustrations of taste, rather than of morality. While then, these numerous pieces generally reflect the conscience, the habits, and the feelings of the present time, do they likewise direct, enlighten, and purify? Unquestionably, but in a much less degree. They illustrate to a value indicated by *fifty*. They purify to the value of *five*. During the last six months, have appeared forty comedies, vaudevilles, and melodramas, whose elements are combined out of existing traits in French society. Of what are these bubbles made? In twenty of them, the great central theme is an intrigue,—a wife seduced, or a daughter dishonored. Of the remaining twenty, are ten whose ends are worthy, while the suggesting motives, and operating means are unworthy. The rest are unexceptionable. Here is a picture from one of last week's periodicals:—*Ce n'est plus le même théâtre, paresseux et endormie; c'est une eruption, une débâcle, un deluge d'assassi-*

nats nouveaux, de viols nouveaux, d'incestes, d'adulteres, de suicides, de seductions, de recoulements, de pirouettes, de fredons d'hiver, d'auteurs illustres, de grands acteurs.' This is a boastful tableau. I call it a sad one, and I doubt not that an accurate analysis would verify it. I need hardly trouble my reader with such analysis. An analysis of forty modern French vaudevilles ! 'The very essence of ephemeralism ; the merest bubbles blown into a momentary life ; the lightest sprays of the French intellectual wave. And yet without some such analysis, we can have no profound and permanent idea of the tendencies of these things.

At the vaudeville, I last night heard much applauded, a little piece called the 'Grocer's Wife.' It seems said grocer had departed on business, for Havre. A Parisian *petit ma'tre*, or buck, solicits his wife. The husband returning, smells trouble. To reform his wife, the grocer offers to take said ravisher into his employ. The ravisher consents, in order that he may be in nearer vicinity to his mistress. He is clothed in the dirty vestments of his vocation. The wife, *seeing him in such unseducing costume*, takes a disgust, and turning him off, returns to conjugal duties. The coolness of the husband's plot is truly French. Who but a Frenchman could have devised it ? No moral impulse, no horror of her crime, no conviction of her duty, brings back the wife to rectitude. She sees her lover in that *unromantic* dress. A soiled apron, and a ragged neckcloth turn her from vice to virtue ; that is to say, to *French* virtue.

A few nights since, I saw at the Variétés, a piece entitled the 'Fandango Lawsuit.' A dancing-master is arraigned, for having introduced the lascivious Fandango, among certain pupils. After the testimony against him is heard, and the prosecutor's speech spoken, the accused is asked for his defence. He leads into the court room two Fandango dancers ;—(by the way, they are man and woman from the royal opera of Madrid). The court are requested to behold, and judge whether such dance be immoral. It is commenced. The castinets make music. The eyes languish. The breast heaves. The bodies bend, advance and retire. Soon a judge begins to bob up and down in his seat ; then another, and then the prosecutor, and finally the curious spectators. The whole assembly are now in Fandango-motion. Shame to the gray-haired men, and the mothers, and the daughters that can look unblushing from their boxes, on such a scene, too indelicate for even the miserable merit of voluptuousness ! Need I add, that the dancing-master is acquitted ?

Here is the 'Camaraderie' of Eugene Scribe. It is intended to be a first-rate comedy. For three months, it has been the rage at the Théâtre Français. There are dramas, you know, built upon those traits of human nature, which are common to all nations and to all times. Such dramas shall stand, so long as human nature, their foundation, stands. There are, moreover, as you also know, other dramas, founded on phases of human nature, peculiar to one people, or

one epoch, such dramas vanish when those phases pass away. If, perchance, they be preserved, it is only for curiosity's sake. To this class belong nearly all the new French dramas, and chiefly, I think, this latest offspring of Eugene Scribe. It is intended to illustrate a present practice,—not altogether peculiar to Paris,—of *confederating* to puff one's self, to puff one's friends, and to be, by one's friends, puffed into notoriety. It is a lively transcript of such feature, so far as it is manifested in this metropolis. Some dozen persons carry on the plot, of whom eleven are selfish rascals, and one is an honest flat. The great majority of the motives to action, are ignoble. One only character denounces, and indignantly repels the selfish association. He, moreover, succeeds in being elected to the Chamber of Deputies, defeating quite a candidate of the Camaraderie. But he succeeds from no active merit in himself; rather by the *selfish* intrigues of two female friends. The drama is full of lively movement; but the impulses which keep it in motion, tend to create deep dissatisfaction and disgust. Certainly such are not among the legitimate ends of comedy. The mere description of a vice or foible, will not correct it. Upon the *mode* of such description, depends the result. The mode adopted by Mr. Scribe, can contribute to no good moral end. So far from making such unworthy copartnership ridiculous, Mr. Scribe only teaches the Parisians, with humorous skill, how its concerns are carried on.

Shall I continue a description of the works consti-

tuting this class of French dramas ;—dramas founded on the spirit and practices of the present time ? Shall we visit the Ambigue Comique, the Folie Dramatique, and the St. Antoine ? We shall there likewise find numerous pieces, belonging to the same class, constructed out of the same materials, and armed with the same tendencies,—pictures of a corrupt society, tending to keep that society in corruption. We shall see thousands of spectators, unmoved by exhibitions of treachery, and selfishness, and revenge ; looking without horror on seduction and even assassination. Beholding such spectacles, we walk away in sadness, to sad inferences. They are melancholy types of the present, and dubious omens for the future. As such types and prophetic omens, the manner wherein *this* just designated class of dramatic compositions is received, seems to me entitled to more serious notice, than that attending the performance of any other. Treachery, selfishness, seduction and assassination are indeed the same execrable things, in all ages and among all people. Their exhibition, however, does not always awaken the same feelings. The spectacle of an assassination at Paris in the fourteenth century, would not produce in a sound-hearted person, an equal horror to that wrought by the scene of a like outrage, under the reign of Louis Philippe. He would not be in the same manner moved by witnessing conjugal infidelity among the courtiers of Louis XV., or of Charles II., as among the Puritans. A similar remark, I think, is applicable to other crimes and offences.

The reason for such unlike emotions is manifest. The crime is contemplated with reference to the circumstances, the age and the people, amidst which it is represented to have been committed. Had it a sort of horrible harmony with those surrounding circumstances? If so, the age is pronounced murderous, or licentious, or ignobly-spirited, while the single deed may fail to awaken salutary indignation. Was the offence foreign to the habits and tolerances of the time? If so, though perhaps, not more essentially worthy of condemnation, it is condemned more quickly, and with profounder emotion. In the presence of this idea, I hesitate, ere I take the bloody dramas of the Porte St. Martin theatre, illustrating the middle ages; or the licentious dramas of a half dozen other theatres, illustrating the times of Louis XV., with the favor attending their reception, as safe proofs of corruption in French audiences and French society: They *may* be enjoyed, as matters of curious historical interest. Their enjoyment does not always presuppose a taint in the general heart. When, however, vice and crime dramatized out of *existing* society, are beheld without a shock, nay, with a feeling of their harmonious propriety, the fact may be taken as pretty conclusive evidence of rottenness in public morals. Such is the truth. Parisian audiences mark exhibitions of revenge, and bad faith, and base intentions, and licentious ends, all combined from elements in the *present* time, and by their assent, recognise them to be in harmony with the time. It is thus that I chiefly

note these theatres, as outward and visible illustrations of the invisible inward. It is thus that they seem to me worthy of being looked through, as windows in the public bosom of society. They thus reveal, what other vehicles reveal. Their revelations are in correspondence with those at the political tribune, from the pulpit, and through much periodical and imaginative literature. They reveal moral disorganization. They disclose features of a luxuriously civilized society. They do not reveal that higher and nobler state,—that developement into well-being of the soul and body, and heart and intellect of society,—which alone does truly deserve the name of civilization.

In my next sketch, I shall speak of other classes of dramatic compositions now in vogue, and of the vehicles through which they find their way into the public mind and heart.

IX.

PARISIAN THEATRES—MADEMOISELLE MARS.

THE Comic Theatre of Paris, I believe to be now in its highest state of developement. I say the *comic* theatre, for since the death of Talma, tragedy has appeared to little advantage on the French stage. I do not think comedy is here in the most *desirable* spirit and condition, but I verily believe it will be hardly possible for the future to witness any more remarkable concentration of talents to embody it.

In the fourth and lowest class of theatres are eleven, of which the St. Antoine is the head, and a type. A class of theatres is this, chiefly neglected by observers. And yet they operate upon large, and in political times, *fearful* portions of the Parisian population. They operate upon the Faubourgs. They operate upon the poor and restless. They operate upon those, among whom have recently been posted the revolutionary placards of 'To arms, citizens,' 'Down with the Tyrants.' In them, you hear the Marseilles hymn *bis-sed*. In them, you see represented questionable comedies of Paul de Kock. Their publics are boisterous and inflammable. Few lorgnettes and white kids enter there. At the St. Antoine, you see an audience of women in white caps and blowsy faces, and of men in truck-

men's shirts. That audience applauds representations of the old revolution. Shouted repetitions of the word *liberté*, it admires above all repetitions. It runs to see 'The Bastile,'—a new drama, sufficiently characterized by its title. It likes an intrigue exceedingly, and will endure no dancer who flings not momentarily her toe, up to a level with her head. These theatres, like the higher ones, are each night thronged. Their prices are lowered to the purses of their publics. They have their habitués and their authors; their new pieces and their *Extraordinary* representations. Judging from loud shouts and frequent laughter, their comedies must be enjoyed far more than are those of even the *Variétés*, or the *Français*. These are indeed the people's great central sources of amusement, and edification. Without the minor theatres, how could they exist? Therein do they assemble to talk and laugh; to get rid of their spleen and their waggery. Such are the necessary outlets of their French-fermented feelings. Whoever would study the manners of the lower classes of Parisians, will find herein sufficiently broad exhibitions. As I have already said, they like to see represented the stormy thoughts and events of the revolution. Nothing more delights them than fierce contrasts between long-locked republican chieftains, and hair-powdered gentlemen of the régime of Louis XVI. Of course, the latter are always delivered over to ridicule and contempt. In many instances, the pieces have great historical verity, and indeed constitute the only history which these people care about

reading. The characters and events of the Empire are here frequently made to live again. Bonaparte himself comes upon the stage. At the *Olympique* is an actor, whose likeness to Napoleon is extraordinary. In a drama called 'Austerlitz,' he appears. This drama, which shows us Bonaparte in Italy, Egypt, and Germany, is certainly a very good historical picture, and Napoleon is applauded to the very echo. But a part is this of the enthusiasm, which all France feels for the memory of that great man. That Man of Destiny, is indeed a captivating character for the stage, and the events in which he figured, might furnish forth themes for a hundred dramas, but for their creation, some hand more Shakspearian is wanted, than any which France at present possesses.

In the third, and next highest class of theatres, I place the Gymnase, the Ambigue, and the Gaieté. The actors are better, the pieces are better, and the publics are better. In them, are exhibitions sometimes got up with extraordinary magnificence, and at the Gymnase you may applaud Bouffé and Klein,—two of the great comic actors of the metropolis. In them, do you have frequent representations of the middle ages. Such representations, however, may be witnessed on every Parisian stage. There is, indeed, a general public taste upspringing for the thoughts and feelings, costume and manners of those peculiar times. It is seen in paintings, in historical studies of those periods, in the renovation of decaying gothic churches, in ornamental objects, and in theatrical compositions. I have

witnessed some fifteen or twenty new plays, founded on those periods. You behold the bow-men and the battle-axe men, the mail-clad chieftains, and romantic court costume, and gothic furniture, and gloomy gothic architecture, and the still gloomier passions of times whereon modern civilization had not yet dawned. A charming and romantic pleasure it is, which French theatrical houses take in these sombre exhibitions, these resurrections of the past, these picturesque and poetical forms, into which one spirit of human nature worked itself out. An interest it is, akin to that awakened in England, by many romances of Scott. Here, it is kept active by other aids than romantic fiction, and Louis XI. with his court, lives for as much effect to a Frenchman in the drama of Delavigne, as he does for an Englishman in the pages of Quentin Durward.

We come now to the second class of theatres, in which I rank the Vaudeville, the Variétés, and the Palais-Royal. And here we get among some of the best-bred audiences, the wittiest dramatists, and the extraordinary actors and actresses of the time. Their performances are mostly vaudevilles,—that is, little comedies in one, two, or three acts, intermingled with songs. Of these vaudevilles, will they each give you three or four on an evening. What with the wit of the pieces, and the practical wit of the performers, there is often amusement enough in *one* of them, for any single twenty-four hours. If I were asked where I had this winter heard the most and loudest laughter,

I should answer, at the Vaudeville. The actresses, indeed, have only talent,—*not* genius. They are, without exception, handsome. They move well; they smile sweetly in the right place, gesticulate significantly, and speak most voluble French. They are elegant and accomplished, but they lack genius. When I come to the actors, I see Bardou with his exhaustless versatility; Arnal,—the inimitable Arnal,—always acting out himself, yet always full of variety. I come to Lepeintre senior; and last and greatest, to that miracle of comedy, Lepeintre junior. He is called *junior*, though fifty-five years of age. He has two elder brothers distinguished upon the stage. His is a sort of Kemble family in comic merit. Lepeintre junior, is one of those men, who will be remembered and spoken of, ages hence. He will be remembered as a model. The *habitués* of the Vaudeville now adore him. He is a very fat man, with a face, certainly much broader, when it smiles, than it is long. His *tout-ensemble* is thoroughly comic. You cannot select out therefrom any particular feature. Sometimes, perhaps, you may say, as of Liston, ‘only *look* at that face!’ But even then, you cannot say what it is that convulses you. I think Lepeintre equal to Liston. And he produces many of his effects, by nearly the same influences,—by a certain indescribable comicality in his whole make. You may have seen Liston, standing quite still, not moving a feature, or making a single gesture, and yet creating bursts after bursts of universal laughter. It is somewhat so with Lepeintre.

He cannot be otherwise than comical. He is as necessarily so, as Taglioni is graceful, and consequently claims no credit for it. Taglioni is not so much graceful herself, as independent and uncontrollable nature is graceful in her. As Taglioni in motion is nature graceful ; so is Lepeintre, whether still or in motion, nature comical. His leer is one of the most resistless expressions I have ever beheld, and as for his *shrug*,—surely no words can possibly describe that.

At the Variétés, are Frederick Lemâitre, Odry, Vernet and Jenny Vertprés,—names that circle round them hosts of merry associations, and recall many a forgotten sound of old laughter. These are the extraordinary artists, standing out in dominant bass-relief. Moreover their associates, without exception, possess remarkable merit. And here I state that there is not a poor actor, or actress, on the boards of any one of the higher Parisian theatres. At the Français, every performer is a star. A Parisian house would not for a moment endure the wretched acting, intermingled it may be with very good, which each night is inflicted on English and American audiences. While many of the actors are extraordinary, all are excellent. You who feel how much the impressiveness of a whole performance is affected by one poor player, will appreciate the fortunate condition of this part of the Parisian stage.

The Palais-Royal is on the same level with the Variétés, and at the Palais-Royal, you may laugh at Tousez, Levassor, Gabriel, and Madame Dejazet. As-

sociated with them, are fifteen or twenty others, all of whom are more than respectable. The performances at the above three theatres much resemble each other. They are generally of light comedy,—seldom of tragedy. Their subjects are mostly derived from the present, and from the luxurious times of the Regency, and Louis XV. The scenery is always admirable, and the costume, adjusted as it is, by French precision, is of course always, to the minutest point, correct. There can be no studies of costume more gratifying, than those furnished by the Parisian stage.

We might visit the *fourth* class of theatres, to be roused, the third to be startled, this second to be pleased, and we now come to the first, to be delighted and instructed. The Théâtre Français, and the Odeon constitute this class. I here insert the Theatre of the Porte St. Martin. With those just named, it is the only Parisian theatre, on whose boards is performed tragedy. The old French fastidiousness as to the ungentility of theatrical death, in the presence of an audience, has in great measure, given way. The tragedies of the Porte St. Martin, abound in visible destruction. One thing, however, is to be noticed. On the English and American boards, a death-scene is made a great deal of. To say that Forrest dies well in Richard, or that Macready dies well in Othello, is to state a part of their claims to admiration, and those performers are extremely anxious that nothing in their brief scenic life may more become them than the leaving it. In France, these things are done otherwise.

The French tragedians die bunglingly, laughably, unsatisfactorily. They struggle not, nor do slightest death-spasms shoot athwart their visage. All is quiet and characterless. Such violent catastrophe is reckoned among the subordinate parts of a performance. There are many strong-voiced, and muscular tragedians at the Porte St. Martin. Of the females, I mention Madame Georges. She has been great in her day, and many deem her great still. She is rather too *fat*, I think, to be seriously impressive. She moves not in the queenly gait of tragedy; rather waddles she along. But she has a voice with an occasional Siddons-like unearthliness of tone. Moreover, she has a countenance profoundly tragic. I have seen no face upon the stage, save perhaps, Macready's, that might pass so swiftly through so supernatural expressions. At certain moments, it seems transfigured. The stage whereon Madame Georges performs, has this winter witnessed a greater quantity of foul and fiendish passion, than any other in the metropolis. Over an exhibition of such passions, does its public gloat. A boisterous and restless public it is, shouting from the pit to the galleries, railing back from the galleries to the pit, and, every evening, roaring out upon the orchestra for the *Marsellaise*. As the Vaudeville is given to the laughable, the Français to the beautiful and the noble, so is the Porte St. Martin dedicated to the terrible. People know that such must they witness, when they resort thither. Fierce and diabolical men there hear their passions echoed. Wretches from the gaming-

houses in the Palais-Royal, find a momentary sympathy at the Porte St. Martin, and the hands which in yonder balcon are now loud in applause, you may see, on to-morrow morning, motionless at the Morgue.

My favorite resort has this winter been, to the Théâtre Français. I have seen the master-pieces of the old and modern French drama there embodied, by the most accomplished histrionic company, which Europe possesses. Moliere, Racine, Corneille, Duçis, Voltaire, Delavigne, Dumas and Scribe,—these are some of the authors whose productions have there been represented. As the dramas of the Théâtre Français never descend to inferior spheres, so no vaudeville gains admittance to its boards. They are consecrated to the legitimate French drama. Upon them Talma gained his fame, and thereon may you, each week, now applaud Ligier and Mademoiselle Mars.

I shall not soon forget my delight, on there first witnessing the representation of a comedy of Moliere. Moliere,—the companion of my early studies; Moliere,—whom I had admired only on the silent page; Moliere,—whom after Shakspeare, I had most studied as the natural, the inimitable, the inexhaustible, the true,—was there before me in legitimate voice and action. The immortal poet himself, could hardly have imagined a finer embodiment of his Tartuffe, than there was witnessed. Indeed all the comedies of Moliere are, throughout their high and their subordinate parts, invariably represented with perfectness. The cast of characters is most judicious. One might suppose that

half France had been searched for actors, not of Moliere, but of particular characters in Moliere. Here is a man, who can perform no part but that of a notary. Here are young men for the young characters, old men and women for the old, and domestics for nothing *but* domestics. In every instance, there is a studied physical adaptation to the part. Your ideas of harmony are never wounded, by honest faces trying to look the rogue, or ungraceful forms affecting to embody the elegant. Shakspeare and Sheridan are oftentimes played very well in England, but never with the unexceptionable completeness of Moliere at the Francais. This theatre has the monopoly of his comedies, and it is a monopoly which, in the past winter, has not been abused. To me there is something impressive, in this exclusive consecration by France, of her highest scene to her highest dramatist. I see therein one proof of most jealous admiration. Around Moliere's dramas are none but worthy associations ; associations of perfect scenery, of perfect acting, and of intelligent audiences. Such may not be said of Shakspeare's. I believe that any subject might in France, be more safely travestied, than her dramatic master-pieces. In England, is Shakspeare every now and then degraded and desecrated by miserable acting, and more miserable travesties. In this deportment of France, do I read a proof, not more of refinement, than of devotion to the fame of her great classic writers.

I have attended several exhibitions of Racine and Corneille. I frankly confess, that I have never been

elevated into sympathy with the admiration, which their tragedies have invariably awakened around me. Easily might one go on to denounce the representations as cold, stiff, formal, classical. I prefer seeking the difficulty within myself. My past habitudes, associations and tastes, have taught me to find delight in a totally different,—in the romantic,—school of tragic composition. How often this winter, have I heard by Englishmen and Americans, these dramas ridiculed for their long rhyming dialogues, their chill formalities, and their mechanical developements! The fault, I apprehend, was rather in themselves; hardly in the dramas. These are works of absolute art, and for their enjoyment, as for the true enjoyment of all art, a certain artistical education is indispensable. That in the *thus* educated, they are capable of inspiring delight, is manifest from loud enthusiasm which their every representation creates within these walls. The dishes least relishable to one palate, may, to another fitly cultivated, be most intensely delicious. ‘Horrid stupid, that,’ said an American gentleman, the other evening, as Ligier was reciting a passage, some five minutes long, from *Britannicus*. The applause that broke the silence, with which that tedious recitation was heard, arose deafening. To the French, there was great charm therein. The regularity of rhyming cadenzas, falling upon the ear, was not altogether unmusical. There was moreover, a great deal of classically-chiselled and noble thought. Such thought might never pass unapplauded. There was before

them, the work of a master, which a century's opinion had consecrated as a master-piece. If the French may not admire their classic drama,—what *may* they admire? Broken loose from those anchors, their literary faith would be surged about, uncharted and unstarred, over as wide a sea of instability, as is their religious and their political. Whatever may be the incursions of romanticism into all the other theatres of Paris, and sometimes indeed into this, there is still *one* temple, wherein Frenchmen may worship their classical dramatists. What surprises me not a little is, the almost equal enthusiasm with which they received the gay *abandon* of Moliere, and the mechanical stiffness of Corneille. Their applause gathers about, and joins, two very widely separated extremes.

As I have said, the artists at the Français are, without exception, admirable. Where can you find old men so truly so, and yet so widely contrasted, as Duperai and Samson? Where such accomplished young men, as Mirecour and Menjaud? And who surpasses Ligier in significant power of voice, and countenance, and gesture? Each performer has his sphere, wherein he exhausts himself. Who can embody the termagant like Madame Desmousseaux? Who looks the queen like Paradol? What finished elegance for genteel comedy in Brocard and Mante. Plessy was never fashioned for other than the damsels of Moliere. Madame Anais is beyond all praise, in roguish youthfulness. Geoffroy performs the domestic to perfection. Volneys, with her large black eye, her silver voice,

her gesticulation of energy, approaches the highest ideals of tragedy. In England, or America, any *one* of these performers would be deemed sufficient to keep up a theatre. Here they are all concentrated on a single stage, and may all appear before you in a single piece. And yet I designate these few in a company of sixty, each of whom is distinguished for this or that merit. And yet I fail to name *one*, surpassing them all; one who now, as thirty years ago, sways here and there, a Parisian audience at her will, and one of the very few, whom these fastidious critics deign to greet with applause on entrance, and to re-demand after the curtain has descended.

Do you mark yonder woman now tripping elastically into the scene? Her figure is half way between the spare and the embonpoint. Her face has rather an English squareness. Her hair is a brilliant jet. Her eyes are of dark chestnut. Her complexion is what we love to look upon in youth; and seen spangled, as she now is, with twenty thousand dollars in the shape of positive diamond, she is certainly a very radiant spectacle. I beg of you not to scrutinize her through the lorgnette. Mademoiselle Mars was youthful in the time of the Directory, beautiful under the Empire, glorious under the Restoration, and she has large parts of old youth, old beauty, and old glory, in the reign of Louis Philippe. In such wonderful state of preservation, she illustrates one of two things,—a remarkably good original constitution, or marvellous rejuvenating capacities in a French toilette. As you very well

know, she belongs to the class of *genius artistes*,—that is, she produces her best impressions in spite of herself, without apparent consciousness, and without herself being able to explain why. Whatever fire in former times she might have had, she is now extremely tranquil. In the liveliest passion-scene, is she subdued into a beseeching fitness. She never makes an extravagant gesture, and,—hear it, ye ear-piercing termagants of English and American theatricals,—she *never* screams. Mademoiselle Mars has great versatility. I have seen her in some dozen different pieces. In each was indeed the same genius, but revealing itself through totally different modes. In each, I perceived not merely an understanding, but deepest *feeling* of her part. Every where is she spiritual, every where graceful, every where accomplished. She seems to me ever embodying the beau-ideal of elegant comedy. Her walk is lively, her voice is still of silvery sweetness; in gesture she is very significant, never superfluous; and her face is capable of infinite shiftings in expression. Mademoiselle Mars upon the stage, may be often looked at as the model of an accomplished French lady. And French ladies throng the house, to witness her beautiful acting. She seems still to be as great a favorite as ever. She performs once or twice each week, and when her name is on the bills, all barricades are up, the orchestra is cleared, and you may see at the Théâtre Français much of the elegance, and taste, and best intelligence of the capital.

Whatever may be said of the drama decayed in England, surely there could be desired no better proof of its prosperous condition in France, than is furnished each night by the Théâtre Français. Not disposed to enter into denunciations of the stage,—the stage, without which, the finest literature of Greece, and modern Italy, and Spain, and Germany, and France, and even England would have been unwritten,—I rejoice to find the drama, though down every where else, still flourishing in France. It is flourishing, because it is one great centre of public thought, and criticism and of general resort. It is flourishing because, though it reveals much that is insignificant and exceptionable, it reveals much that, intellectually and morally, is worthy of all praise. It has in its continual service, four hundred writers, at whose head are Casimir Delavigne, Victor Hugo, Eugene Scribe and Alexander Dumas. It has in its employ one thousand actors, many of whom have had no equals in the past. It has twenty different vehicles at Paris, and for patrons, the entire Parisian population.* These remarks do not embrace the Provincial theatres. Of these, flourish between thirty and forty. At Bordeaux, Marseilles, Lyons and Rouen, they are in very high condition. They are

* In 1836, fifteen Parisian theatres received six million nine hundred thousand francs. For that year, the receipts of the Grand Opera alone, were one million one hundred and twenty thousand francs. In January 1837, sixteen theatres received seven hundred and forty-five thousand nine hundred and twenty-nine francs. The construction of two new theatres is now in contemplation.

not only centres in themselves, but schools whence each year proceed forth the educated, to try their fortunes at the grand centre of the metropolis.

The highest state of any stage would be, the frequent creation of good original dramas, and their finished representation before refined and intelligent houses. Such combination rarely occurs. The times which witness the best dramatists, do not always witness the best actors. When a play is only *written*, it is but half done. The acting thereof remains. If that acting be bad, the play awaits its fame,—except at the salon. ‘The glorious dramatic era of Elizabeth and James,’ is a phrase enclosing as much falsehood as truth. The miserable theatres and acting of that time, would now be hardly endured. Were Shakspeare known through no superior vehicles to those original ones, his name would indeed have been great, but only great as it is in Germany,—to the literary few. The vehicles in France are in very perfect condition. The audiences are often numerous and select; and when I add that the last few years have witnessed a creation, among other excellences, of the ‘Bertrand et Raton,’ ‘L’Ecole des Vieillards,’ and ‘Don Juan d’Autriche,’ you may well infer, that the present French stage approximates unusually near, to the ideal combination just above indicated.

France is yet less in full developement, than in happy progress. She likes to be contemplated, not as at her national perihelion; rather as swiftly approaching thereunto. She looks not back, as do Italy and

Spain, to eras in the past, when her power and glory were at their loftiest points. Such condition she aspires to in the Future. *There* wait her destinies. Her energies are yet, she tells us, but partially revealed. I believe that her *theatrical* energies are in their highest state. Their encouragements are loud on every side. Their political restrictions are few. The future may see additions to the French stage. It will also see abstractions therefrom. That stage, I apprehend, will rather descend, than mount above its present lofty level.

X.

EXPOSITION OF ART AT THE LOUVRE, IN 1837.

THE Exposition now being made, of paintings and sculpture, at the Louvre, I wish to notice as evidence of the present state of these arts in France. Indeed, it furnishes thereof the only evidence. In several large cities of the kingdom,—at Rouen and Lyons,—are galleries of old paintings and sculpture. In none of them, however, is there an annual exposition,—an annual exposition of works executed in the present time. In this respect, does France much differ from her neighbor across the channel. I last summer witnessed exhibitions of new paintings, not only at the Somerset House in London, but likewise at many of the provincial towns in England,—at Liverpool, Manchester, York, Glasgow, and Edinburgh. Paris is not only the sole centre of French fashion, politics, science, music, and literature ; but, moreover, of French painting and sculpture. *Hors de Paris, point de salut.* I wish, however, here to say, that while Great Britain has within her limits some hundred princely mansions, enriched by very admirable productions of the pencil and the chisel, she has yet no great central National Gallery. France, on the contrary, has her central Louvre richly thronged, but no private

chateaus adorned with art. Marshal Soult has, indeed, a very fine collection of paintings, one half whereof he stole from Spain. A splendid collection of the Duchess of Berri, in number one hundred, is now offered for sale. Count Sommariva has a residence on the Boulevards, containing a few visitable works of art. The aristocratical Count Portales also possesses a few pieces, which he delights to show, chiefly to the Legitimatisers. Thus closes the meagre catalogue of private pictorial galleries in France. *Here*, art is hand in hand with government; in England, with wealthy noblemen. Here, government opens wide the Louvre's doors to a promiscuous thronging in of all the French people; in Great Britain the practice is quite otherwise.

Artistical exhibitions are no new events for this metropolis. Their history goes back at least to 1699, the time of Louis XIV., in whose reign were held two. During the regency, there was none. Twenty-four took place under Louis XV. Under Louis XVI. nine; a like number in the time of the republic; during the empire, five; four under Louis XVIII.; one under Charles X.; and this, which was opened on the first of March, 1837, makes the sixth in the reign of Louis Philippe. This, therefore, is numbered the sixtieth exhibition. It is the latest chapter in the autobiography of French art. It consists of one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five paintings—one hundred and thirty-one pieces of sculpture—sixty-one engravings—thirty-six lithographs—and thirty-seven architectural de-

signs ;—in all, two thousand and thirty works, by one thousand and seventy-one artists, of whom one hundred and eighty-one are females. The *whole* number of works offered for exhibition, was three thousand five hundred and thirty, whereof *one thousand five hundred* were by the committee rejected. In 1836, were exhibited two thousand one hundred and twenty-two works, by one thousand and seventy artists, including one hundred and fifty-seven women. In 1835, the pieces numbered two thousand five hundred and thirty-six, by one thousand two hundred and twenty-seven artists, whereof two hundred and thirty-five were females.

The first thing I particularly noticed when, three weeks since, I joined the multitudinous crowd advancing, beneath the large portal of the Louvre, into the galleries above, was the universal freedom of admission. No fee was demanded. I think that in this feature, the French are far before the English. At not one of last year's art-exhibitions in Great Britain, could admission be obtained without paying money therefor. The fee was indeed small for the wealthy, but large for the unwealthy. One consequence was, that never, at those exhibitions, was to be seen a class of observers, corresponding to those I have more than once jostled at the Louvre. They were gentlemen in natty coats and white kids, gallanting soft ladies in plumes. The *people* were never there. Those paintings were brought to bear upon individuals, who least needed their refining and civilizing influence. John

Bull likes to palaver about the schoolmaster's being abroad. There is yet abroad in John Bull's heart but little of the spirit implied within that saying,—a spirit which demands the flinging wide asunder all doors, that may lead to the education and civilization of the *people*. To much that would enlarge, elevate, and refine in England, neither love nor money can secure access. But there are a great many worthy sights and sounds, which *love* will permit the enjoyment of, if one only have *money*. Who possesses not said dust, must stand aloof. I recall several instances in this way. St. Paul's Church in London contains fine sculpture, and many things worth enjoying. To see up St. Paul's, the various authorized charges amount to near seventy cents. Westminster Abbey may not be enjoyed, for less than the regular fee of thirty cents. To visit the Zoölogical Gardens in Regent's Park, you must not only pay a shilling, but likewise present a written permission from some member of the society.* Contrast this last narrow and truly English

* This exclusionary system is made imperative by a feature in certain classes of the English population, to which I think should hardly be applied so ferociously descriptive a word, as that once given it by a Frenchman,—*brutalité*. When last at the gardens of the Zoölogical Society, in Regent's Park, London, I inquired why these gardens were not, as was the Garden of Plants at Paris, open to all the public,—why it was necessary to have a member's ticket of permission, in order to visit them? I was answered, that the society's object in this, was to prevent an entrance of improper persons,—that is, of persons who might wantonly injure the plants, or worry the

deportment, with the large and liberal bounty, where-with is opened wide to all the world, the Parisian Garden of Plants,—itself a little world of botany, and mineralogy, and zoölogy. I shall suggest to these, but one more contrast. Where, in England, can you find

animals. I afterwards visited the admirable Zoölogical Gardens at Liverpool. A ticket of admission was there indispensable. By merely giving a ragged runner at the gate sixpence, I was in five minutes presented with one. There were some twenty or thirty persons, lounging through various parts of the gardens. Here and there a plant was by some curious individual, touched, and even handled; and in one of the rooms wherein were caged hyenas and wolves, I saw two sturdy Englishmen, fiercely punching at them with canes, their coat-flaps actually parted over their broad bottoms, in the intensity of their efforts, while on adjacent walls were to be seen the neglected words;—‘Please not to worry the animals’—‘Gentlemen are most particularly requested not to tease the animals.’ A rather singular illustration of danger in leaving certain of the English unguarded among objects of curiosity, was recently furnished to me by Mrs. Court, the excellent lady who at Stratford on Avon, shows to strangers the room in which Shakspeare was born. Excellent Mrs. Court informed me,—and I thought I saw something like moisture in her eye as she gave the story,—that but a few days before, sixteen young *females*, apparently from some boarding school, visited the chamber, and desiring, as they said, to study out the names and queer remarks here and there scratched over its walls, told Mrs. C. that they should stay some time, that she need not remain with them, but might go below about her quiet business of knitting. Mrs. C. in confident simplicity, followed their suggestion. In about fifteen minutes, the young females descended, and presenting Mrs. C. a half crown, took their leave. A short time after their departure, Mrs. C. walked up into the chamber, and what was her

any thing like the two hundred free and learned professors at the Sorbonne, the schools of law and of medicine, at the royal college of France, and other places, lecturing daily on most useful themes to *all* who may please to listen? For such, will you search that kingdom throughout, in vain. So noble a system for popularizing, or, if the Englishman please, for *vulgarizing* knowledge, would be in little harmony with Great Britain's aristocratical institutions, linked as they are with gentle blood and gentler gold. I must do justice, however. The subject of these exorbitant charges, whereby much of the beautiful in art

surprise, on looking towards the wooden mantel, to find that a huge piece had been broken, or rather *pried* off therefrom, and taken away. 'How they could have done it,' said the grieved old lady, 'I cannot possibly conceive.' Twenty more such depredations as that, and there would be nothing left for pilgrim-curiosity, of the little room in which the great dramatist was born. That certain classes of the English,—to say nothing of certain Americans, about whom let silence on this subject be preserved, for silence may here be more significant than words,—are more disposed to deface national works and to finger objects of art, than like classes upon the continent, is, in my single opinion, true. And yet, in striking a balance between propensities of this description, it is necessary to bear in mind that there is upon the continent, a little stricter governmental supervision over objects of curiosity than in England. The fountains are well guarded, the galleries are so guarded, and I think that few royal or noble resorts can on the continent be found, through which the stranger may pass unwatched, as into Hampton Court he may pass beneath words indicating that 'what is left open for public enjoyment, is entrusted to *public* protection.

and the useful in knowledge, is made inaccessible to the multitude, is entering the minds of certain intelligent Englishmen. A report thereon was last year made to Parliament,—a report in which Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Church were cited as I have cited them, and in which the vast superiority of the French to the English in matter of *design*, was justly attributed in part, to the free and universal access of the former, to exhibitions like this which I have again to-day visited. I must *still* do justice and say, that the spirit of that report seemed to contemplate, not so much a refinement and enlightenment of the general English people, as an improvement in the design for calicoes.

The throngs at the Louvre are still immense. The twentieth day's exhibition witnesses no abatement. On five days of the week, the rooms are crowded with all sorts of people, from the highest to the lowest. On Saturdays, the doors are open only to those who have taken the trouble to procure tickets. Sunday is almost exclusively for the country people, and those who, more than on any other day, are then emancipated from toil. On that day, within those walls is a perfect *tohu-bohu*. Go there, however, if you would see how wide is the sympathy for art in France. Go there, moreover, if you would see the most villanously flat and stupid visages, which any peasantry of any nation in Europe can present. The contrasts between Sundays and Saturdays, are appreciable by more than one sense. On the former day, do you see queer cos-

tunes instead of elegant fashions; you hear a terrible patois instead of good French; and you smell garlic instead of otto-of-rose.

The idea which my first general examination of the paintings left, was, that the committee had not been sufficiently fastidious, and that, instead of rejecting one thousand five hundred pieces, they should have rejected two thousand five hundred. There would still have remained eight hundred compositions, as types of French painting in 1837. One thousand pieces of most contemptible character, if not in design, surely in coloring, would have been given over to a proper obscurity, and their authors would have betaken themselves to intenser toil in future, or to some other vocation for which nature and influences have better fitted them. I cannot but think that this large, and indiscriminating admission into the honors of a two months' exposition at the Louvre, is an injury not perhaps so much to French art, or to genuine French artists, as to those young Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, who, still aspiring, are still without a genius for pictorial art.

But of those eight hundred paintings so selected, I, as a travelling observer, desiring to study only the legitimate types of the time, cannot note even one hundred,—nay, not *fifty*,—as entitled to such consideration. I cannot believe that, two ages hence, more than this small number will be appealed to and read, as illustrations of the present. All else will have vanished from public, and perhaps from private eyes and thought. What wastes of time, and powers misap-

plied! A vague hankering after notoriety, fed by an ignorant appreciation of the true aims and ends of art, hurries hundreds to the canvass. As the press is daily overflowed with trashy works from the pen, so is, this year, the Louvre overtenanted by most characterless, and half-begotten offspring of the pencil.

The great subjects embodied in these multitudinous pieces are, the religious, the historical, portraits, and landscape. Sacred themes are deemed the highest themes of pictorial art. The manner in which they are treated, the manner in which when treated, they are appreciated,—these are the great tests of the painter and of the painter's beholders. So far as the *quantity* of religious subject is concerned, I think it is quite large enough. The Salon contains thereon, not less than one hundred and thirty pictures. Of these, the first that may warrant your long examination is a St. Cecilia, by Paul Delaroche,—Paul Delaroche, a name much illustrious among French painters. Had I seen no other composition of his than this, I should have declared him modelled after the earliest Florentine masters. I should have set him down as a pupil of Cimabue or of Giotto. This painting has just so much of them, as Paul Delaroche could possibly interblend with his own original genius. St. Cecilia is represented, with her right hand touching a little organ held by two angels, who join their voices to its music. Her expression is of course heavenly; and heavenly too is that of the angels. Exceeding delicacy of finish is here, as indeed in *all* the works of

this artist, every where visible. The down-hanging left hand of the saint, is a model of sweetness and beauty.

The painting of a religious theme, next worthy of notice, is by Edward Bendemann of Berlin. And here I may insert, that the German pictorial art is this year partially represented at the Louvre, by works of Bendemann, Bégas, Lessing, and Winterhalter. It is somewhat to be regretted, that productions from those superior artists, Overbeck and Cornelius, are not to be seen. The English school, moreover, is quite unrepresented; as is likewise the present Italian. The painting of Bendemann alluded to, represents Jeremiah seated on the ruins of Jerusalem. He leans contemplatively upon his left hand. Around him are broken arches, and columns, and children in death, and mothers bewailing them. Behind, ascends smoke from the doomed city. This picture ranks among the first in the Salon. We pass to the Oath of the Hussite, by Lessing. It represents one of the disciples of Huss, swearing to be true to the principles of his master. That energy, and life, and determined fierceness in face and attitude, and if I may so say, in gesture, bespeak in their creator no ordinary power. Near this is the Christ, of Ary Scheffer. It represents our Saviour healing the broken-hearted, preaching deliverance to captives, restoring sight to the blind, and setting at liberty them that are bruised. Of these different classes, representatives are thronged about him. Among the captives may be recognised a head

of Tasso, surrounded with a laurel garland. This painting has great merit, and deserves to be classed in the highest category of those on sacred themes. I shall not enumerate any others. My plan does not permit me to descend among those composing the second, and third, and even the fourth classes. I may, however, here say, that having been informed that the great German designer, Retzsch, had sent a picture to the Salon, I anxiously searched it out. It is a diminutive thing, and represents Christ, as an infant reading. I regret to say it has small merit. In no part of it could I discern that genius, which sketched the marvellous illustrations of Shakspeare, of Schiller, and of Goethe's Faust.

Of the one hundred and fifty *historical* pieces, there is a large number whose subject is taken from the middle ages; several illustrate the time of Louis XIV.; the session on the Ninth Thermidor speaks for the Revolution; the Empire is represented very abundantly; and three or four works remind you of the Restoration, and the present dynasty. In this department, the battle-pieces are very numerous, and some of them possess singular merit. Among the finest is one by Eugène Delacroix. It represents St. Louis defeating the English, at the bridge of Taillebourg. This canvass is all alive with impetuosity, and most fierce thought. It is one of the few in the Salon, whose repeated examination reveals ever new and profounder beauties. The action of St. Louis, as leaning from his charger, he fleshes his war-axe in a sturdy English-

man, is given with terrible truth. The battle of Tolbiac gained by Clovis, from the pencil of Ary Scheffer, gathers daily about it the amateurs, and also the popular lookers on. There is another piece by Victor Schnetz, representing Count Eudes raising the siege of Paris, in 886, which reveals great genius in this sphere. I shall not describe that immense canvass, fifteen by eighteen feet, whereon is seen the Battle of Wagram, with Napoleon in the front ground; nor twenty other smaller pieces, in which a portion of that warrior's doings are recorded. Nor need I stop long before the Siege of Yorktown, by Coudor, in which is little to be praised, save the fine face of Washington. I pass to the two master-pieces of the exposition, by Paul Delaroche. In one, is the Earl of Strafford represented, as stopping on his way to punishment, beneath a window of the prison of Laud, and asking for the benediction and prayers of the Archbishop. Out through the iron bars of that window, extend the arms of the old man, while he calls down upon the Earl, blessings from heaven. In the other painting, is seen Charles I. insulted by the soldiers of Cromwell. One of those ungracious miscreants, is puffing smoke into the face of the fallen monarch. The expression upon that face is admirable beyond all praise. It contains several meanings. You see therein resignation, and also pity, and also a slight shadow of contempt at the insolence of the ruffian, and mingled with all, the dignified self-possession of a wronged king. I am not often much moved by paintings, and yet I must confess

that here was a pathetic power of eye and feature, that took me captive completely. Several soldiers are round about, shouting and drinking; and leaning against a column, at a short distance, is the form of Cromwell himself, a silent spectator of this unworthy scene. He does not gloat over the fall of pride and power before him. His face is rather gloomy and contemplative, and still within it, may you see the triumph of one who has humbled a foe. Upon these pieces alone, might Paul Delaroche's fame be based, and be securely based. No one, after having studied them, can question his right to the highest place among the living painters of France. It is very difficult, if not quite impossible, to characterize by any general terms the historical paintings of this exhibition. They have hardly any qualities in common. They constitute no school. The works are various, as the various fancies, and tastes and inspirations of the artists. Not lying within my plan to speak more critically or minutely about them, I pass to the *portraits*. Of these, the Salon contains at least four hundred. Excluding therefrom fifty, I do not think a more wretched collection could well be got together. Whether the portraits be accurate or not, I am unable to say. I look upon them as works of art merely. They do not so often appear stiff, as very miserably colored. They remind one of those portraits, sometimes hung up in drawing-rooms upon the stage; or rather of those stage-artists seen in broad sunlight, with their complexions washed of rouge. They perpetually disclose evidences of haste.

Where among them can you find the careful and elaborate finish of Titian? Want of care, want of patience, want not merely of genius, but of talent,—these are the features which offend you momentarily, in this representative of present art. The portraits seem to have been manufactured on most mercenary contract. A few of them, however, stand above this description. And yet these few reveal no very high genius for portrait painting, in the Salon of 1837.

The *landscapes* are very numerous, and some of them are very good. Giroux has presented a view of the Alps, abounding in character. A pastoral scene, by Marilhat, may well fix your attention. There are several other pieces which do no dishonor to nature, and there are several others which outrage her abominably. They are pieces which, so far from being an idealization of nature, are not even copies of her,—no, nor copies of copies. Such villanous skies and clouds, and such immovable streams; forests so flung together, and hills and valleys so mistakable, these for those, never yet came from the imagination of nature, nor the imagination of rational man. Where could these artists have picked up the elements of their compositions? Not surely in those sources, whence came the fine inspiration of Poussin. Surprising it is, that with nature's broad volume fully outspread before them, so few of Frenchmen can ever read her aright. I deem the landscapes, and that multitude of small pieces which may be classed under the word 'views,' as quite the least satisfactory specimens I have ever seen.

Of *animals*, there are twenty-five or thirty representations. Those by Brascasset are very admirable. A fight of bulls from his pencil, is a gem. Of game, the Salon has but a few indifferent pictures ; and so of fruits and flowers. In my wanderings through the hall, I was exceedingly anxious to spy out the *horrid*. I wished to know if this year's exhibition of French pictorial art was tainted, as the present French dramatic is said to be, by scenes of blood and vengeance. I must say that the battle pieces abounded, as they ought to do, with all quantities of bodies, dead and haggard. Besides them, I noticed only three pieces peculiar in this respect. Two were of shipwrecks and their results—slowly-consuming hunger, and tiger-visaged savages yelling over naked women and children. The eye surveys them for a moment, and turns away in disgust and horror. Does the wide circumference of legitimate art, spiritualizing and refining as it is, embrace such influences as these ? There is a third large piece, before which visitors are accustomed to pause, smile faintly, and walk on. It represents a man, conscience-tortured in a dream. There he writhes, half-denuded. Down from above, dashes at his breast, a hideous fiend armed with snakes. Several other fiends seem to eat him quite, with their eyes of vengeance. Around him, are grouped victims of his ambition and his lust, among whom is chiefly seen a livid female, holding at the sinner, a naked and abortive infant. No doubt, a virtuous moral was at the centre of the painter's heart. The combination for embodying it, however, is altogether

savage, and looks quite too grim and terrible, even for the blood-thirsty eyes of the Porte St. Martin. I could find but one representation, in the way of suicide. The life-discontented is standing under a sombre arch of one of the Parisian bridges. The Morgue lowers in the dim distance. The death-plunge is about to be made. No motive for the deed can easily be detected. But for some redness of the face, and a certain roundness of stomach, you might, without great wrong, pronounce the culprit none other than the artist himself, inflicting a deserved penalty for the perpetration of such an abominable picture.

Walking through the long Egyptian Hall, a flight of stairs conducts you down into the apartment for sculpture. Of the one hundred and thirty-one pieces, fifty are busts. With the exception of Monsieur Dupont, by Etex, and a few others, they may be said to lack in that finish of detail, without which nothing worthy of permanence can be achieved. The works in plaster are numerous, and there are several in bronze. The former are exhibited partly for public criticism, to be applied to the forth-coming figures in marble. A Minerva is there, of the most shabby and villanous description; and at its side is a pirate outlooking upon the sea, by Ménard, which for fierce intentness of look and attitude, is one of the best things in the room. In bronze, is seen the sitting figure of Boieldieu, by Dantan the younger. It was executed after an order from the city of Rouen, one of whose halls it is to decorate. The great composer is represented as in some musical inspi-

ration. It is a composition of much merit. Of the statues in marble, a few will detain you. And first, wedge yourself, if you can, through the crowd that perpetually throngs around the nymph Salmacis, by Bosio. This is the finest piece of sculpture at the Exposition. The nymph is represented rising from the earth. She half leans upon her left arm, while her right disencumbers her foot of some flower or leaf. The expression of face is surpassingly sweet. It is innocence ten times purged. The execution of the statue is delicate and complete, in all subordinate parts. Baron Bosio has caught, and here embodied, something of the classic spirit. Departing, the image dwells upon the memory, and you return, and re-return. Here is a statue, in coarse French marble, of Talma, meditating out a character. It is by David. The actor is sitting, almost denuded, in a Roman chair. The piece is surely wrought with great skill; but I do not see therein the contemplation, deep and intense, for which I had prepared myself. I was struck by the resemblance of the forehead, and adjustment of hair, to those in portraits of Napoleon. Near by, is a statue of the Régent, by Bra. I notice it, only on account of the elaborate finish of the robes. The French are nice in matters of old, as well as modern costume. They are delighted with this instance. Who, among them, cares for the *face* of the Régent? Those fleurs-de-lis, scattered over his magnificent mantle, are perfect in the minutest point. Here is a statue of General Foy, as an orator. It is in citizen-dress, even to the very boot-

straps. It has completed my dislike of statues, with face in the inspiration of either poetry or eloquence, while legs, and bodies, and necks are pinched about in the common Rue-de-Rivoli costume, or fashion of the time. Husson has impressively represented an angel, offering to heaven a repentant sinner. The angel looks upwards in solemn trust, and seldom, surely, was penitence more feelingly chiseled, than in the half-prostrate figure of the sinner imploring before her. I next notice a group by Paul Lemoyne. It is colossal. It represents Medea rushing in blind horror from her slain children. Her visage abounds in most foul and fiendish expression. Her hair is tied in a terrific knot over her forehead. Her right hand clasps a dagger. Her children lie corpses at her feet. She leans furiously forward, and seems to behold some victim Jason, in the distance. Having secured whatever enthusiasm the group was capable of exciting, I took to criticism. I came to the conclusion that the living Medea, however jealous she might be, could not possibly have leaned so far forward, without going over. A perpendicular, let fall from the centre of gravity, must have touched the earth far, very far out from the base. Near this group is a seated statue by Thérassé. It is Cydippe reading these words, on an ivory ball just by chance picked up:—‘I swear by Diana, to wed none but you, Aconice.’ The cunning lover had devised this trick, to entrap the refusing maiden into an oath. The expression on her face is neither surprise at the joke, nor indignation, nor yet pleasure. You

see a sort of silly grin, which brings a corresponding state of muscle into your own countenance. And now we have got back once more to the nymph Salmacis. There is she still, half prostrate, yet ever on the eve of rising. There is the same captivating innocence in her look, and though stark naked, she is too youthful and too pure to dream of any harm therein. I doubt not, that expression will there survive a thousand years. This is the only ideal, truly worthy of the name, in all this department of the exhibition. I mention no other pieces in sculpture. There are, hanging about the apartment, several ingeniously-carved scenes and images in wood, wrought by that same returning taste to the middle ages, which appears in some of the sculpture, in many of the paintings, in several sketches of ancient architecture, which is likewise frequently exhibited on the Parisian stage ; and is, moreover, evinced in numerous historical compositions, daily given forth through the press.

The few *engravings*, and fewer *lithographs* are not particularly worthy of description. The former, it seems to me, cannot compare with specimens at Munich and Florence. In the latter, are some half dozen pieces of good execution. An effort by Noel, taken from Overbeck's painting of Christ surrounded by little children, approaches nearer to fine engraving, than any lithograph I have ever seen. The *architectural* pieces are mostly made up of designs for improving various parts of the metropolis. They are here exposed to the scrutinizing judgment, and approval of the Pa-

risians. Several plans for beautifying the Champs-Elysées, seemed to me distinguished for admirable taste.

The hour of four has now arrived. The crimson-liveried huissier, in chapeau-bras, announces that the doors of the Louvre must for this day be closed. What are the general impressions left, by so brief rambles among these works of art? France has a very few good painters and sculptors. She has, moreover, a multitude following art, who could do no worse in another sphere. A feeling for said art is wide among the general people. The present Exposition is a slight improvement upon that in 1836. This practice of exhibitions is useful to artists, and profitable to the people. Their increased number is one favorable commentary upon the revolution of 1830. The impulses of that revolution, which have so enlarged the boundaries of action in other departments, may still continue to operate beneficially in this. The prospects for art in France are not discouraging.

XL

ADIEUS TO PARIS.

Oh ! Paris est la cité mère !
 Paris est le lieu solennel
 Où le tourbillon éphémère
 Tourne sur un centre éternel !
 Fontaine d'urnes obsédée !
 Mamelle sans cesse inondée
 Où pour se nourrir de l'idée
 Viennent les générations !

VICTOR HUGO.

I FIND myself in a post-chaise, dashing through the Rue Poissoniere, on my route to Germany. A postilion, in leathern polished hat, and snug briefly-skirted coat, with his buck-skinned legs half-buried in enormous boots, cracks, cracks, cracks, and cracks his whip, as he bobs up and down upon that tough Normandy post-horse, 'perpendicular as a prince.' This is certainly a very delightful mode of travel. Hire or purchase a carriage, and let government do the rest ; for which, of course, government must be well paid. Thus may you start when you please, stop when you please, and between such starting and stopping, be darted onwards to your destination, in the galloping speed of an English stage-coach.

There are two other modes of travel in France. One is by the Malle-Poste contrived for three persons,

and the other by Diligence. The former is resorted to, in cases of great haste. The mail-stage sweeps through the kingdom, from one end to the other, with a rapidity not more swiftly to be embodied, than in the phrase, *like Jehu*. A Diligence is the vehicle for those who dislike the expense of travelling poste, or the body-bruising speed of the mail-stage. A Diligence is exceeding clumsy to the eye. It is, however, ingeniously contrived to meet four classes of purses. In its front is the *Coupée*, for three persons. This is decidedly the finest compartment. Out through its two sides and front, you may survey the country. It has large facilities for any length of leg, also for reading; and it is usually furnished with a mirror. Right behind the coupée, is the *Interieur* for six. Behind the interieur, is the *Rotonde* for nine. High up *over* the coupée, is the *Banquette*, for the conducteur and two or three passengers, behind which is the baggage, and *upon* which is usually perched a little barking, and very noisy dog. The prices of these different compartments are variously graduated, according to their respective merits. The English coach has but two divisions,—outside and inside. There is about it this anomaly,—the inside fare is twice as great as the outside, while the outside seats are, at least, four times more desirable. But the English coach assuredly beats the American, whose fare for outside or inside, back seats or forward seats, is all in conformity with the most approved levelling principles, exactly the same.

The Diligence is under the supervision of a *Con-*

ducteur. About to travel with him from Paris to Marseilles, he informs you that his vehicle departs at eight o'clock P. M. French Diligences almost invariably commence their long journeys at night. They travel ceaselessly night and day, and they generally manage to reach their destination at night. The comfort of a Diligence delaying, like an American stage, to give passengers the enjoyment of a night's sleep, would to a Frenchman be quite ridiculous. Moreover, you must be *upon the spot*, at the moment of departure. No Diligence lumbers about the city, blowing horns, like an American coach, stopping at this and that house, to wake up, or pick up a passenger. Herein has the French system the better of us. But we have the better of it in speed; for the Diligence plods on at the dreary pace of four or five miles per hour; it breakfasts sometimes at eight and sometimes at twelve; it dines now at six and again at midnight; it disturbs your digestion; it breaks in upon your repose, and when, just at daybreak, you have arrived at Marseilles, soul and body are in a deplorable state.

* * * * *

But here has my post-chaise reached the *Barrière de Pantin*. In a moment, it will have passed the gate. And in thus leaving Paris, I ask myself, why is it parted from with some regret? Every visiter tries to assign reasons, why a winter's residence in this metropolis is one of the most captivating in the world. This person discovers its charm in the universal freedom of deportment; that in the large system of public amusements;

and another in the frequency and easy splendor of its private gatherings. Every one, of course, will give a reason moulded by his peculiar predilections and associations, and that of the Italian will be quite different from the Englishman's. If I were asked, why to me it has been delightful, I should answer, chiefly because within its narrow walls, are centred the elements of a whole nation. At Paris, you may see all France. Paris comprehended is France comprehended. The Frenchman of the metropolis, is the Frenchman of the whole kingdom. Here is a condensation which you may seek London for in vain. There is an exhaustless variety, which that metropolis possesses not. This is the grand centre. Here is the government, here is the press; here are art and science, and here, is the fashion. Up hither turn all eyes and all ambitions. Here is the great sphere of exhibition. Who has not flourished here, is provincial. The Parisian tribunal is a tribunal of the last resort. Who has failed here, has failed every where. The opinion of the capital is peremptory upon the entire kingdom. The capital pulls down thrones, and it puts them up; and France submits to the dynasty of the metropolis. It is this crowding of life, which has made my last seven months, the most intense of any in the past. Those who wish to study French progress, may study it in this multitude of topics; and when I recall, that into France alone of all continental kingdoms, have penetrated the principles which an American deems the surest pledges of national advancement, such study becomes to him one of extremest interest.

There are, however, sources here for the gratification of any variety of taste. Is one a lover of music ? Where does music sound so delightfully, and so cheaply ? Do you enjoy the theatre ? Where is there an equally large, and various system for your enjoyment ? Are you an epicure ? The world has no eating houses, like the first rate restaurants of Paris. Do you affect dancing ? Surely, there is more dancing in Paris on one winter's evening, than in all the United States on two. Do you like elegant soirées ? The salons of Paris abound in them. Would you study human nature ? Here does it show itself in many wondrous forms. Do you admire French art, and literature, and science ? Here are their centres. Would you think freely, and speak freely, and act freely, quite unnoticed by neighboring tongues ? This is your residence. Are you pleased by lovely architecture, and antique architecture ? The Madeleine and the Pantheon, Notre Dame and St. Denis, are here. Do you like to contemplate foreign manners ? Paris is their sphere. And, moreover, do you wish to spend money ? Come to Paris. Here may you gild your apartments ; here may you enrich your equipage ; here may you dash out into any magnificence, and you shall find companionship to give it seeming. It is not, however, the French who *dash*. They only have a system, into which may enter those who wish to realize that word. The foreigner alone displays. Rich Russian Noblemen, like Demidoff of old, are pleased to come down hither from their icy regions, and set the Parisians all agaze, at the magnificence of their retinue and

equipage. I must say that here is nothing very discordant. Dark and moustached princes, born in a despotism, with ten thousand serfs beneath them, and any depth of mines as their treasury-house, when gorgeously exhibiting themselves in this central city of Europe, do but act in harmony with the principles of their ostentatious government, and the conduct which all past opinion has made imperative upon their aristocratic station. If, however, untitled absentees from an economical republic, were to attempt an imitation of their display, did you not condemn them outright, you might at least without uncharitableness, pronounce their deportment a discord, nay, one of the harshest possible social notes. Far be it from me to enter into any wretched denunciation, of what is called American ostentation of wealth. Our course of things is onward. Large manifestations await us in the future. We are to exhibit human society under new forms, and there is to be no form more original and striking than that of our wealthy citizens;—citizens not enjoying the claim of Titles to consideration, and for that very reason led to make more expensive, and gorgeous and imposing, the manifestation of their riches. The time for that manifestation with us, has not yet arrived, and I know but one prophetic illustration of it in Europe. No private residence shines more richly; no equipage is more prince-like; no soirées are more brilliant; no dinners are more magnificent, than those of an American gentleman, now residing in Paris. The chief peculiarity of all this is, its anticipation of the American

age. For however much by good men it may be deprecated, to such complexion is one portion of our onward, physical prosperity inevitably to come. The good of wealth can hardly be enjoyed, so long as human nature remains what God fashioned it, without something of what are called its ills.

To many Americans about to travel through Europe, an acquaintance with Paris may be no bad preparative. It may balance and regulate them. It may furnish instructive standards, whereby to judge the multitudinous sights and sounds which await them. And then again to many, such acquaintance may be injurious, unfitting them for the enjoyment of inferior objects,—objects stupidly tame, compared with those left behind. By such, let Paris be the last visited, the summit of the pyramid. Visited first or last however, it seems to me, that to every American it must have this one great common interest. France, as already said, is the only continental nation now successfully struggling in the pathway to freedom. She is the European nation most sympathizing with the United States. They both look forward to the same great ends—the development and highest condition of the universal people. Now at Paris, you may best see the exponents of the nation's political and social progress. You may here best understand that political state, upon whose character depend all subordinate states in the realm. You may here best read, whither are the tendencies of the age. As carefully as I could, have I watched the state and shiftings of recent French

opinion. The vast mass of that opinion is unquestionably for the reigning dynasty. There are the Legitimists, who would pull it back to the stationary ideas of the old Regime; and then, on the other side, are the extreme Liberals, who would stimulate it forward to extremes in Republican policy. Between these two, does the juste-milieu steadily advance. The last few months have not been uninformative. The rejection of the Disjunction Bill, the withdrawal of the Appanage, and the postponement of the project respecting Non-Revelation, indicate no tendencies to make stronger the throne. That throne has recently promulgated a universal political Amnesty, thus manifesting that it is assured of strength. More than six hundred persons have, by this measure, been emancipated to their families and their duties. Even Meunier, the last assailant of the King's life, is but banished for ten years. This is among the most conciliatory and popular steps, which yet the government have taken. There is but one rejoicing feeling therefor, throughout the kingdom. The marriage of the Duke of Orleans to a Princess of Mecklenburg, is, in a few days, to be consummated. Already is that princess on her way to her great destiny. France receives her with enthusiasm, and hails in this alliance, another guaranty for the strength and perpetuation of the present dynasty. While thus the affection of the people, and the stability of the throne are being secured, the Chambers are engaged in enacting laws for general amelioration. The interests of the people are continually before them. Roads are

improved ; ports are improved ; facilities are given to agriculture ; the subject of popular education is frequently acted upon ; there are six projects for great railroads now before them, and for every law tending to influence present politics, there have this winter been twenty, tending to benefit the people. These are facts of cheerful omen. When I reflect, that but seven years have passed, since France beheld a violent revolution, expelling one régime and introducing another, I cannot but think these facts unexampled in the history of the past, and most propitious for the future. The king, to be sure, has been exposed to assassins' hands. But I do not forget, that where one conceited or despairing wretch aims the blow, millions of hands arrest it, and give proofs abundant of horror at the attempt ; and it is doubtless equally fair and far more philosophical, to infer the feeling of the nation towards the present dynasty, from the manifestations of the million, than from the malice of an isolated individual.

Thousands in France, you may say, are deeply suffering for want of food and raiment. But similar suffering has characterized all the past. There were crises in the happiness of the people, before the revolution of 1830. And if there be one noble feature in the spirit of the present government, and what is more, in the spirit of present society, it is the manifested wish to rush forward and alleviate that suffering. Paris has this winter witnessed efforts after efforts to relieve the operatives at Lyons, and other cities of the

kingdom, and thousands on thousands have been accumulated therefor.

France is in a deplorable state as to religion and morality. Alas, that cry is not a new one. French infidelity in social and religious life, has long been a by-word all over the earth. But closely-observing, and deep-reflecting men, now discover tendencies to a better state of things. There is a return, slow indeed it may be, but still a return towards religious ideas. The present government is hand and heart with this movement of society, and there could not well be desired a loftier model for national morality, than that which is constantly furnished by the royal circle.

There is thus, continual improvement. There is constant tendency to the prosperous and the good. Louis Philippe is a democratic king. He has been made by the people. He forgets not his origin. In his family, reside the great hopes of the nation. Thousands of hostile prayers are continually put up, that those hopes may be unrealized. No American can wish them other than triumphant. If France continue on in free regeneration, Europe may ultimately be revolutionized. If France fail, there is no other foothold for liberty here. History writes but two chapters,—one of human hopes gratified, the other of human hopes disappointed. Unto this latter, has France, during the last fifty years, furnished abundantly. God grant that the present dynasty may not go on, still swelling its long and melancholy page.

While thus at random, cogitating, my carriage has

passed far beyond the Barrière. The roar of the great city goes down to indistinctness. I leave behind me the largest sink of European vice, and likewise some of the best hopes of freemen all over the world. I pass from a superficial people, to a people deeply thinking. I exchange gaiety for seriousness. I quit a nation rather prosaic, for one extremely poetical. I go to the birth-place of Schiller, and Göethe, and Wieland and Jean Paul. It is a pleasant morning of May. Crack—crack—crack—crack,—the postilion whips on in galloping speed. The present vanishes; the future seems to arise. Good-by, Paris;—Hail, Cloudland!

XII.

A DAY AT BADEN IN BADEN.

I FIND myself at one of the great European watering places. Baden, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, is a little village, situated near the feet of several surrounding hills. At this time, these hills are clothed in green, the airs are deliciously mild, the company is large and brilliant, and since to me all is novel enjoyment here, the thought of soon departing, starts a little regret. As I would not forget what has afforded me so much pleasure, I record the course of life within an experience of a single day.

I am at the Badische Hof, a spacious hotel, once a cloister of Capuchins, but sold in 1807, and converted to its present purposes. Unto it are attached thirty-two bathing tubs, and a vapor bath. I may here note down, that in the village are seven other Hofs, or hotels, each having, as a necessary part of its establishment, from thirty to forty bathing tubs. These tubs are supplied with water from thirteen springs, of different degrees of temperature, varying in their component parts, and issuing principally from a spot near the snail's-garden, very appropriately called 'Hell.' The hottest has a temperature of about fifty-four degrees of Reaumur.

Though not an invalid, I resolved, for curiosity's sake, to try the waters in the regular, recommended style. So springing from my bed at five o'clock of the morning, I walked down into the bathing establishment. Its hall is long and cool, and on each side thereof are little rooms, containing tubs. A portly German female attendant whispered *guten morgen* to me, on my entrance. The surrounding silence was unbroken, save by here and there a tinkle of falling water, and an occasional tremendous splash, announcing that bathing visitors had arrived before me. The door of one of the rooms now chanced to open, and out tottered a little pinched-up body, in morning gown, and curiously wrought black cap, and muttering something in German to the attendant, walked away. The maid then showed me half a dozen rooms, whose water-filled tubs were quite ready for the bather, and into each of which she thrust a brawny arm to try the temperature, each time saying, as she looked up, with a smile, into my visage, *das ist gut*. I resolved however upon an empty one. Into this, reposing my denuded limbs, I turned a sort of screw, and slowly was showered over me a warm spray, in lightness more feathery and delicious, than any thing I had before experienced. This is a style of bathing designed for luxury alone, and when, after the lapse of a half hour, you draw yourself upright by a cord which is suspended from the ring above, you pronounce it a delicate invention, to which the luxurious fastidiousness of Heliogabalus himself could not, for a moment,

object. After the bath, it is usual to take a walk. You may stroll into what is called the English garden, or up through the adjacent hills, and be assured that you will ever find threading these agreeable pathways, many fair German, and French, and English forms, attracted thus early, to enjoy the scenery and the air, whose sweetness and purity you unhesitatingly pronounce unrivalled. You now feel soothed and harmonized in all your nerves. The bath-water has wrought mysteriously upon you. If you have scrofulous affections, or rheumatic pains, or stiff limbs, or groan daily under gout, you now enjoy the flattering idea of having just brought to bear upon them one of the most efficient remedies.

Having taken five or six turns in the promenades, go at once to the *Ursprung*. As its name implies, it is the *original* spring. It was highly esteemed in the time of the Romans. Its vault is still covered with remains of beautiful Carrarian marble, put up at that distant day. It gushes forth tremendously, and yields you with ease in any twenty-four hours, more than seven million cubic inches of water. This is the much-frequented spring. It is situated right in the midst of the afore-named Hell, a region which in severest winters, can never be covered with snow. - Near by, is a covered colonnade, called the Pump-Room. Here congregate invalids, every morning, between six and nine. Here shall you see men and women, old and young, rich and poor. Here are lame legs, inflamed eyes, and tainted skins; and now and then shall

you see one, whose trembling nerves and bloated visage denote the *ci-devant* debauchee, now alas, quite chapfallen, and resolved at length to return, like a prodigal son, to nature for restoration. I have on several mornings, interested myself in looking at the various company, and striving from deportment, to guess out the particular affliction of each individual. One little old German gentleman has perplexed me much. He is accustomed to walk up briskly to the spring, take a little bottle of whey from his pocket, pour a quantity into a tumbler, which the attendant soon filling, he drinks off very slowly, and in measured draughts. Replacing his bottle in his pocket, and crossing his hands behind him, he walks forth again, saying nothing, noticing no one, and commences a regular promenade up and down the pump-room. At length he stops, pulls out and looks at his watch, puts it back hurriedly into his fob, and rushes off again in haste to the spring. There he administers once more to his stomach, a dose precisely like the preceding. He now returns, resumes and continues his walk, with his eyes fixed on the floor, apparently in deepest cogitation, until the moment comes round again, when he to sulphurous water must render up himself. He seems eternally thinking of but his stomach, his watch, and the Ursprung. My interest in him is not at all diminished, when at length informed that he is a celebrated German professor. The value of *whey*-diet in several diseases, is very generally acknowledged. Many of the invalids make use of it, and each morning, its

sellers may here be seen, in the shape of rows of immovable old women, sitting on the ground, with hands embraced about their knees, while before them are standing their brown whey-pots, like consecrated vessels before so many Egyptian idols.

But here is a young lady. She has just come from the spring; and now opening a book, she promenades as she peruses it, up and down the public walk. What can be the trouble with her. She moves elastic enough. She is rounded in her form. There is no external token to indicate that her constitution is giving way. On passing her more closely, however, a single glance detects a slight affection, alas, *of the skin*. And now, the rattling of wheels draws your attention. A carriage has arrived, and out of it is boosted, and gently tumbled, the debilitated Marquis of D——. He is completely shrouded, like one of certain Spanish friars, in a huge white vestment, that encloses feet, arms and head, in its multitudinous folds. ‘*Bon jour, Monsieur,*’ says a sprightly German Baroness—‘*Ah, Madame,*’ squeaks out a trembling voice, and while he is going on to thank her, half a dozen men hurry him away into the adjacent vapor bath. But new parties are continually arriving, and there is no end to the variety of aspects which they assume. To me, I do confess there is much impressive as well as amusing, in this novel and stirring spectacle. The solemn regularity of these movements, the imperturbable gravity of these visages with their lengthened hypochondriacal expression, often move a smile, which is

itself soon put to flight, by the reflection of so many sinking frames, anxiously come hither to derive from one of nature's fountains, the means of adding a few more fitful moments to life's dream.

Not having any medical prescription regulating the quantity to be drunk, I am accustomed to button my coat comfortably about me, and indulge until the set of it becomes a little uneasy. The beverage is to me quite pleasant, and of about the warmth which one would approve in his coffee. I was going on, enjoying the above course, when an individual, whom I verily believe to be in the interest of the doctors, declared in my hearing, that the most dangerous consequences had resulted from drinking these waters, without so doing according to very accurate medical prescription, and that they generally did injury to all who used them, save the veritably diseased.

At eight o'clock, you may walk down to the Assembly Rooms, to enjoy the music of a fine German band which there performs, each morning, from seven until nine; and likewise to take chocolate with a light French roll. The chocolate is usually served in the open air, upon a little round stand, just large enough to hold your cup and a newspaper. Parties of ladies and gentlemen are here and there engaged in the same worthy vocation. Breakfast being concluded, you had better take a ramble among the environs. They are full of the antique and the enchanting. Walk up the Lichenthal. It is a beautiful vale, and contains a venerable cloister of Cistercian nuns. Ascend the dark-fir

mount of St. Cecilia. Your toil is repaid by a distant view of Baden and the Oelbach stream ; and if you are disposed to moralize, but a little way off, are the graves of many Cistercians long since departed.

But my favorite ramble is up to yonder ancient castle, the *Altes Schloss*, as it is called. Seven centuries ago, it was the residence of a princely family, and from 1250 to 1550, twenty sovereigns of Baden, distinguished for chivalrous sentiments and martial deeds, resided there. It is a fine ruin of the middle ages, and you may either spend your time in rebuilding and repeopling it, or in enjoying, from one of its half-crumbled windows, a prospect of wide and various beauty, which no language can describe. Walk now onward, through the cool fir-tree shadows, to the ruined castle of Ebersteinburg. It seems not so much founded on a rock, as carved out therefrom. You imagine it must have ever been impregnable, and yet, just five hundred years ago, in a feud between its possessor and a German Count, the latter with his followers marched against it, and reduced it to its present ruin. The walks on every side are so enchanting, you are doubtful which to choose. A very agreeable one leads your steps to the Teufelskanzel, or devil's pulpit. It is a lofty rock overlooking a little valley ; and if the fiend's audience, now alas, scattered all over the world, did ever, as it is fabled, assemble here, it was in a spot which a Christian congregation might well be pleased to occupy. How finely rise the hills into a convenient amphitheatre, shaded by the fir, the

oak, and the hornbeam. You may now repose yourself, and spend an hour conversing with the German gentleman who has chanced thither, rambling for the same objects as yourself.

When your pedestrian wishes are quite gratified, return to the Assembly Rooms. Of these, the central one is a large hall, some hundred and fifty feet long, and fifty broad. Around it, in niches, are several statues, and its furniture is in a style of superior elegance. At each end is a *roulette* table, and one for *rouge et noir* stands in an adjacent saloon. Eight Corinthian columns give a somewhat grand appearance to its portico. In its right wing, are a library, and one of the finest public dining rooms in Germany. Its left is occupied as a library and reading room, and there likewise stands the theatre. In front of this beautiful block of buildings, spreads out a green lawn, of some three or four acres, bordered by flowers in full bloom. On two sides of this lawn, at right angles with the Assembly Rooms, extend rows of open shops, or boutiques, shaded by wild chestnut-trees, and filled with all sorts of fancy articles. The stand for musicians is a little way advanced, in front of the right wing, and in its vicinity are hundreds of chairs, settees and tables, for loungers in the open air.

Gambling is one of the terrible amusements of this watering place. The tables are open from nine until one, and from two o'clock until midnight. Old men and the young, old women and fair maidens, all join in the hazards of the game. I must say that the exhi-

bitions I have here witnessed in the course of this past day, have fixed deeper than ever, and far more strong, my feeling towards this vice. Frascati's, in Paris, has about it a good deal of the secret and the forbidding. All its features continually remind you that something wrong is going on. Ere you enter, a liveried servant takes mysteriously your cloak, and hat and cane, and eyes you keenly for a moment, to ascertain if your age may warrant an admission. Within, all is stillness, and if perchance an exclamation at ill luck be accidentally raised, hisses from different quarters silence it instantly. There is a professional air about Frascati's, which to me is appalling. At Baden, this mysteriousness does not exist. All is done openly, and much in broad daylight. In the gambling hall, you do not feel as if within some dangerous circle. Many of the noblest ladies, and wealthiest gentlemen of Europe, may there every day be seen, if not to play, at least to look on, and perhaps to laugh or sneer at those who lose. Play seems to be one necessary part of Baden life. A gentleman, after sipping coffee and talking French politics, walks a few paces to the *rouge et noir* table, loses a thousand francs, and then walks back to sip coffee and talk French politics again. A lady is promenading through the Hall, her arm interlocked with a gentleman's, and discoursing on the pleasures of her morning's walk. A sudden whim sends her to *roulette*, and after parting with a good round sum, she rejoins her solitary gentleman in the promenade, and again discourses with much feeling,

about the majesty of *Altes Schloss*. Gambling seems thus to be intermingled with the usual every-hour thoughts. Hence is it divested of the awe and startling solemnity, which surround it at many places, and its insidious power to beguile, and vortex-like, to swallow up heart and soul, is thus tenfold increased.

I do not much like to reproduce images of those passions, which are born around the gaming table. And yet I desire to note down a little ocular experience I had this day. When I entered the hall, the roulette-table was numerously surrounded. Several were playing high, but none with agitation, except a strange man, aged perhaps thirty-six, whose face was flushed as if by fever. He did not indulge himself with a seat, but taking a lot of Napoleons from his pocket, he hurriedly and tremblingly tossed them down upon any number, it mattered not what. Then quickly walking off several paces from the table, he awaited in most anxious agitation, the pause of the ball, and the voice of the marker, announcing his winnings, or his loss. If the former, he returned complacently, took up all his winnings, save a single Napoleon, which, in superstitious gratitude, he left to the number which had been so generous towards him. The next turn, he flung down four or five hundred francs. The luck was against him, and also in the next trial, and the next. Had a galvanic battery been brought to play upon his corpse, it could not have produced more hideous spasms, than those which at each announcement, wrenched his visage and entire frame. And

still he ventured, and still he lost. Then a single success inspired him with hope; and then he lost again. His excitement had now become so great as to attract the attention of the company. That company regarded him with sober eyes; in perfectly good breeding. Of it, he seemed to be totally unconscious. Once I thought he seemed to make an effort to break away but in vain. The eye of the serpent was on him. He continued to play; Napoleon followed Napoleon into the all-swallowing maw of the table, till at length, the gambler's pockets probably quite emptied, he seized his hat, crushed it fiercely between his fists, uttered a deep curse in the Spanish language, and rushed out of the hall. Several eyes followed him; one curious man even went to the door. A shrewd looking individual ran his tongue into his cheek; another shrugged his shoulders, and a third exchanged winks with the marker. The wheel, however, continued to revolve, without the slightest interruption.

I was attracted again to-day by a strange countenance, which I have very frequently seen at these tables. Its freshness bespeaks the man of thirty. The gray hairs tell you of sixty winters, while enormous whiskers, and moustaches, and imperial, all intensely gray even as the locks of that scalp, proclaim the gentleman of style, the mirror of fashion, the gallant cavaliero. This is rather a short man. He dresses in most admirable taste; has one suit for the morning, another for the afternoon, and still another for the evening. He plays with fingers numerously and richly

ringed. He enters the hall with a consequential air. The servant hurries to relieve him of his hat and cane; and while he takes his seat, the markers look knowingly at each other. This is the Elector of Hesse Cassel. He takes several little rolls of gold from his pocket, breaks open one of them, and claps down two hundred francs on No. 10. He plays high. His risk is never less than forty francs. But with what grace and self-possession does he lose! He has now been playing but five minutes, and two thousand francs have passed from his pockets, into the coffers of the affectionate marker. He is not, however, in the least moved. He frowns not, neither does he smile; nor moreover is he ever betrayed into that infernal grin, which your green pretender often puts on, to hide from surrounding spectators his chagrin at ill luck. The Elector is immensely rich, and can afford to lose with grace.

But here is a lady gamester. She is quite absorbed in the vice, and yet her deportment is certainly, in the highest degree, genteel. Your lady is present at Frascati's, not so much to play herself, as, by her charms, to attract players thither. Here, however, the attendance is for a quite different object. 'The play, the play 's the thing.' And most surely by that play is her conscience caught. Heart, soul, mind, affections,—all prostituted to that one fell seducer. Her weakness will be looked upon more in sorrow than in anger. It sends a flush to the cheek, quivering to the lips, wildness to the eyes, and desolation through the soul.

Many of the ladies here, seem to be professional gamesters; and those who do not station themselves deliberately in seats at the table, with mace, and a little counting-paper and pin before them, very generally wander till midnight through the illuminated halls, every now and then pausing, to venture a Napoleon at *rouge et noir*.

If you would be in keeping, dress yourself at three, for dinner, and repair again to the Assembly Rooms. The Germans, having enjoyed their table d'hôte at one o'clock, are now lounging in the open air, before the hall, sipping coffee, smoking pipes, and listening to music which plays till five. At this hour, you enter the grand public dining room, and amidst Englishmen, and Frenchmen, and Italians, Austrians, and Russians, and still some Germans, you enjoy a very cleverly cooked meal. Now comes round the music-man with a little plate, into which you may, or may not, as you please, throw a few kreutzers.* Then comes

* The custom of at once addressing two senses, and through a happy intermingling of music with their banquets, of aiding digestion, is very general among the Germans. I have taken many early breakfasts at Munich, in the presence of a playing band. To the gardens of the Austrian metropolis, do crowds of Viennois resort each day at six o'clock, to satisfy any evening appetite, and listen to music from the orchestras of Strauss, Lanner, or Morelli. All the hotels at Baden, and several at Dresden, Berlin, and other cities of Germany, have in their dining halls, an alcove or balcony constructed, for the indispensable musicians. The Germans do not so much seem to listen to music while taking their meals, as to enjoy their meals while listening to music.

round a body with leathern satchel under its arm, desiring to sell you the 'Badische Blatt' for a few kreutzers more. This sheet contains the daily news of the village. Here you read the names of one hundred and nine Dukes, and Counts, and Earls, and Commoners, who have here arrived since yesterday evening, and you moreover learn, that up to this present twentieth of June, the number of arrivals for this season, has been eight thousand five hundred. The leaf likewise contains an account of certain removals from No. 2, to No. 8; and how Madame Deschamps has just arrived with flowers and plumes from Paris; what is to be the opera for this evening; and when the next ball is to take place.

After dinner, you may walk into the theatre. Like all those, which in summer you may visit in Germany, its performance begins early and ends before dark. Between the pieces, the audience, as at Carlsruhe, quit the house, take a half hour's promenade through the fresh gardens, with ice and conversation, and then return to enjoy the conclusion. The evening until twelve, may be spent in conversation, reading foreign news, listening to music, walking through the brilliant and crowded assembly rooms, or, as I spend this, in noting down the sights and sounds of the day.

XIII.

BAIAE—PROCIDA—ISCHIA.

DELIGHTFUL spots are these ; among them have glided away some of my happiest hours. Baiae, once a retreat of part of the vast Roman luxury, now one wretched abode of beggars. The chief sources of its interest are human, and they have undergone many a change, in the successive ages of the world. Procida—Ischia—these are pleasant neighboring islands ; their interest has been most derived from the hand of nature ; it therefore does endure for ever, unchanged, unchangeable.

On a pleasant spring morning, we left Naples in a carriage, from which having alighted at Pozzuoli, we entered a light bark, under the oars of some half a dozen lazaroni. These are your genuine minions of the sun, whose idle vocations, if pardonable any where, are certainly so at Naples, where, even the northern traveller, but briefly staying, feels his muscles—hitherto tough and iron-bound—gradually relaxing, and finds himself, ere he knows it, sliding into lazy dreams. A from-hand-to-mouth-living gentry are they, unknowing to-day whence may come the macaroni that shall keep them alive to-morrow ; ragged and starving, yet full of laughter and song. How unlike the poorer classes

among my own countrymen, who are 'even restless in their toil ; never satisfied with the present ; looking onward and laboring, as if some mighty events in the future were depending upon their daily exertions !

Swiftly moving over the sea, we soon landed near Baiae. 'Will you see the grotto of the Cumean Sybil ?' asked the guide. 'Certainly,' said I. We moved on. 'And what pond is this ?' ' 'Tis lake Avernus,' replied the cicerone. 'The Tartarus of Virgil ; and yonder ruins are of a temple dedicated to Pluto.' They stand upon the borders of said lake, rising somewhat dim and roughly, yet distinct is their image reflected in the clear, glass-like waters beneath. Lighting our torches, we entered the grotto. After walking some fifty rods, we were stopped. 'Mount the *horses*,' said our guide. Two ragged and grisly lazaroni stooped down before us. We are now astride their backs, with arms clasped tight and lovingly about necks, which, if free will be no farce, shall not by me be soon clasped again. We were carried off at right angles, through a narrow passage. The large flaming torches were borne before us, by our *horses*. What with smoke flaring every moment into eyes, mouth and nostrils, and what with the intense heat, I was near suffocation. At length we heard a splash of waters. The lazarone, on whose back I was mounted, was wading therein knee-deep. Is this, indeed, the imagined avenue from Virgil's Tartarus to Acheron and the Styx ? Much need had the poet's spirits of merciful aid. At length we were deposited

on a pedestal surrounded by water, in a little chamber. From this spot, according to our cicerone, was the Sybil wont to deliver forth her oracles,—far under the earth, away from the sun and sound of disturbing voices. We had stood upon the pedestal. It was enough. All sweltering and begrimmed, we hastened out.

Now for Baiae. We were rowed lazily along the shores. Dazzlingly bright, as polished steel, shone the surface of the sea. The air was mild, and mellow, and in almost sultry repose. In a sort of luxury, the sunlight itself seemed to slumber upon the ocean, and the hills, and those melancholy ruins, that for two thousand years had been crumbling beneath and upon their summits. This then is a scene in Italy,—all beauty, all softness, all luxurious tranquillity. I had often read, and heard and dimly dreamed of such. Hearing, and reading, and dreaming had however given but faint images of the reality. And yet I must say, this Italian spring sky somewhat disappoints me. It is too brilliantly blue. It dazzles and pains my vision. Perhaps, however, these large dark eyes which every where in Naples look forth, from men, and women and children, may not complain. For my part, if memory fail not in furnishing means for comparison, I should set down certain firmaments I have beheld on beautiful days of May, near the banks of the Ohio and the Mississippi, as equal to any thing I have yet enjoyed in the heavens of an Italian spring. I dislike these glaring, glistening, these most dazzling colors.

Americans come here and admire, while they talk about Italian sky and Italian climate. Would they but know it, they have climate and sky equally delightful, within any mile of their own several homes.*

* And now I wish to express the opinion, that in Europe is no scene of its class, with the exception perhaps of *one* at Naples, whose tout-ensemble of sky and hills, and trees and water, and spires and architecture, surpasses what may, by the eye, at one view be embraced from a certain point of Beacon street in the city of Boston. I am satisfied that if this scene were in any one of the great European cities, it would by all travellers be eternally *cracked up* as a great lion, the seeing of which would be deemed indispensable to the completeness of foreign travel. This scene leaves the famed Prater at Vienna far, far behind. The *Unter den Linden* at Berlin, renowned as one of the most magnificent streets in Europe, is not to be named in the same volume with it. The half-Venitian and half-Italian-Boulevard scene, which on summer evenings may delight you from the *Jungfersteig*, or Maiden's Walk, in the city of Hamburg,—which belongs to the same class of scenes with the above-named three, and which, I think, surpasses the two latter,—advances still not near to an equality with the former. The Prater is quite uninteresting, except in the months of April and May, when towards each evening it is thronged with a thousand carriages, and after nightfall, with many thousand pedestrians, visible through innumerable lamp-lights, and listening to finest music. The *Unter den Linden* is chiefly charming, when towards evening, its Linden-shaded walks are made picturesque by the brilliant uniforms and waving plumes of hundreds of the Prussian military, and the *Conditoreien*, which border it,—whereof Fuch's is to be named as most magnificent,—are crowded with ladies and gentlemen enjoying ices and lemonade. The architecture of that street,—with the exception of the Arsenal, the admirable New Museum and the Old Palace at one end, and the splendid Bran-

But what are those masses of masonry yonder? Some ruins of Nero's villa,—and those farther on are of a villa of the Cæsars. Near the shore, stand dismantled temples of Venus Genitrix, of Mercury, and of Diana. Yonder, where you see five ragged women

denburg gate at the other,—is rather ordinary. King Frederick William's residence is common-place enough, and the surviving house of old Prince Blucher looks altogether barn-like. The little artificial lake formed from the waters of the Alster at Hamburg, whose three promenading sides are each evening gay with illumination, and company and music, and in whose fourth are deep reflections of those tall architectural relics from the middle ages, which Canaletto himself might mistake for Venitian; whose surface is variegated by frequent sailing swans and small fancifully painted water-craft, presents altogether a picture that you will look upon, and long remember with exceeding satisfaction. The above-named scenes, like most of those much boasted of in the old world, derive their great charm from illumination, music, equipage and generally brilliant company. Were Boston Common, with its surrounding facilities, transported to Rome, Florence, Milan, or Vienna, there would be two splendid Cafés opened at once in Colonnade Row, and four in Beacon Street. A fountain would be set to playing up from that water pool. On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at six o'clock of the evening, a band would perform in the centre of the Common until seven; at five o'clock on *every* day, equipages would commence their double-file *promenade* up and down Beacon Street,—or indeed all round the Common, as on a Corso,—continuing such promenade, passing and re-passing, recognising and cutting, until the hour of seven. Thousands of men, women and children, of *all* classes, of those who work as well as those who work not, clothed in their decent suits and decent manners, would be seen moving each evening, from all quarters to so beautiful a resort. There would be no fighting,

spinning flax, once stood the villa of Marius, and those huge blocks that look so wave-worn and weather-beaten, are all that remain of one country residence of Hortensius, the great Roman lawyer. A little beyond, you may note where rose the magnificent retreat of Lucullus, the renowned Roman epicure,—Lucullus, the gourmand; and still farther away, your land view is bounded by the promontory of Misenum. I need not detail. I make out no itinerary for here-after-coming travellers. A few objects, with some of their impressions, every sojourner in this land may be pleased to record.

Those Romans well knew where to select, and how to furnish their country seats—abodes of hours stolen from the cares and the storms of city and of camp. Yonder, by thousands, they idled and revelled life away, upon those hills that you still may see, now retreating up in gentle gradations to their summits, now gracefully curved as if to embrace the sea, and from whose tops and sides once gladly upon the waters, looked out gardens, and baths; gorgeous palaces,

no loud screaming, no intoxication, no rude elbowing, no strutting (*strutting* is quite out of the question, and even impossible upon the continent), no unworthy deportment of any description. The results of such combinations here are many. Those which much impress an American traveller are conversational vivacity, universal ease and civility, and a certain cultivated and even refined bearing in the common people, as well as the higher classes, which does not always characterize the public manners of other countries.

temples, and porticos. The lazaroni pauses upon his oar. Looking dreamingly upon these ruins, and their shattered image mirrored in the waves, you fall perchance into reverie. Is it truth or a fiction, that now slowly, and at first dimly seems to ascend, thronging those hills with glories vanished some twenty centuries ago; peopling it with life long since quenched, and never more to be re-animated in time? Beguiled by the vision, you would for a moment leave your bark, and mounting the marble steps that rise before you, join those bands that in gold and purple, are walking among the porticos and the gardens. Is it Hortensius who advances with a retinue of welcoming friends, as you set foot upon the shore. Alas, the dream is unkindly broken. Up to you, crowds a mass of beggary and of crime. You see haggard women, tottering men, and deformed children. You hear them imploring, some in laughter, and some in tears, a miserable something to save them from starvation.

And now for Procida,—an island which the guide tells you is full of beautiful women, who dress after the veritable ancient Greek costume. Beautiful women indeed are there, and still more beautiful children, and when dressed in that costume which the curiosity of certain travellers has taught them to cherish and preserve with care, they are extremely picturesque and not unimpressive. Still does the traveller's eye here pass from forms merely human, and modes of dress however fair, to yet fairer forms in nature—Nature, as she appears to him in citron groves, and gardens of

orange trees ; in islands bathed in mildest sunlight, around which breaks this pleasant sea ; in the sweet voices of birds and of waters. We loitered away many agreeable hours among these scenes. At length not without regret returning homewards, we looked upon the receding shores of Procida and Ischia. The sun was about setting. His long glances shot over waves, now more tranquil than I had yet seen them, whose depths gave back in sharp distinctness, the half-clouded sky, the hills, the vineyards and villages upon their sides, wherefrom was now audible some evening music of peasantry. I had heard much of the songs, peculiar to the class whereof were our boatmen. Inquiring if they had voices, and likewise, which was also necessary, if they liked the wine of Pozzuoli, the answer to both questions was affirmative. Five voices immediately struck up ' O Piscator,' and in time to the slow falling and almost noiseless oar, sang it gracefully and with some feeling. It was followed by ' La bella brunetta,' and a half dozen other favorite airs ; strains that embodied, sometimes delicately, sometimes roughly, a part of the emotions and passions, the hopes and recollections of this peculiar people.

The Italian tongue is indeed pleasant when in the form of song, moving as now over the still waves, or when like the sound of many silver bugles, it comes to your ear in the Villa Reale, from Italian ladies, who at evening, throng that delightful promenade. I have long *known* it, as the sweetest of modern tongues ; I never *felt* it to be so, until I heard it in Italy. Some

Greek pronounced his native tongue fit language for the gods. With equal propriety, had it existed, might he have assigned the Italian, to any fair sharers in their fortunes. What delightful play does it not give to vocal organs!—demanding no effort, no toil; but in the utterance, wakening that natural activity which is their appropriate exercise. Not only in song, is it most melodious, but likewise so even in wrangling and battle. We heard to-day an instance illustrative of this. Our boat was just reaching the shore. A dispute arose as to the division of the *bottiglia*. And what is the *bottiglia*? Its other name is *buóno-mano*; and in France they call it *pour-boire*. It is their *bottle*, their *grog* in short. What would Mr. — and that cold corps, which cries aloud for total abstinence, exclaim, if informed that nearly *every* bargain in this region has attached to it a provision for a *bottiglia*—a ‘something to drink?’ This is most veritable; and strange to say, I have not yet seen man, woman, or child drunk on the continent—yes, *one*, a Frenchman; and still so polite was he and genteel, in the manifestation of his excited state, that I hesitate ere I apply to him so hard a word as *drunk*.* Well, the dispute was about this

* At the annual festival of the 1st of May, one hundred thousand of the common people of Paris and from its vicinity, were assembled in the Champs-Élysées. At the annual festival of the Briggittenau on the 17th of July, eighty thousand of the common people of Vienna, assembled for their usual sports, on the Leopoldstadt island. On the 24th of August, the usual popular festival called the Fischzug, took place at Stralow near Berlin,

bottiglia. Never waxed more rapidly violent the gesture, shrug, and the voice. How the fingers flew! How the eyes flashed! How impatient became the shoulders! How roared each voice! And yet it was roared sweetly 'as a sucking dove.' It was all melody in its rage. It disarmed the passions of half their fierceness. The scene likewise served, with a hundred similar ones that have lately passed before my eyes, to illustrate how long this people will fight, before coming to blows. Their anger does not, after the manner of Bob Acres' courage, rush madly forth at their knuckles' ends. It is exhaled through loud vociferations, through most quick and lightning-like

and fifty thousand of the Berliners, male and female, were present. At neither of these great national festivals of the French, Austrians and Prussians, did I see one individual intoxicated. During five months' observation in various sections of Germany, I never discovered one man, woman, or child drunk. On my second visit to England, I had not been in London fifteen minutes, before a staggering man reeled against me in Pall Mall. I have above stated the fact with regard to my observation in Germany. It is proper, however, to add that the vice of intemperance does therein, to a certain extent, prevail. There are temperance societies in Prussia. The comparative absence of this vice among the people above named, may be attributed to a vast number of influences. So far as the Germans are concerned, I may state, that the nature-implanted wish for excitement, which they have in common with all mankind,—which they do not, as do certain zealous societies that shall be nameless, strive to repress and destroy out of the national heart,—is gratified by a system, among whose chiefest elements are the theatre, the dance, and music of all varieties.

gesture, and through that symbol which has a place in the corporeal language of every Frenchman and Italian—the universal, the emphatic, the everlasting *shrug*. Had the dispute, whereof I was this day a witness, been conducted in the strong, muscular Kentucky spirit,—a spirit which I have been accustomed to see manifested,—long before it had reached the point whereunto it *did* arrive, every man of the wranglers would have measured his ragged length along the boat's bottom, and a score of Italian eyes would have been flung to the turbots of the Mediterranean.

We entered the Villa Reale at sunset. It was thronged with the old and the young, the mirthful and the sad, the beautiful and the ugly, with beggars and with princes. The music of a fine Italian band swept sweetly through the grove, and seemed to mingle with the sound of waves soft-breaking in the bay of Naples. Wandering through this voluptuous and ever-shifting scene, soon faded into indistinctness the memory of our day's tour among the classical isles. Unto us it became as a distant dream, nay, so soft and noiseless were its remembrances, they seemed a dream within a dream.

XIV.

VESUVIUS.

AT length we stand upon the summit of Vesuvius. How wide and delightful is the surrounding view ! Lo, Naples and its beautiful bay, with Capri rising in purple bloom from its breast ! Yonder are peaks of the distant islands,—Ischia and Procida. Here is the site where stood, and still stands, Herculaneum. There is Pompeii. Curving upon my left is the Mediterranean ; and yonder hills are still covered with cities, that seen in the dim distance by an imaginative eye, may faintly recall images of that greater beauty and magnificence, which we have been taught to believe, once looked out from those classical shores.

What vexation in getting to the top of this volcano ! No sooner had our carriage turned from the high road that lies *over* Herculaneum, into the path leading hitherward, than fifty importunate ragged men, women and children beset us, offering,—while each declared, ‘I speaks Ingles,’—horses, mules and donkeys, with their own most indispensable services. We were each soon upon a donkey, and amidst the barking of curs, and the shouts of twenty boys and men cheering on the stubborn animals, by that word known here to man and beast, *macaroni* ; amidst vineyards, and lava walls, and swiftly

darting lizards, were ascending up towards the Hermitage.

A queer animal is this donkey,—this jack,—now lazily bearing me on ! Even in his best phases, when sheared and cleansed, he seems to me far from a desirable sight ; resembling more, in his dusky hue, a mouse magnified, than a condensed piece of bone and muscle for the whip of man. But when seen as now, rough and foul, his long ears flapping in the sun, his nose obstinately within an inch of the earth, and his pace that at which a snail might laugh, he is past all criticism ; he has no paragon but himself. And yet with all his ugliness, obstinacy and laziness, his bones and muscles are converted into most valuable use by this,—I will not say more obstinate, but certainly more lazy,—people. It is not enough that they yoke him to a cart with an ox, or horse, four times his size ; it is not enough that they oftentimes compel him alone to drag along some six, eight or ten lazaroni, in a sort of gig, around which they cluster like so many swarmed bees ; it is not enough that his back is heaped with load upon load, until he resembles a mountain in miniature ; still more—if by reason of much loading, a driver find the back of his animal quite untenable, does he therefore give up hope of being aided in his pedestrian progress ? By no means. Invariably seizing, with most fierce and resolute determination, closely and tight upon the root of the animal's tail, he sags himself back to an angle with the earth of some forty-five degrees, and compels him, in a style not unpicturesque,

to drag along, not merely a great burden of wine and olives, but likewise his own most stupid, lazy and macaroni-fatted frame. The jack endures all this, and with stubbornest, dogged indifference. Indeed he is the most indifferent, I was about to say, most *passionless*, animal I have here met. I can hardly say passionless. There is one passion,—shall I call it emotion?—that seems thoroughly to interpenetrate and absorb his whole existence. Need that passion's name be spoken? When the only object worthy of awakening it into audible manifestation is near, his ears start from their wonted repose, his eye looks out animatedly through its lazy lids, and sounds are heard, 'to mortal minstrelsy unknown,' that in their spasmodic and impatient energy, might perhaps be likened to those which have immortalized his scriptural progenitor. But even when alone and at rest; when pausing by the way-side through long sultry summer days, or tranquilly browsing upon laurel leaves that lie in his path, he seems to you not altogether in repose. His face and attitude have a not unpondering expression. You think him meditating over the past or the future, and inevitably to your memory come the words of an erotic bard :

' His dream of light, from morn till night,
Is love, still love.'

We arrived at the Hermitage, and properly noticing an uncorked bottle of the friars' best *Lachrimæ Christi*, we moved on to the last foot of the volcano. Thirty minutes sufficed to bring us to the top. The first sound

I heard, was the voice of a cockney Englishman, who had preceded me, a few minutes. Looking into the crater's abyss, he squeakingly exclaimed, 'that's *darned* curious.' His next remark, as he clambered over some rocks was, with an oath, quite too stupendous for the occasion, 'By G— there's snow.'

Standing on the crater's brink, nothing more impresses me than the utter surrounding silence. Out from this so-called 'mighty mouth and thorax of the earth's wrath,' are pouring clouds after clouds, not black, or even dusky, but of purest *white*. Restless and wavering volumes upon volumes boom up; yet all in noiselessness. No hollow murmuring, no hiss of molten lava, nothing meets the ear to break the silence almost appalling. A stone was cast into the crater. Breathlessly we heard its downward bounds, growing fainter and more faint. We once imagined its course stopped, but straining still the ear, another dim reverberation came up from those far depths. I know nothing that could better express the successive sounds of the downcast stone upon the crater's sides, than the uttered syllables of a famous Italian word, *Rim—silence—bom—silence—ba—silence—va—silence—no—silence* that endures. We tried to walk around the crater, but such was the 'most sulphurous and tormenting smoke,' we could not. Having amused ourselves, by securing for recollection, some striking points of view; by casting rocks into many wide-yawning crevices that here and there divide the summit; by recalling the memory of past eruptions, and contrasting their

loud roar, 'as that of a thousand whirlwinds,' with the present almost painful silence: and having gratified most keen appetites in the wine and oranges that, unordered had been brought up for our especial benefit, we descended.

* * * *

Entering our carriage after the visit to Vesuvius, an hour's ride brought us into the Strada Toledo of Naples. The sides of this vastest of European streets were lined by thousands on thousands of armed soldiery. What was the occasion? A service was performing at one of the churches, to honor the memory of the deceased Queen of Naples. Though two months have elapsed since her death, the manifestations of sorrow are still vivid, and full of ostentation. And well might this sorrow be strong, and ask still for modes and shows to make it visible, if the character of the deceased approached, in any reasonable degree, to a picture thereof, in this eulogy by Borelli, now lying before me; or even did it half come up to commonest descriptions daily heard in the commonest streets. But three years queen and wife, she passed away in the fullness of her beauty and youth. Guided by the eulogies,—of which, by-the-by, there have been enough to make a large volume,—we are led to believe that the graces of her person, remarkable as they were, but faintly imaged forth the graces of her mind and heart. Piety, modesty, gentleness, charity,—these were her great active virtues. Her charitable deeds, for which she is most remembered, were always

wrought secretly. The hand that each day aided thousands of the Neapolitan poor, was unseen; nor were the sources of this bounty known till death revealed them. Therefore, with grateful emotion, is her name much mentioned, and honors fitted to the taste and past habitudes of this people are daily given to her memory. Churches are hung in sables; lofty candelabras send up flames from morning till evening; a gilded coffin is seen by their funereal light; melancholy music is heard from the choir; at this church's entrance you are addressed in Latin words, embodying portions of the general grief, and which remind one how pass away the beauty, and high splendors of the world. I copy only the conclusion:—

'Princes and Dignities vanish.
What alone lives for ever?
Thy Truth, O God.'

Through the long files of soldiers, themselves in mourning badges, we pass to our chambers.

* * * * *

What a ponderous system, thought I, is this of the military! How widely and strongly, like an iron network, is it extended through all departments of Neapolitan life! Here are soldiers in the churches, and soldiers at the theatre; horsemen are stationed at this and that corner; soldiers are at the museum; soldiers are at every promenade; soldiers are at every little gathering, though it be only to hear some wretched ballad-monger in the open streets. The government knows itself not anchored strong in the hearts of the

people ; therefore, in timid self-defence does it send out these Briarean hands. Stared at threateningly by huge eyes ; jostled about by insolent elbows ; domineered most capriciously, into this and that position by gruff voices, the people have one flattering idea to console their self-esteem—they are *feared*. This vast army was created by abject fear. To fill its ranks, how much energy is taken from actual life ! To sustain them when filled, what sums are extorted from the sufferings of the people ! It preys, like a vast goitre, upon the social frame, absorbing into its own self the vital powers that should invigorate that frame, and preserve it ever in fresh life. And also is here a political Argus,—ever on the watch, ever on the alert. Naples, with its five hundred thousand inhabitants, is said to contain more lazaroni than artisans ; more soldiers than lazaroni, more ecclesiastics than soldiers ; and more spies than ecclesiastics, soldiers, lazaroni and artisans altogether. By this all-pervading, all-seeing agent, are you thoroughly looked through. You are stared at, and at every corner scrutinized through all your features, in all your movements. The only object of your visit here may be to look at some old ruined temples, that have the power of suggesting pleasant thoughts, or, perhaps, to re-build a broken-down constitution. The government treats you as if you were full of terrific State plots, and passed your nights and days in scheming out the political damnation of the kingdom of Naples. You bring to yourself the consolation of the people. You feel that you are *feared*.

XV.

JOURNEY FROM NAPLES TO ROME.

I LEAVE Naples for Rome. I leave it while still surrounded by some charm of novelty. I leave it before it is quite disenchanted, by too close and thorough knowledge. With it, I have none but delightful associations. Happy he who goes not so far as to learn from experience, how full of worthless thoughts is one sex, how untrue to honest virtue is the other, and how hollow and corrupt are the various departments of Neapolitan life. I travel with a Vetturino, who engages to convey me to Rome in thirty hours, with horses to be changed at every poste. As is usual, he engages to keep me *in food and lodging*, during the journey. I engage to pay him fourteen dollars, and likewise a *buónomano*, if I be pleased with his conduct, and also a small *buónomano* to the postilions of each poste. These engagements are *in writing*, of which we each have a counterpart; so distrustful are we of human integrity, that thus we pin, each the other, down to his duty. ‘Passports,’ said a voice, as our vettura paused at one of the departments of the police. We delivered them, and after a delay of some fifteen or twenty minutes, they were restored, with an added

stamp and signature, for which we were expected to make the usual payments.

What traveller does not complain of the vexations and expensiveness of passports ? I am happy to add my slight grumbling to the general growl. At Naples, the demands are more exorbitant than at any of the cities, I have yet visited. To get out of this trifling territory, your passport requires for itself something like five dollars. Here is one charge by the Austrian representative ; another by the Pope's representative ; another by the Police ; and still another by the American Consul. And all this much ado about passports is invariably made without one's ever looking into your visage, or up and down your form, to ascertain how far your veritable self may tally with the description thereof. You are expected to have with you a written description of your nose, hair and eyes ; but whoever inspects your nose, hair, or eyes ? The only inspection is into your purse.* Your passport is not so much a means enabling you to travel peaceably through their kingdoms, as it is a means enabling these money-craving governments, every now and then, to travel peaceably into your pocket. Hence, if

* At Vienna, you cannot get the required permission to remain in that city, until you have presented at the police office, a written statement from your banker, that your letters of credit have been duly accepted. There are features in this system, which imply in its authors, as profound a sense of the degradation of human nature, as any most zealous believer in total depravity could reasonably desire.

you be an Englishman, you are eternally on the growl; if a Frenchman, ever on the shrug; and if an American, you bless the state of things in your own country, and pronounce this system of passports a part of that general system,—whereof baggage-searching is still another part,—established by the avarice, timidity, and the mystery-surrounding self-importance of these little princes.

The business of baggage-searching has in it a little of the amusing, a good deal of the vexatious, and more than either of the ridiculous. Take a single instance. It is of kin with all, and may illustrate, if it do not prove the above remark. Embarking from Marseilles for Italy, you have in your trunk a book of French patriotic songs, and likewise Silvio Pellico's imprisonments. A friend at your elbow, untravelled and therefore green, warns you of fearful examinations, and insinuates that those volumes may be crowded with peril. Thereupon you take counsel, and being yourself likewise green and untravelled, fling the prohibited patriotism into the Mediterranean. Arrived at Civita-vecchia—forty miles from Rome—a crabbed looking soldier waits upon you at the wharf, and conducts yourself and baggage to a police office. Keys are now demanded, your trunk is opened, and the hand of a searcher gently touches the topmost articles, pressing them down two or three times. The trunk is hereupon locked, and the keys are again in your pocket, out of which must instantly proceed the *promised* remuneration to the searcher, for the trouble he

has occasioned you. A Russian gentleman stands unconcernedly at your side, regarding with folded-arms his multitudinous baggage, in perfectly delightful self-possession. It passes from the office untouched. Why? Its travelled owner has long ago slyly slipped a fat *douceur* into the claws of the policeman. But here is a young English buck, grumbling at even the prospect of a search, and swears in 'orrid Hitalian, that he will not pay a shilling, that 'this is all a d——d himposition, nay more, it is a d——d 'umbug.' His trunk is rudely opened, and lo, shirts, and vests, and cravats, and kid gloves bestrew the floor in admirable disorder! We all now walk into the next room, and signing our names, *pay for it*. Then to the American consul, and procuring his seal to our passports, pay for it. Then back to the police office, and getting the seal and signature of its officer, pay for it. Then to the plumbing office where, strange to say, there is another farce of a trunk search, and we pay for it. Ropes are now put around the trunks, a bit of lead around each rope, and a stamp upon each bit of lead; this is plumbing. We pay for *this* also. A paper is then given to us, certifying that we have been properly examined; rather that our time has been wasted, our patience exhausted, and our purse pilfered; and we pay for *this* too. 'By means of this paper,' says the officer, with the air of a man who expects to be gratefully thanked as well as *paid*, 'you will be enabled, gentlemen, to pass hence to Rome without any interruption at all.' Now it so happens, that between Civita-vec-

chia and Rome, there is no office whereat under *any* circumstances, there ever *could* be an examination. However, congratulating yourself, that since you must arrive in the Eternal City at midnight, you will be permitted to pass unmolested to your hotel, you fold your mantle about you and, as your carriage lumbers on, slumber. A loud knocking at length arouses you. You pass beneath the mighty arch of the just opened Porta di San Pancrazio. Your passport is taken from you, and a receipt thereof is returned in its stead. A guard mounts your carriage, whom you are ready to overwhelm with gratitude, for thus unsolicited conducting you safely to your abode. Alas, he conducts you to the Dogana ! At first deeming this a hotel, you start on being told, that though now one of the departments of the police, formerly it was a magnificent temple of Antonine. Your baggage is taken from the carriage, and conveyed laboriously into distant rooms. A good-for-nothing examination takes place, the rules of a long-established system are complied with, the searcher has exacted something wherewith to purchase his to-morrow's existence, and you depart from the hall shaking violently all dust from your feet, and if an American, again blessing your own country ; if a Frenchman, shrugging up shoulders ; and if an Englishman, exclaiming *humbug*, at least three times.

* * * * *

But we are now sweeping over the region from Naples towards Capua. Thence departing, we move through miles and miles of what has often been, and

with propriety still may be called, a succession of magnificent gardens. We soon arrive at the midst of a large plain. On our right, is an antique aqueduct ; on the left, an amphitheatre in ruins. Nothing else of man's habitation is visible. Here are only two masses of stone, connecting the distant past with the present. Here crowding this plain was once,—long before the time of the Romans,—a vast Ausonian city. How completely, how completely, has it vanished ! You can see yonder but two meagre evidences, not of enduring virtue, but of luxury and pride. Its walls and palaces are not merely down, but dissolved ; its institutions no longer in human memory ; its passions still ; the very bones of its inhabitants undistinguishable from the clay beneath my feet. As the vehicle passes on, I stand in the midst of silence. There is nothing to disturb the charm. Here should be a chapter on human vanity, worth the whole book of Ecclesiastes, the Preacher. First was nature all simple and harmonious ; then came man with some thousand years of fears and hopes, and earth-beginning, earth-ending aspirations. His jars and discords cease at length, and the sway of nature, still simple and harmonious, speaking as now through birds, and winds, and the ever-reviving fields, is again resumed.

We arrive at Fondi. No sooner had we entered the village, than a black and squalid mass of beggary thronged about the vettura, and almost blocked up the street. Never, even in all-begging Italy, have I seen human nature in so destitute, so imploring forms.

Old men and old women; young men and young women; small boys and small girls; nay more, the un-speaking infant taught to wrench its jaws hideously about, as if in the agony of starvation,—all throng around you. One puts his finger to his mouth, and passing it down his breast to the pit of his stomach, stops it there with emphasis, thus evidently indicating the direction in which something eatable *ought* to go. Another extends a seemingly plague-stricken, and festered arm into so close proximity to eyes and nostrils, that you turn away with a loud '*pah*.' A young female, with an emaciated infant at the breast, doubtless manufactured from *terra-cotta*, and being cursed, perhaps, with 'nine small children' at her fruitful home, calls upon you in the name of the virgin and of several saints, to give them relief. A boy in rags screams into your ears, 'I am dying with hunger.' An old man on crutches, taking off his hat, merely looks into your eyes imploringly. That appeal cannot well be resisted. You drop a bit of money. A hundred voices are raised, and terrible is the contest for that pittance. It seems a struggle for life.

How multitudinous, how various, how hideous, and oftentimes how amusing, are the forms which beggary assumes in Italy! Ingenuity is taxed to the extreme, for means to work upon a traveller's humanity or his vanity. Upon these, do thousands on thousands of the Italians live. Here is a blind old man with a harp, who assumes to be an improvisator. Imagining you to be an Englishman, he commences a strain in

praise of London. As you drop a piece of coin into his hand, you hint that you are from America. He still continues his praise of London, but passionately concludes every stanza thus—'Ma, l'America è la più bella città.' Then again comes to you a hideous object, wrenched awry into most torturing attitudes, as if possessed of twenty thousand damned spirits of the miracle-age. You give him a *bajocco* to rid your eyes of his presence. As he moves away, you slightly cast a glance at the dilapidated frame. Lo, a miracle! That frame is quite erect, standing in perfect self-possession, and you are not a little chagrined on detecting a slight laugh in,—what *should* be,—his sleeve. Then here is a gang of boys and girls pursuing your carriage, with screams so shrill that you fling them a *carlino* to save your ears. Yonder is one who, accompanying your carriage upon the run for several miles, entertains you every now and then, with most grotesque gymnastic exercises. He well earns any coin that is flung to him. But here is a Tuscan. He is but eight years of age. He accompanies you upon the trot, reciting, and sweetly too, some very clever poetry; asking, as he closes each strain, if you will now hear the history of this prince, or of that princess; the 'story of the owl,' or the mournful tale of the 'fair cameriera.' But why detail instances illustrating the infinite and curious variety of modes, wherein Italian beggary assails you? Their name is legion. Nor is any notion of ignominy attached to the asking of alms. It is too universal. It is indeed the only

language spoken, or even known, by vast multitudes. It seems oftentimes to be one form of salutation. You look civilly at a ragged man, and he is sure to ask something, for the honor of charity. Your being a traveller is sufficient reason for making a money request, and many have been the strong men and fair maidens, that passing our vettura, as they returned from the day's labor, have shouted out, in the midst of most roguish laughter, 'qualche cosa, Signori, qualche cosa, Signori.'

One might say that if the time and ingenuity devoted to begging were given to work, these men and women would be well enough off. Most veritable. But what to do?—that's the question. What channels of labor are open, or,—without some general social and political revolution,—*could* be opened for the profitable action of these bones and sinews? We now see the strong unanswerable plea of an Italian beggar,—necessity, invincible *necessity*. You may walk through all the borders of fair Italy, and vainly will you search, reminding you of the wholesale action of America, for an advertisement like this;—'Wanted—one thousand able-bodied men, to whom the highest wages will be paid, to improve the navigation of the Tiber.' Let us rejoice, that while Italy so far surpasses us in objects well calculated to delight and improve taste, we have—what she has not—a thousand avenues wide open for the employment of adventurous industry, that for ages will make with us quite inadmissible the plea, which, when advanced by a beggar in Italy, cannot easily be resisted.

Dining at Terracina, at ten o'clock at night, we come to appreciate, through the wretchedness of the meal, the full force of that clause of our contract, wherein the vetturino binds himself to keep us in good provisions during the journey. Indeed, he had stipulated as to even the *number* of dishes. They were five. But *such* dishes! Nothing, but some recollected philosophy of Gil Blas, could for a moment have saved us from indignation, and outrageous English grumbling. In midnight, we move on through Pontine marshes, and at the opening dawn, get from lofty points some fairest views of Italian scenery. We now begin to look through the powers of Claude, and of Salvator Rosa. We get near to the elements of their compositions. We see the very fountains of their impressive beauty. The dark, wild majesty of the one is no longer so deep a mystery; and we seem to understand the mel-low pencilling of the other, sketching his landscapes in so soft and delicious combinations, and clothing streams, and hills, and vales with incense. And yet, the most we can say of their greatest landscapes is, they are but elegant extracts from nature, and of course have some of the very unsatisfactory character of that form of composition. But here we have, spread out before us, the grand pictorial volume—uncurtailed—unexpurgated. We cannot now but see, how wide is that chasm which separates Nature, the great original painter, from those distinguished of her *élèves*, who have made such admirable, such wonderful compilations of her works.

At Gensano, we stop and run up to the little lake of Nemi,—

‘ Nemi, navelled in the woody hills,’

on whose margin are the ruins of a temple, erected, as says tradition speaking through our cicerone, by Theseus in honor of Diana. Formerly it was called the looking-glass of that goddess. It is a beautiful circle of water, situated within the crater of an extinguished volcano, and well might serve as a mirror not only for the immortal huntress, but for all gods and goddesses from the ugliest upwards. It lies far down the hills that quite encircle it, around whose summits, the winds were active and loud, while the surface of the waters hardly stirred. Now and then a gustful breath strayed downward, and that still polished bosom seemed, for a moment living. Swift changes passed over it, now imaging, in their shifting hues, clouds flying athwart the sky ; and then,—as its waves radiated swiftly from this and that point, coming suddenly and slowly vanishing,—not unlike some large blue surface of marble, wherein might be fancied momentarily springing to life, and then fading slowly away, the petrifications of leaves, and winged insects, rose branches, and flowers. I rested upon a prostrate column of the fane. This, then, said I, was one of the centres of heathen worship. Thickly were they distributed throughout Italy, at points the most impressive, on high hills, on the borders of still lakes, near falling fountains, and in meditative groves. A fine judgment it was that made

choice of spots beautiful as these, whereat might be revealed the devotional heart of each generation, as it came and passed away. And this, upon which I now stand, fancy would gladly believe to have been one of the fairest. Here, though many years have passed away, it seems to see the temple rising in its original harmony ; in yonder niche, still standing the lofty form of the goddess, while up to her shrine are advancing, matrons and warriors, young men and maidens. That vision passes. The fane is dismantled. The fountain is dry. The worshipped divinity is in the dust, and a beautiful belief has ceased, with the hearts in which it resided. Imagining the past, and thus looking at the present, you more deeply feel how mighty in this region, has been the revolution in religious thought, and modes of its manifestation. You conjure up something, faint though it be, of the vastness of that labor which, eighteen hundred years ago, Christianity had resolved to perform. A faith unworthy, though poetical and beautiful and deeply entrenched, was to be torn out from the world's heart, and another, sublimer and more spiritual, was to be planted in its stead. Take but the single Roman nation. How wide, how strong was belief, consecrated by those great and impressive thoughts which the past is ever accumulating for the present and the future ; consecrated by a thousand intertwined affections of kindred and of home ; linked with the ideas and emotions of youth ; associated with glorious names ; its objects imaged every where forth in most lovely and

majestic creations of classic art, and itself continually refreshed and invigorated by gorgeous and impressive ceremonies. But these ceremonies, these temples and statues, with the faith whereof they were but the objects and the symbols, were to be abandoned; nay, must be for ever after abhorred. In all their various departments they were to cease,—in their sternest and their gentler forms. They were to cease from the battle field, and also from the fireside. Even the graceful ceremonies attending burial of relatives and of friends, approved by taste and consecrated by long usage, were to be given up. The splendid sacrifices, and feasts and games, must be abandoned. The cinerary urn was to be carried no longer to its resting-place, in funereal pomp. The libation was no longer to be poured, and affectionate sorrow was forbidden henceforth to place myrtle, and amaranths, and garlands of roses around the sepulchres of the departed. These rites, and those thousand others, whereof they made but a little portion, were to be trodden under contemptuous feet, as the appendages of gross and heathen superstition. One cannot well conceive the faint heart-sinking, that at times must have come over the earliest Christian teachers, when looking abroad they surveyed the vast change that was to be wrought, and turning to each other, they reckoned the little force by which that change was to be commenced. How shall it be commenced and carried through? By fierce men clad in strong armor, and bearing the sword? Rather by simple thoughts clothed in sim-

plest words. It was begun. Thus far has it been carried through. Each generation has witnessed the few teachers, and the many taught, from whose hearts have been fading but very slowly away those shadows of a Pagan faith. I rise from the ruins of this heathen temple, and ascending the hill, the first object that arrests my eye is from one of the great centres of the new worship ;—it is the distant dome of St. Peters.

XVI.

THE COLOSSEUM.

EVERY traveller goes to see the Colosseum. While looking at its ruins, every body feels, or pretends to feel, something akin to the poetical. Every beholder thereof desires to say, or write something impressive about it. Every one, by judicious selection of time and circumstances, is anxious to secure to himself a fair share of the emotions, which its presence is naturally calculated to awaken. Therefore in his *first* visit, does he avoid the broad glare of day. Moreover, does he eschew for companions all cockneys, and likewise those other prozers, who are continually pronouncing moonlight nothing but humbug. He may not be so punctilious as to visit it, according to a prescription by Madame Starke, exactly 'during the moon's second quarter,' or immediately after having witnessed certain illuminations in Holy Week; nor even upon a most empty, and therefore most sentimental, stomach. Sufficient, haply, may it be, if he select an hour like this, of midnight; when but faintly the wind stirs these ivy leaves around me; when the windows of yonder broad full moon seem flung wide open, and over hill, and wide campagna, and arch, and temple, and fountain and ruin are

poured floods of light, not golden ; but of light, soft, rich, mellow and mellowing, such as may be seldom seen in other than the sky of an Italian evening.

I recline upon the loftiest approachable resting-place. The sound of a sentry's footsteps, as he stalks through the arena below, faintly reach me at this far height. All things are in repose. The silence is unbroken, save by the desolate hooting of an owl on yonder arch of Constantine, and the silver-like falling of water from a fountain near by. There is nothing to break the charm. A good fortune this, and rather unusual to the mere lover of ruins in Rome. I was about to say that for such romantic individual, this is one of the least favorable resorts in the world. His serious, antique memories are not merely marred, but broken continually into a thousand fragments, by commonplace, modern, modernizing sights and sounds around him. Ancient Rome is in the midst of modern Rome. Her temples are within the smell of fish markets. Her palaces are serving as stables for oxen and horses. Her theatres are converted into shoe shops. The mausoleum of Augustus is now appropriated to the exhibition of jugglers, and circus riders ; and fritters are at this moment frying in the Portico of Octavia. Whoever comes hither for the agreeable impression which ruins, properly beheld, sometimes awaken, must prepare himself for vexations and disappointments. Perchance he flings himself into poetical attitudes, with the 'mighty ruin' directly in his eye. The melancholy, and of course delightful sensation

has commenced. The mysterious influence, rife with all antiquity, is passing into his deepest heart. He is just beginning to enjoy, when alas! the jingle of a beggar's tin cup, the scream of a market woman, or some other of the thousand disenchanting sounds here audible, breaks in, like the crow of a morning cock, startling into sudden flight the ghosts of departed beauty and majesty, which haply he had invoked into his imagination and presence. He starts off for his lodgings, unsatisfied and chagrined. He reminds him of his likeness to that miserable one, from whom by some invisible hand, luxuriously crowded banquets are fabled to have been snatched away, just as they were on the eve of gratifying his half-famished appetite. He denounces ruin-seeing in the Eternal City as a bore, and for a moment imagines himself translated to the vasty plains of Thebes, or among the untenanted ruins of Balbec or Palmyra, where, meditating among voiceless solitudes, he may satisfy his taste thoroughly, without interruption, and without deception. I say *without deception*. He cannot always boast of that freedom in Rome. He is continually in danger of being gulled. About the origin, history and objects, of a great majority of the antiquities here seen, there are some half dozen contradictory theories. The antiquaries are all pulling in different directions. The temple of one, is the bath of a second, the palace of a third, and the basilica of a fourth. Behold yonder ruin-admirer. His eye is upon a lofty column. He has been told that it belongs to the times of the

Republic. It is one of the few relics of that heroic era, which time and human passion have permitted to live. Instantly, in his fancy, is it surrounded with magnanimous associations. It is the very column, at whose base have rested the noblest of Roman patriots,—the purest of Roman matrons. It has in his memory become sanctified. Happy he, thus to have before him an object, linking the present with one finest period in human history. What must be his chagrin when, on returning to his chamber, and opening a description of the Antiquities of Rome, he finds it positively stated, that this very column was first erected, *not* in the time of the Republic, but five hundred years thereafter, in one of the most degenerate periods of the Empire, by one of its most dissolute, and degraded rulers. His face falls into the expressiveness of one who has been gulled. His patriotic enthusiasm oozes strangely off, and he calls aloud for pen that he may write himself down an ass. Now, this but illustrates what is here of most frequent occurrence. Take the following instance of confounding, contradictory, opinions. It is from Burton's description of Roman Antiquities. On Monte Cavallo, stand two vast marble horses. 'With each horse is the figure of a man in marble, and one group is said to be the work of Phidias, the other of Praxiteles. But this is very *uncertain*, as also the subject which they were intended to represent. *Some* call them Castor, and Pollux; *others* Alexander taming Bucephalus. This latter conjecture *cannot* be true; at

least, if it be so, we must give up the idea of their being the work of Phidias and Praxiteles : for, &c. &c. The former conjecture, that the two figures were intended for Castor and Pollux, *seems* more probable. But it is *not at all likely*, that they are really the works of those great artists : for, &c. &c. Some antiquaries say that the names *Opus Phidiæ*, and *Opus Praxiteles*, were affixed by the people of Alexandria, from whence the horses were brought to Rome. Evelyn says that they were sent to Nero by Teridates, King of Armenia.' In the midst of these, and similar jarring statements, the antiquity-gazer is wisest who permits himself to be governed by that theory, which haply shall invest objects with the greatest quantity of the antique, and the greatest number of impressive associations. If now and then cheated, why should he be sad? He has enjoyed the impression, and thus far happy, has secured one end of mortal life. We know it is but a very small portion of the agency, which works in us our deepest feelings, and our happiest, that is truly worthy of so doing.

But of *this* ruin—the Colosseum—whereon I now rest, there can be no doubt. It *is* what it claims to be. It comes down to us, bearing around it a thousand well-ascertained truths, whereof we need not have the slightest distrust. Even those of you, the most skeptical as to the safety of feeling emotion in the presence of a ruin, may do it here, without the least possible danger. For the benefit of prosers,—that utilitarian gentry, whose interest is deep in dates and measures,—

I will note down, that it was commenced by Flavian Vespasian, seventy-two years after Christ, and was completed in four years; that its shape is oval, and computed to be one thousand seven hundred and forty-one feet in circumference, and one hundred and seventy-nine feet in height; that its arena, likewise oval, is three hundred feet long, one hundred and ninety feet wide; that its entrances were by eighty arches in the outer wall; that it furnished seats for more than one hundred thousand spectators, that not more than one third of the stones composing the original building now remain,—the other two thirds having been conveyed away, to serve for the construction of several Roman palaces and churches; that to Catholic worship is now consecrated its arena, around whose sides are fourteen painted *stagioni*, representing different events which happened to our Saviour as he was going to Mount Calvary, and in whose centre stands a cross, that for every kiss, holds out to the faithful, an indulgence of two hundred days. But of what avail are wordy descriptions, to convey into the distant mind an idea of the *magnitude* of the Colosseum? For be it remembered, that the ruin illustrates, not the grace, or beauty; only the bigness, the enormous *hugeness*, of Roman thought. None but those who, having read such descriptions, have afterwards been so fortunate as to judge of their inadequateness by actual inspection, can answer. For myself I speak. I had often seen the Colosseum through written language, through painting, through oral descriptions. The second, not

the first view, proved to me how inadequate were those vehicles of representation. There might have been some deluding fancy about my inspection. The interest of personal situation, might have operated deceitfully upon me. I had suddenly passed between two very distant extremes. I had stepped, at once, from the cradle of one people, into the grave of another. But a few months before, I stood upon the banks of the Mississippi; I was now upon those of the Tyber. *Then*, around me were forests yet untouched by the axe, cities just bursting into their youth, institutions developing their earliest influences, multitudes all bustling and anxious, their energies just quickened into first vigorous action, their career of glory or of shame yet to be run, their backs upon the past, and their faces all intently on the future. From those fresh scenes and the hopes they created, I had been suddenly transported. I was *now* among prostrate pillars; among fanes dismantled, and palaces even with the earth; among the relics of a nation that had had its day; among a people whose faces seem ever towards the past. Other scenes had produced other ideas. The To Be was exchanged, for the Had Been. The one was all for hope, the other for recollection. In the former was much joy, in the latter was all sadness. A transition so great, sometimes works strangely upon curiosity, and through that, upon fancy and the judgment. To one who has passed through such transition, much may perhaps be pardoned in the way of enthusiasm; and hardly need he fear any charge of

sentimentality, if, while standing for the first time beneath the arches of the Colosseum, saddening recollections throng thick around him, and these huge ivy-mantled stones, arising on every side, are clothed in something like supernatural grandeur.

In thoughts like these were the midnight moments gliding away, when I was startled by the sound of musical voices. Without prefacing any romantic exclamations, I at once say, that they came from a party of Germans, who, giving notice thereof to a few friends, are accustomed, on fine evenings like this, to repair hither, and increase, if possible, the natural impressiveness of the scene, by the artificial aid of well-chosen songs. I can hardly say that the charm of the time was injured by an auxiliary of this description. The words embodied some brief, impressive event in Italian history, and as their last tones died away upon the desolate silence, the sound of falling water was again heard from the fountain, and the owl resumed his hoot upon the arch of Constantine.

XVII.

THE IMPROVISATRICE.

Saturday Evening.

I HAVE just come from an exhibition by an Improvisatrice. To me the occasion was a novel one ; I record its first, freshest impressions.

Seated with four hundred Italians, before a table and harp, resting on a slightly elevated stage, I awaited the arrival of Signora Rosa Taddei. At length she appeared. She was dressed in white. Beheld through the mild candle-light, her face was thoughtful in the extreme, nay, overflowing was it with melancholy. Never before, even among the all-expressing eyes of these Italians, have I seen movements and glances so full of the intellectual,—of the sadly intellectual. Her nose is veritable Roman, and gives a character of masculine energy to her profile. Her form is not slight, but strong. It is such as she would wish to have, that she may not sink under the prostrating exercise of embodying the strange thought, which is momentarily springing into life within her heart. She receives from persons in the company, some half a dozen themes, whereupon she is expected to improvise, and likewise certain rhyming words that are to be introduced into the midst of her inspirations. At her suggestion, the

harpist,—a man somewhat advanced, and with a visage far too flaming-red for so poetical a vocation,—now touches the strings of his instrument. She rises, and with the paper in her hand, whereon is written one of the topics for the evening, seems to muse. How fair to look upon, are now her features in that repose! The deep dark eyes look full on vacancy; but where is their speculation? The thought that a moment since was in them, seems far away. But mark,—that startled wave of the hand,—that quick gleam, like sunlight, shooting athwart her countenance! They betoken the coming and abiding of certain new and beautiful ideas. Tranquil again are the features, and memory and imagination resume their noiseless labors. At length she becomes restless, and prepares to join the harp's music. Her theme is *Coriolanus*. In a low chant she begins. Her voice is in harmony with the voice of the harp. It is far from being musical, though far from being unimpressive. It wants the exuberant richness, that full flooding melody, which in Italy may so often be heard; yet is it emphatic, energetic, and at times inexpressibly tender. As she advances in her theme, she increases in action. Her tones become more and more frenzied. Impassionedly they fall and swell. The attitudes grow full of grace and energy. The gestures are all life and quick variety. Her countenance has burst forth, from its deep soft rest, into the highest state of excitement. The veins of her temples and forehead throb hard and quick, the cheek is flushed, and that eye, frenzied and rolling, may haply bring

to memory what you have read, or fancied of mysterious sibyls. Thick crowd the thoughts, seeming to demand all physical energies for their utterance. What a mighty embodier of thought, is the human countenance and form! This is *expression*—restless—toilsome—all fatigue;—how wide its contrast with the beautiful repose of conception! But mark; there is a little embarrassment. Ah, she has for a moment failed. Her foot is stamped wrathfully upon the stage, and she seems determined to rend into a thousand fragments, the bit of innocent paper in her hands. She is now quite silent, but suddenly her eye gleams up, memory or imagination has caught the vagrant idea, and now again, hand in hand with the strains of the harp, she is sweeping onward. The exulting pride of Coriolanus is touched upon. The terror and the desolate hearts of Rome are portrayed; and then, how happily!—she spoke of Veturia and Volumnia, and of many noble Roman matrons, and of woman ever ready in the hour of peril. It was a worthy theme, and worthily was it treated. When she had finished, she sank down into the chair, not exhausted, for a moment after another topic was in her hand, and her heart and intellect, passing far up the tide of time, were upon the fine scriptural theme of Susanna. That finished, the death of Pliny in the eruption of Vesuvius, was taken up and given with energy almost terrible. An impressive apostrophe it contained to that love, deep and enthusiastic, of nature, of her sublime mysteries, which penetrates the hearts of a few in every age, and sends

them out in paths of toil and peril. Several other topics were treated, in one of which she spoke of the hospitality of the Italians to strangers, a somewhat unfortunate subject for truth's sake, inasmuch as the ordinary phraseology is the happiest proof I can recall of the relation in which foreigners stand to the Italians,—as their fair plunder—their legitimate booty, their game, their prey. She concluded the evening's exhibition, with a complaint against her head for not doing its duty, and a wish that it would deign to supply fit language, for the deep outbursting emotions of her heart.

I was much impressed by these manifestations, the first I had ever witnessed, of a very wonderful gift. And why does not improvisation flourish out of Italy? Is it the offspring of the all-inspiring skies, and scenery, and airs and associations of this region; or can it only be linked with this most flexible language, this language of vowels, whose little phalanx, every where victorious over most rough and sturdy consonants, gives merry play to the vocal organs, seemingly inviting, not compelling them into action, and forming a language, such as well befits a lazy, luxurious, and a labor-hating people? And yet the art does not seem to be so very difficult. A reading upon many topics it certainly does demand; but yet a reading only superficial. Nor need the topics be other than the poetical, or bordering thereon? Suppose that in the true utilitarian spirit of this age, in the veritable spirit of an American, I had this evening called for an improvisa-

tion upon a topic, most dear to many of us, ay, the very poetry of some of our lives, to wit,—the moral and intellectual influence of canals and railroads. There would have been a vast deal of reluctance in her heart and voice ; and even those tones all-kindling, of the impatient harp beside her, would hardly have quickened that improvisatrice to intellectual life on a topic, even so empty as this of really hard thinking. Looking at the exhibition closely, there seems to be in it very little deep thinking. Let the ideas given forth with such graceful energy, and sweetly resounding tones, be condensed into little, brief, unassuming Saxon words. How would they look ? Meagre enough. Let us dwell upon *them* for a moment abstractedly. Let us throw far in the back-ground, the countenance of the lady, itself a world of meaning, her startling attitudes, her eye-fixing gesture, her widely modulated voice, and her accompanying harp. Let us bring forward the *thought* alone, and contemplate *it*, and demand its claims to applause, its power to impress. Those claims will wonderfully sink, that power will strangely vanish. Compare the poor agency of the idea, with the mighty agency of its heralds, its vehicles, its accompaniments, and you will be almost ashamed that you have been borne into enthusiasm and admiration, by such mean, perishable, common-place devices.

As Signora Rosa Taddei is the second in ability among the present Italian Improvisatori, and as she will perform again during the Holy Week, I reserve any farther remark until I have witnessed a second exhibition.

XVIII.

RAMBLINGS IN ROME.

‘To the studio of Thorwaldsen,’ said I.

My cicerone led the way, and in a few minutes we were in the workshop of the greatest living sculptor. He was not himself present. He has given up hard, or constant labor. Old age forbids it. Now and then, some finishing strokes he gives. By *élèves*, a statue, or a group is carried up almost to the point of life. By them it is there left, and the chisel of the Master comes. The *élèves* sculpture it for the multitude; Thorwaldsen, with a few touches, then finishes it for the connoisseurs, and for immortality. I was much interested in wandering through his five or six rooms. They were crowded with artistical objects in curious forms. In one apartment were several clay models. These are the first visible manifestations of the sculptor. They are the immediate embodiments of conception, and demand the highest genius-efforts. All subsequent labor is mechanical quite, or bordering thereon. After the model, comes a mould, bearing its impression. Then from this mould is fashioned the *cast*, which is ever present to the artist’s eye, while chiseling. Scattered about, were many marble blocks just from the quarry; and many others

but rudely wrought,—an arm shadowed out here, and a leg there. In this, the form was faintly beaming forth into expression ; in that, it had come forth into its nearest proximity to life. I was attracted by a statue of Christ. The features were indeed heavenly. Before me, to be sure, was earthly marble ; but all else earthly, had been purged therefrom. The figure is gently bending ; its countenance is in repose ; the eyes are downward turned ; and the whole expression is of humility, but the humility of a celestial being. Fastening the eye upon it long, the beholder seems advanced into the presence of high, heaven-born qualities. These every-day schemes, and pursuits, have for a little while relaxed their hold upon his heart. He is amazed at those mysterious powers of Art, which so vividly and impressively can make a bit of marble, the visible home of noble and spiritual affections. How near may the creature approximate to a creator ! He may go quite up to that mysterious line, which separates life from that which is just *below*, just *less* than, life. He can endow the stone with an intellect, and a heart. He can enliven it with thoughts, and with passions. He can make it meditate, and love, and fear, and hope, and hate. He can only not make it breathe.

In an adjacent room was the statue of a Russian princess, and one of the most beautiful works of the kind, which I had lately seen. All completely cleansed was it, of every thing material. Perhaps it was too entirely, too purely intellectual. It might

have been warmed into more interest, by some slight glimpses of *feeling*. And yet to you steadily gazing, like a mild sky-blue seen gradually through some white, dissolving cloud, soon may be beamed forth from those, till now passionless features, an emotion like that of love. Never was there more admirable skill of artist. How delicately and dexterously, were intellect and feeling with each other interwrought, and there intermingled !

Among a hundred other objects of interest, was the bust of Thorwaldsen. It reminded me of the features of Franklin. It had their philosophic calmness; their kind, manly, honest expression. It represents the artist at the age of sixty. Covered with years and fame, Thorwaldsen is about retiring to Copenhagen, the place of his nativity. That city may well rejoice, as indeed she has often done, in the fame of this illustrious son.

Leaving the studio, I reflected upon my next move. It was a warm, hazy, dream-like day, fit for cogitations among the ruins. I had already killed the chief lions of Rome; palaces,—churches,—antiquities. One, however, remained. We passed to it;—the Column and Forum of Trajan;—Trajan, a virtuous emperor, in an age when virtue was little more than an empty name. After the lapse of near two thousand years, ‘still we Trajan’s name adore.’ ‘This column,’ began my guide, ‘is one hundred and thirty-two feet high. It is historic. Those *bassi relievi*,—whereof are twenty-three spirals, and twenty-five hundred figures,—

represent the Dacian victories of that Emperor. The top was formerly surmounted by his bronze statue, in whose hands was a golden urn containing his ashes. They are gone. That you see above, is the statue of St. Peter.' It looks somewhat triumphant, thought I. At last, the brazen image of the saint has got the better of the mighty heathen's, though the great original, living, could hardly stand against the imperial idolater of his day. And well may the Faithful esteem this an emblem of the all-victorious spirit of Catholic Christianity. Its foot is on the neck, not only of its relentless foes, but of their very statues. And this column is historic. A happy thought to perpetuate heroic deeds; not in volumes prisoned up in libraries inaccessible save to the literary few; but in marble, or in brass, that shall stand broadly, openly, readable out to the eyes of all, and through their eyes, appealing to their understandings and their hearts. Doubtless there was much in these ever present embodiments of stirring events, to create and keep alive a patriotic ambition among the citizens of Rome. Had an orator, warrior, poet, or a statesman wrought worthily for the empire, or the age; the call was for the architects and the sculptors. A practice this, that while subserving many good ends, served likewise to feed the importunate, all-consuming vanity of the nation. And here stood the Forum of the Emperor. This was one of the most magnificent structures in Rome. It was designed by Apollodorus, the Athenian. Yonder was a splendid palace. Upon this side

was a beautiful marble temple, dedicated to the Conqueror. Upon that, were a gymnasium, a library, a triumphal arch, and porticos; and above and beneath were equestrian statues, and numerous sculptured forms of Rome's most illustrious citizens. This was regarded as a wonder, even when that city was in its glory. Says Ammianus Marcellinus: 'Its gigantic edifices, it is impossible to describe, or for any mortals to conceive.' When the Emperor Constans entered Rome, he was struck with astonishment and admiration, at the magnitude and beauty of this work. He despaired of executing any thing equal, and said the only object he would, or could imitate, was the horse whereon was seated the bronze statue of Trajan. Where now is that equestrian group? Vanished. I stand upon the spot where it stood. Long has it been crumbled to like fragments with those, wherein are the bones of the prince who wished to imitate it. And where is the statue, that looked abroad triumphantly from yonder summit? A certain cardinal has its head,—that was not long since dug up from amongst the rubbish at the foot of the column,—stowed away in his closet. And where is the gilded urn, that holding the dust of the departed emperor, rested in the statue's right hand? You may see it, as you ascend the capitol, upon an old Roman mile-stone. And where is the Forum? I see before me a large open space, cleared up by French curiosity. Yonder are halves of some twenty enormous granite columns, still standing and strewed

around. I behold fragments of capitals and friezes—the arm of one statue, and the leg of another. These, however, are but the relics of a little part. Still vaster remains are fifteen feet under the earth's surface, beneath those churches and that palace. The curiosity of some coming age may perhaps dig them up.

Truly, a most thorough desolation did those northern Barbarians make, in their destroying enterprises! Not one of those immense columns remains whole. With what fiendish and eager zeal, must they not have gone on, heaping destruction on destruction! For a moment you may seem to see as in some dream, the beautiful porticos, the sacred temple, the triumphal arch, on whose top is a car drawn by four marble steeds, standing out with chiseled distinctness, in the clear sky. The vision changes, and lo, savage forms with fire and sword, are desecrating the heathen fane, and you hear their exulting shouts, as the statue of the Emperor tumbles, from that far height, headlong to the ground. That vision swiftly fades. Temple and tower have gone down. The cries of vanquisher and of vanquished have ceased. A thousand years pass away, and before you is nothing but this melancholy rubbish.

XIX.

THE MISERERE.

THE ceremonies of Holy Week are at last concluded. My Protestant feeling at once writes forth itself into the following words:—To the ennui of seeing said ceremonies, shall hardly be added that of recording them. Why note down for hereafter inspection, the strange, gorgeous things that within the last seven days, have been acted out for the salvation of the faithful, by the highest head down through to the lowest foot of the Church? They will amount to but some melancholy record of human credulity ;—a series of facts that would be saddening were they not laughable ;—curious proof of how man's heart relies for aid in its spiritual aspirations, on perishable matter ; with what fond trust it clings to time-consecrated forms ;—and how vast and complicated a mass of machinery has been fashioned ; what multitudes of jarring, contradictory, and most artificial influences have been put into operation, that human hearts may be brought into that childhood-simplicity, whereof is the kingdom of heaven. The end to be accomplished is, making pure the spirit. For such end, what means are necessary? A solitary chamber and a single bible. But look abroad and survey this far-spreading catholic system,

whereof the ceremonies just ended are but a little part. Contemplate the single end ; contemplate the multitudinous means ; and behold the millions on millions of minds confiding in those means. You are surprised, indignant, saddened. You doubt if there be any thing solemn here below. Human life seems to be not a comedy, but a farce. You laugh ; you weep. And yet there is little wisdom in quarrelling with these things. As a traveller, you look at them, and their novelty impresses. But whatever mystery at first surrounds them, can soon be penetrated. You at length see but very common-place hands, performing very common-place exercises. That unto the Faithful, there may not, here and there, be wrapped up significant meaning in these ceremonies, I do not deny. When questioned, they so aver. It may be that those which are called symbols, really serve the worthy end of symbols ; that they are indeed suggestors of mysterious truth ; that their influence does not pause at the outward eye or ear, but descending far into the heart, quickens it to gratitude, to devotion, to thoughts of heaven, and eternity. That such is their actual effect, cannot well be denied, especially before one whose personal experience declares it positively to be so. That such are their legitimate tendencies, may, perhaps, with some propriety be doubted. One would think, there was not singleness of design enough therein to secure such ends. The eye and ear are momentarily assailed, by too many distracting sights and sounds. Yonder is the Pope washing the feet of Pil-

grims. Were this ceremony performed in a simple, silent temple, where every surrounding circumstance had some near relation to the act, and was dexterously fitted to fix your eye and every thought more intensely thereon, perhaps the ceremony might serve as a symbol, leading you forgetful of the present, up through the past, to the interesting event which it desires to have preserved ever-living in human memory. But what is the fact? You behold it in the midst of gorgeous and noisy St. Peter's. You see it in the midst of certain music that conveys no idea to you; in the midst of grenadiers ordering here and there, the restless multitude; in the midst of curses on the heat, on the dust, on the tremendous jam; in the midst of artists haply criticising yonder masterpiece of Canova; in the midst of bucks ogling groups of surrounding beauty; and within the circle of a thousand fair Italian eyes that rain down most distracting and disastrous influence on pope, and cardinals, and musicians, and grenadiers; artists, and bucks, and the ever-restless, ever-shifting, ever-staring multitude. To withdraw one's self from these last influences, and to fix attentively, singly, and usefully, the thought upon that almost smothered ceremony, requires a gift of abstraction which the catholic may possibly possess, but unto which the protestant has not much right to lay claim. It may moreover be added, that those who, in knowledge and understanding, are so far advanced as to perceive all the religious ideas which cluster about these symbols, have little or no need thereof; while those

who are not possessed of such necessary knowledge, or but faintly, can only look upon them as mere sensual exhibitions, speaking not one word intelligible to the heart, or even to the intellect.

* * * * *

One performance in the exercises of Holy Week, I desire to note down. The pleasure it gave me at the time, I would wish, as far as possible, to have perpetuated for the pleasure of memory hereafter;—I mean certain music in the Sistine Chapel. I had heard much of the Misereres there sung. From many enthusiastic representations from many quarters, my demands had become somewhat exorbitant. They were, however, fully answered. There is much of striking fact and occurrence around the hearing of a Miserere, which exceedingly augments the fine impression, that may naturally be wrought by its own intrinsic power. You hear it in a hall made interesting, by many gorgeous ceremonies of the Roman Church. You hear it with your eye resting upon some masterpieces from the pencil of Michael Angelo,—upon sibyls and prophets, mysterious forms, voiceless for ever, though seemingly ever on the eve of speech. You hear it after the surging and roaring of one of these great catholic days have gone down, and while the shadows of night—slowly descending—are mantling with sable hues the impressive objects around you. You are prepared for it, by an hour's previous chanting of some twenty voices, so uninteresting that you grow impatient in longing for the great perform-

ance to begin. During this chant, the tall candles that illuminate the chapel are, one by one, at regular intervals, extinguished. The extinction of the last, announces that the moment has arrived.

A short silence preceded the opening of the *Miserere* of Allegri, the one which I was so fortunate as to hear, and which by amateurs is regarded as the finest. The strain commenced, and instantly with it, a thrill through every nerve. I have no words, that ever so dexterously placed upon this unsounding sheet, can other than faintly symbolize the tones, that during the succeeding half hour came to my ear. While listening to their swells and falls,—to their vast, far-soaring, still enlarging volumes, and to their cadenzas so graceful, so touching, so divinely falling, they seemed oftentimes but silver echoes from some far-off melody, wafted for a moment hitherward,—I tried, in order that I might make a comparison, to recall the finest music I had ever heard. I brought up the splendid strains of the French and Italian bands. I recalled the voices of Rubini, and Tamburini, and Grizi, and Lablache, and of that orchestra, acknowledged to be the finest in the world, with whose efforts I had so often heard their own. It might have been the effect of some inappreciable association; it might have been the effect of lapse of time, but those strains seemed now to me unworthy and common-place. I had once supposed their united harmonies the perfection of sound. I now felt that I was mistaken. Each one of those voices is a wonder, a miracle;—yet united and

combined in all their multitudinous varieties, and moving on in finest concord with those hundred instruments of the orchestra, their effect upon the heart—and that is the great test of their power—cannot, it seems to me, be any thing like equal to what may be wrought by these twenty human voices in the Choir of the Pope, when performing the Miserere. Until now, I had no true conception of the impressiveness of merely human tones, when ingeniously combined;—for let it be remembered that the effects of this music depend, not so much upon individual voices of wonderful power, wonderfully cultivated, as upon their judicious combination. Therein is the secret. Tones after tones are evolved. Now a single soprano thrills you; a sound, by-the-by, seldom heard but here. Then with it are gracefully interwoven notes of far different, yet of harmonizing powers;—and unto this slowly developing mass of melody shall soon be joined other tones, outbursting here, dying away there, seemingly harps upon harps, bugles upon bugles, organs upon organs, with never-ending variety of strong and gentle, rapid and slow-moving, majestic and beautiful. As I have already observed, written *words* do not describe this music. *They* cannot sound and resound. But frame for your mental ear a vast Æolian harp, give to it a thousand strings, and send through them some gustful wind from the Mexican seas, and haply in your retired chamber, after some solemn meditations of the eventide, you may thus seem to hear tones faintly imaging forth those of the Miserere of Allegri.

I left the chapel subdued and saddened, and in returning towards my chambers, paused for a half hour at the Church of the Pilgrims. Here were some hundreds of this gentry of both sexes, in sandal shoon and scallop shell, hither come from all quarters of the continent, to have their feet washed by Roman Nobility, and to enjoy three nights lodging and three days eating, free of all expense; nay more, to enjoy their soup and vegetables, served up to them by Titled hands. I first entered the washing-room. I heard the voice of a priest in his sacerdotal robes, reciting the forms appropriate to the occasion, and I saw six dirty and ragged pilgrims, who had arrived during the day, taking off their shoes and stockings, preparatory to lavations and the sandal. Snuff and hartshorn are generally my abominations; I never longed for them till now. The water-filled tubs were soon brought, and the solemn work of washing was commenced. My eye was attracted by one of the ugliest, dirtiest, and most ragged of the pilgrims. From the pilgrim, it passed to the kneeling form of the nobleman, whose hands were deeply engaged with his lower extremities. It was clad in sacred vestments. Its countenance was fair. The eye was dark, but so constructed as to give continually and obstinately, a most sinister character to all the features. 'Pray, sir,' inquired I of the gentleman next me, 'can you tell me the name of yonder nobleman, who is just about applying the towel?' 'What, the one with so much devil in his visage?' 'The same.' 'That, sir,' answered he, 'is DON MIGUEL, ex-tyrant of Portugal.'

I passed to the eating hall. Hundreds of old men, and of the young; of the emaciated, and of those with well stuffed sides, were doing justice, most decorously however, to soups and vegetables momentarily presented them, by the condescending hands of Roman nobles. The tables were ranged up and down the long hall on either side, and between them were at least five spectators for every eater, drawn hither, of course, by nothing save curiosity. As one thereof, I gazed my fill at eaters, provender and waiters, and thereupon retired, somewhat amused that men should hope to advance themselves heavenward by gastronomic exercise of this description, and still more, that noble Romans should hope to offset a whole year of high, unbending, uncompromising pride, with a single evening of badly-feigned humility.

XX.

JOURNEY FROM ROME TO FLORENCE.

Esteme aquí ya fuera de Oviedo, camino de Peñafior, en medio de los campos, dueño de mi persona, de una mala mula, y de quarenta buenos ducados, sin contar algunos reales mas que habia hurtado á mio bonísimo tio.

GIL BLAS.

FROM Rome to Florence, I travel in the style called, *en voiturier*. The Vetturino enters into a written engagement, to convey me and my five companions, in six days to Florence,—a distance of near two hundred miles,—without change of horses, furnishing two good meals each day, and comfortable lodging each night,—wherefor I engage to pay for myself twelve dollars, and an additional dollar as *buonomano*.

Travelling slowly, the second day brings us to Terni, and we visit the cataract of Velino, four miles from said village. Byron's description of the 'roar of waters,' the 'fall of waters,' and the 'hell of waters,' which I read beneath the precipice, had prepared me for a grand spectacle. Never was traveller more sadly disappointed. Unfortunately for me, I had already seen and heard Niagara. *There* indeed, has nature wrought upon a great scale; and in those words of the poet, is a far better transcript of that scene, than of

worn-out tapestry ; around whose sides are distributed arm-chairs of huge dimensions ; and upon whose walls are suspended most wretched engravings of certain triumphs of Napoleon in Italy. You begin to perceive something strange in the odors of this apartment, and upon examination, are not a little surprised to find that they come from the lodgings of horses, cows, pigs and goats, directly underneath. Often, indeed, throughout Italy, is the first story of hotels and dwelling-houses, appropriated to these animals and to the cook, while the second is converted into sitting and dining apartments, and the third portioned off into sleeping chambers. All unsavory stench generated in those lower regions, pervade and interpenetrate, as they go reeking upwards, every nook and crevice of the mansion. Always offensive, it now seems intolerably so, as unfolding our napkins we prepared to enjoy a dinner, provided according to the prescription of our vetturino. It is one of those stipulated for in the contract of travel. Your appetite is strong, and you thank the kind *camerière* for serving up the meal with so much despatch. Having, however, tasted one spoonful of the soup, you beckon him to convey it hence, quickly as possible. The boiled beef appears. A gentleman at your elbow pronounces it tainted,—and you wait for the next course. That course is made up of potatoes leaden and watery, of the leg of a cheveril baked into a crisp, and of a boiled chicken, which a German *wag* declares to be the great tough progenitor—the original Adam of poultry. You still

anticipate something eatable, and wait in patience. Yonder Frenchman takes snuff, and every moment exclaims 'diable.' This German lights his pipe, muttering forth a jargon whereof nothing is intelligible but the words 'bei Gott.' The Englishman denounces every thing in Italy as 'orrible, and wishes himself in Lunnun. You drink a glass of sour wine, while the next course is entering. Looking at it closely, you find that it is, alas! an Italian pudding. You can endure your hunger no longer, and rushing forth, you search out the vettúra, and rummage the pockets thereof for certain crusts of bread, which your providential foresight had the day before stowed away for a case of such emergency. Out of that crust you make your dinner. The Vetturino after a while comes in, rubbing his hands, asking you if you are contented with your meal, averring that he pays therefor six *pauls*, and desires that you will rise in the morning at three o'clock, as on to-morrow he has thirty miles to make, and he wishes to put up at a good hotel, and that too, before dark, for fear of banditti. You retire to your chamber. You ascend into your lofty bed, by the aid of a chair. You are no sooner between the sheets, than you leap impetuously forth, impelled by their death-like dampness. You now put on morning gown, and address yourself again to slumbers. The dampness pervades even that thick vestment. Regarding health as a good, and rheumatic ills as among its worst foes, you again rise, and wrapping your limbs about in a large travelling cloak, resign your-

this. If any thing, Niagara is as far beyond the poet, as the poet is beyond Velino. Neither of the cataracts have, however, given me other impressions than those of beauty. The power of awakening the sublime, belongs to a higher class of physical agents. All the mighty things that have been rhymed and prosed about these waterfalls, seem—with due submission be the thought recorded—to have come from minds, in which for the moment, the standard of grandeur was extremely low. How can any one, before whose intellectual eye may move the vast visible universe of planets and stars,—the only worthy physical standard of sublimity,—think of exhausting comprehensive epithets upon these cataracts, leaving no thought, language, or imagery, for those other objects. Let the mind return for a moment from that distant wandering; let it relax its expanded embrace from those mighty works of the Creator, and descend for an instant to a contemplation of this little part of the immense whole—these bubbling waterfalls—and it will perceive how insignificant things they are among those great agents, that worthily may awaken the emotion called sublime. That they are beautiful, who can deny? It is hardly necessary for me to give a description of Velino, as if I were a traveller, the first to see it. That useless toil shall not be attempted. Moreover, waterfalls are to be seen and heard with the natural eye and ear, not vainly made to roar and shine through words. Language is a significant embodier of forms and modes in human life. It is the instrument which

can worthily image them forth. My only instrument points out its topics.

* * * * *

Thursday.—This night we sleep at Terni. It is an Italian village. How wide the contrast between it and a village of New England! Not one of those ideas of comfort and enjoyment is awakened at the mention of it, which ever comes into memory at the name of those pleasant spots in my own country. Here, all is narrowness and suffocation in the streets; dusty roughness in the pavements; dreary dinginess on the outside of buildings, and still more dreary dimensions within. Men, women and children are ragged and dirty; ugly to the eye, and foul to the nostrils. They lounge about the streets,—the men looking stupidly at your baggage and yourself, wondering why you have hither come;—the women knitting and twirling distaffs; and the children reiterating cries of ‘caro signore, qualchecosa per carità.’ From these scenes, the traveller goes forth for relief into the country. The contrast impresses and refreshes. There can hardly be a greater difference, than that which separates the wretchedness of an Italian village from the fresh spring bloom, and well-watered luxuriance of an Italian campagna. We are now in a village, and at a hotel selected by the Vetturino. Our agreement has subjected us, in these matters, entirely to his choice. The dinner is served up at six o’clock in an immense hall, whose marble floor rattles and echoes, as you walk over it; whose windows are half concealed by ancient,

self to troubled dreams of rheumatism and catarrhs. Aroused at the early hour of the Vetturino, you feel stiffness and agony in every limb. What with perils of starvation, and perils of robbers, and perils of odor, and perils of fleas, and pangs of rheumatism, you feel yourself wretched and haggard. You wonder why you ever journeyed into this comfortless region. The works of painters and sculptors become quite worthless in your estimation, and you are astonished and ashamed, that you have ever been humbugged into enthusiasm by looking at them. But an hour's ride conveys you among the Appenines. You hear the song of birds. You breathe the gales cool and fresh, as they sweep rejoicing over the mountains. You see the sun arising in the east, and a light seems to arise within you. You are invigorated. The pains of last night, one by one, drop off. You move with elastic step. The past is once more remembered with melancholy pleasure, and on the future are again dimly pictured scenes all novel, and pleasures soon to be enjoyed.

* * * * *

We stopped last night at Passignano, on the borders of lake Thrasimene. Here were renewed all the usual discomforts of lodgings *en voiturier*,—with an addition. My bed-chamber was in the second story, and the room contiguous, had been converted into a hen-coop. What with cackling and crowing, I had no repose. An earthquake might, as in olden time, have here rolled unheededly away. There was little disposition, as arising this night at the hour of twelve,

from perturbed slumbers, I looked out upon the plain and lake, to enjoy the recollections of that memorable spot. It is not with trembling nerves, and hot, swift-shooting pulses, that one may survey a scene like this, over which, as the noise of battle has died away, and vanquisher with vanquished has sunk down to equal silence, nature resumes at length her tranquil sway. There must needs be a feeling of stillness in the heart, sympathizing harmoniously with the still spirit of that nature which here presides.

Departing, this morning, from that wretched village, we soon emerge from the dominions of His Holiness, into the fields of Tuscany. A change in things for the better, is instantly apparent. We have passed from comparative barrenness into rich fertility. We have evidently entered in among benign, and more salutary influences. Indeed, we have now passed within the boundaries of the least illiberal of Italian governments. Plains expand before me, fresh in olive trees, and watered by many streams. The roads, every where admirable through Italy, are here very superior, and bear around them evidences of much supervisory care. The miserable *patois* of the Roman States, has given place to the sweet Tuscan tongue, spoken by high and low, with almost equal purity. The wretched visages, and ragged forms, and begging hands and voices of the Pope's subjects, are superseded by the healthy faces, well dressed persons, and merry songs of the Grand Duke's peasantry, as they saunter along the high roads, or look out upon you from trees and

vines, unto which they are now applying the pruning knife. What a pleasant change is this! It is a change from idleness to activity; from poverty to competence; from wretchedness to happiness. You look upon the fine faces of the people, and you get another idea of Italian beauty. Words cannot easily express the general ugliness of the female peasantry in the Pontifical States. Old and young seem to be equally blasted. Or if perchance, in early youth, there be something of bloom, grace or impressiveness, time rushes swiftly in to tear away said gifts. Nowhere do the young grow so hideously old, and old so rapidly. I have seen no woman out of a city, reminding me of a hale Roman matron, such as might have been the wife of Cincinnatus. You find them at the age of thirty, in gray hairs, wrinkled and expressionless. Beheld in triple groups at twilight, under half-fallen arches, they remind you, as silently they ply their distaffs, of those mysterious Fates so hideously sketched by the pencil of Michael Angelo. Passing into Tuscany, you see countenances much fairer,—at least among the younger part of the population. Nor are they disposed to deny you the pleasure of gazing upon them. In truth, they return any traveller's gaze with a directness and steadiness that, for a moment, may send his own regards discomfited into another direction. As their large black eyes look full and long upon you, from beneath their hats of amplest rim, you are doubtful whether to pronounce them impudent, or exceedingly self-pos-

essed. Should you engage in conversation, that doubt will be instantly put to flight.

Surely, there is something very agreeable in a Tuscan peasant's conversation. Therein is an off-hand freedom and ease, that captivate you. The self-possession is most unwavering and universal. There is nothing even distantly bordering on *mauvaise honte*. Sheepishness indicates an idea, that never looked out blushing from a Tuscan's, or indeed from any Italian's face. A young female peasant converses with half a dozen of the other sex. Her countenance is true to her thought. Her gesture is quick, abundant, and significant. Her eye turns just as it should turn. Her smile and frown are admirably well-timed. Her voice is modulated with pleasing and natural dexterity, and her whole deportment, purged totally of affectation, fixes long upon it, the eye and memory of a traveller. The Italians, great and small, citizens and peasants, intermingle much at public promenades and piazzas. They have regular hours for resorting each day, to some central point to look at, and converse with, each other. Freedom and polished gracefulness of manners, are among the results of this intercourse.

As we cross the dividing line of these two governments, we leave beggary, in a measure, behind us. The Tuscan law prohibits the asking of alms, save by the blind. Here then is presented the spectacle of a sightless old man grasping the hand of a lusty youth, as they both keep pace, in a gentle trot, with our vet-

tura, piercing our ears with dolorous cries. They are in partnership, and divide the *paul* which compassion extracts from your purse. Thus is the law avoided, and laziness, strong and hearty, gets a subsistence. I have been privately and rather sneakingly importuned, by one whose eyes were sufficiently good to discover that I was a foreigner, and hence probably ignorant of the Tuscan law. I got rid of his importunity, by threatening to report him to the police. The prohibition just mentioned, might be deemed comprehensive enough, and yet it leaves unincluded a vast number of unhappy beings. Those who are accustomed to lavish indiscriminate and unbounded eulogies upon Italian climate, should travel observingly through Tuscany. 'What is the cause,' said I to the superintendant of a hospital, 'of these numerous instances of ophthalmy, in this fine region?' '*The atmosphere*,'—he replied. I started back. Is it possible that this much sought, and more praised Italian *air*, confessedly and constantly works one of the greatest human deprivations? But *more* than the eye suffers. Were my conclusions with respect to Italian climate, to be determined by my own personal experience during these present spring months, there could be but one language for their expression—the language of complaint. Those who are accustomed to cry aloud at sudden changes in New England atmosphere, should have enjoyed the benefit of a tour through Italy, in the past months of February, March and April. An Italian beauty's face, now smiling like sunshine, then swiftly overcast with cloud-

like and tempestuous frowns, is no unapt image of the sudden and unaccountable weather-changes, that I have lately suffered at Genoa, at Naples, and more than either, at Rome. With spring, we are accustomed to associate soft airs, a mild sun, a fair heaven, a green and freshly-budding earth. But with this Italian spring, we are compelled to associate storms, and clouds, and blasts, and hail. 'O, this is an extraordinary season,' says the Italian, as in the month of May, muffling himself up to his chin in his cloak, he flings one corner thereof cavalierly over his left shoulder. 'This is a *very* extraordinary season. It is no good criterion of our usual spring.' Alas for the traveller of 1836. Many volumes and voices had spoken to him of the beauty, and health-giving properties of an Italian atmosphere. He has obeyed his resolution to make trial thereof—and now, his skin, nerves and muscles, and many-remembered aches, and remembered fevers rise up, to rebuke those volumes and those voices. When I reflect upon the multitudinous discomforts of Italian travelling; the desolate chillness of vast apartments; the death-giving dampness of beds; the undrinkable water; the un-eatable meals; the miasmas of marches, and the nerve-piercing blasts from mountains, I am a little inclined to surprise, that Americans should hither travel, for the purpose of wooing back departing health, or of confirming a constitution never yet marred, in vigor and elasticity.

But while I am thus reflecting, the hail-shower has ceased; our vettura has ascended a hill; an exclama-

tion of delight is heard, and lo! before us springs up yonder city from a garden; the city of Florence,—Florence, the beautiful,—the birth-place of Dante,—the home of Boccaccio, and Machiavelli, and Michael Angelo, and Galileo,—Florence, one fairest centre of Italian literature and Italian art. I first see it, in the light of an evening sun. It seems encircled by hills, whose sides are covered with palaces and villas. So abundant are they, Ariosto imagined the soil produced them. ‘And if,’ said he, ‘thy palaces which are thus scattered, were walled within one city, two Romes could not contain thee.’

XXI.

CONNOISSEURSHIP.

* * * * *

WHEN, previous to the composition of one of his Madonnas, Raphael retired into his solitary studio, and there in meditation, as he writes, 'certa idea mi viene alla mente,' and when by severe elaboration, that imagination had been expanded, and purified, and wondrously combined, he at last seized his pencil and with assiduous art confined it to the canvass, he hardly thought that the deep beauty and strength thereof, were to be felt and understood by every superficial gazer that chanced that way.

When one pauses before a master-piece, and finds, alas, that it does not impress him, he may, as he chooses, either make an exclamation of affected delight, or he may modestly regret his little attention to art, and his unacquaintance with, if I may so say, its language. Indeed, any one may see how painting, and sculpture,—ay, and architecture and music,—considered as vehicles of thought, (and unless so considered, what are they, but little objects of curiosity to the mere *artiste* ?) have analogies, in many essential points, to language so called. What is the Apollo but a magnificent vehicle of those ideals, manly beauty,

grace calm and full of dignity, and of triumphant pride? And what is the group of Niobe and her offspring, but marble words wherein are written woe and grief, and over both triumphing, a mother's love? Ovid has that group in the Latin language.

'The verse and sculpture bear an equal part,
And each reflects the images of art.'

Thus also does the death of Laocoon and his sons shine forth, not perhaps with exactly equal graphicness, from the words of Virgil, and the marble in the Vatican. And what is this soft, chiseled form before me; this ever-renowned Medicean Venus; so airy, so graceful, so light, that, as the eye looks long and steadfastly, it seems to repose upon some unsubstantial vision, perchance the goddess herself when just moulded into life and beauty from the plastic spray; what is this but marble carved by the artist's hand into a receptacle of thoughts, of emotions, of the attributes of the queen of love? So of architecture and music; the ingenuity of man has made them vehicles of thought, endowing forms and tones with the capacities of a spoken, and written tongue. Now, no one ever thinks of feeling, or expressing emotion at thoughts, qualities, or scenes, when contemplated in language, unless he be well acquainted with that language;—not with its technical divisions, but with its powers. Yet that enthusiastic gentleman yonder (a representative, by-the-by, of a large class of English travellers in Italy), though till now, he has seldom thought of art,

affects to understand it, reads all its ideas at a glance, tells you that study is a great injury, inasmuch as it tends to dispel that certain *charm* which overhangs a picture, or a statue, and advises you not to inquire coldly into the meaning of a painting, but to manifest that you have some enthusiasm for the art, by giving up yourself at once, and unreservedly, to divers vague and glorious impressions, which he can neither account for, nor describe. It is one peculiarity of this gentleman, that he never enjoys said glorious impressions, until told that before him is the effort of a master. A close study and profound knowledge of the *character* and *meaning*,—not the canvass, and mode in which colors are mixed,—of a work of genius in painting, no more tends to dispel its charm, or dissipate its interest, than such a study and knowledge of a great poet, Milton for example, tends to destroy our interest in his inspirations. Far otherwise. Such study, while it detects and disenchants mediocrity, only leads us far deeper into the soul, and strength, and beauty of the truly great masters. The more we study the works of God, the more we admire and enjoy. The more we study those works of the human mind and hand, whose mysterious excellence approximates them to the mysterious nature around us, the more we shall admire and enjoy, whether the object of our study be ideas combined in marble, in colors, or in language.

While thus at random cogitating, I find myself in the Pitti Palace, the richest of the world, in art. What treasures are these of the Grand Duke of Tuscany,

and with what free and bounteous generosity, are they not all made accessible to the eyes of all the world ! Not the slightest compensation is permitted, even to the man at the door, who takes charge of your cane or umbrella. This man at the door is, however, one of the gentlemen of the Duke's household, and with fine civility, points you to the ten or twelve apartments ;—apartments whose walls are actually concealed by the multitude of paintings, and whose polished marble floor mirrors your very form, as you walk over it. Surely there could be no combination more magnificent than this ; the most costly halls thronged with the most costly master-pieces of the pencil. Walking for the first time, idly and perplexed, through the rooms,—‘What is this ?’ said I to my companion. ‘A Carlo Dolci ; and there are the finest pieces of Salvator Rosa ; here is a Claude ; yonder is a Tintoretto, and by his side is a Vandyk ; all those, at your right, are by Raphael ; here you see Michael Angelo ; there is a Guido, a Caracci, a Titian ; indeed wherever you set your eye, you see the greatest works of the greatest painters.’

Threading many rooms, we reached a small one in which is the Venus of Canova. Every body of course, says it is less heavenly than the Venus di Medici. Still it is a masterly composition. That any one should *hesitate* in preferring to this, the Antique, is no slight proof of merit. For who shall say, that this latter is not the loveliest intermingling of ideal beauties that marble contains ? All admire it ; those who have

a sensibility for the Beautiful, because they have some bland and delightful thrills never felt before, when beholding it, and which are as deep emotions now first awakened, and those who have no cultivated taste, seem still to admire, for they know the statue to be celebrated, and they consider themselves safe in admiration.

There is one class of gazers, in whom the power, as well as the right, to enjoy the Venus di Medici, seems to me very questionable. It is those, whereof a representation was before the statue when I first saw it ; a young lady of twenty, whose waist was by cords and pulleys contracted into the narrow spindle-dimensions, and hour-glass-like shape, which fashionable taste has introduced for the beautifying of nature. How is it possible, said I, that one whose ideas of beauty in the human figure are thus manifestly pinched up, and so to speak, *corsetted* into that agonizing narrowness, can endure yonder free, full, exuberant, unrestrained expansion of chest and waist in the Venus? Were one of the Almack spirits to introduce a form thus unimprisoned, and unimproved, into the mazes of any waltz, 'horrid, how vulgar,' would be the universal exclamation. And still less ought she to approve the fine head, and features of the goddess. That head bears sweet proportion to that developed waist. But the heads and waists of those, whom this gazer has been taught to believe beau-ideals in form, if judged by this allowed standard before us, have no proportional harmony at all. Huge faces above little waists,—nay the

XXII.

GALILEO—DANTE.

Uom, se' tu grande o vil? Muori, e il saprai.

ALFIERI.

It was my second day in Florence. I had passed it among the master-works of art in the Ducal Gallery. I had enjoyed, as it were, the intellectual presence of Michael Angelo, and Guido, and of Raphael. For hours, I had surveyed inspirations of the ancient mind, preserved for these late ages, in marble and in bronze. A multitude of strange remembrances perplexed and overburdened me. To classify them, and assign to each some proper place in my memory, I walked abroad alone upon the banks of the Arno. The evening twilight was just beginning to descend. As I wandered along, careless of my path, an old structure framed of brick, gloomy, with no pretensions to either majesty or grace, suddenly stood before me. A female form, veiled, glided forth from a half-opened door in its front. Led on by idlest curiosity, I entered. Before me rose altars and columns, and through the dim light, mellowed as it passed inward by lofty windows of stained glass, glimmered here and there some half a dozen tapers. I was evidently in a church; a church, however, of whose name and character, I knew nothing.

It was spacious, yet unpretending, and a gloom, strange and depressing, seemed to shade its pillars and vaulted ceiling. My eye was arrested by the beautifully stained window-glass, the first I had seen in Italy. I was also struck by an absence of that gorgeous decoration, that rich, gilded, dazzling ornament which I had been accustomed to meet in the great churches of Naples and of Rome. I rested for a time upon one of the seats, trying to conjecture where I might be. The sounds of business, of the gay tumultuous life of Florence, did not reach me. The silence was unbroken, save by the murmurs of one solitary worshipper, and the faint voice of evening bells, sounding as if from some far distance.

Meditating upon the solemnity of the surrounding scene, my eye chanced to light upon a group in marble. One of this group was a female, whose right hand held a garland of leaves, while her form, bowed down upon a sarcophagus, expressed the most self-forgetful, self-abandoning grief. On the opposite side, at the distance of a few feet from this figure, was another erect and majestic, in ample drapery, with a tower surmounted by a star upon her head, in whose right hand was a rod, and whose left, while her eyes looked abroad in triumph, pointed emphatically to a colossal form, seated at a little distance above. That form was in an attitude deeply impressive. Its brow, wreathed about with laurel leaves, rested upon its hand, and the face was downward turned, as if in melancholy thought. I had seen that face before. It was full of power, and

former are oftentimes broader than the latter! Thus wide is the chasm between this model, and the forms admired and persisted in by those who, strange to say, still enthusiastically admire this model. But more. The grace of attitude in the Venus, can hardly be approved by one, whose every effort seems directed to defeat the possibility of an advance to such perfection in her own person. What ease is *there*! What delightful repose, just on the dreamy confines of motion and of rest! The victim of the existing corset-system, however, doing her best, could not even most distantly realize in her own limbs, those lovely *bends*; there would be distorted angles without number. And then, if from that pedestal her goddessship were, for a moment, to step forth,—would her *motion* be in graceful harmony with her form and present attitude? The Venus animated and moving! She would hardly exhibit the constrained, jerking, contracted, *corsetty* action of those fashionable paragons, whose gait you may have heard represented as worthy of all praise, and to catch which so many thousands strive. But suppose for an instant, yonder living lady's person,—narrowed and wrenched as it is by fashion,—innocently denuded, and raised to the vacant pedestal. Before it, in your mind's eye, now stands the descended Venus, a connoisseur of modern notions of beauty in the female form. Certainly, there can be no objection to such an imaginary change. One who has had so many moderns gazing for ages, so fixedly at her, and passing severest judgments upon her this and

that, may be permitted to return a few of such inspections, and to assume for a brief while, the character and severe countenance of a critic. It is not, however, so much the Venus, which I would have pronouncing opinion here, as that Grecian spirit of taste respecting female form, which with propriety may be said to dwell within her. To give the tone of that criticism is not now necessary. One is safe in saying that it would be the voice of truth and nature, against the decree of one of the most graceless fashions that ever abused an age.

severe pride, and sorrowfulness. A conjecture as to where I was suddenly started up; I looked around more intently. Tomb after tomb appeared. There could no longer be any doubt. I was in the holiest sepulchre of Italian genius; I was in Santa Croce, and before me were the sarcophagus and the statue of Dante. The surprise which at first arose, was swiftly chased away by a higher feeling,—a feeling of reverence for the spot, where lies the dust of some of the noblest men that ever visited this sphere. Here, among others, are the tombs of Aretino the historian; of Alfieri; of Pietro Micheli, called the Lynx of Botany; of Machiavelli; of Michael Angelo; of Galileo. I paused long before them. Knowing some events in the lives of those whose ashes they enclosed, I felt in their presence, as all must feel, a mournful and a pleasing interest.

The tomb of Galileo is simple, surmounted by his bust, and reposing thereon are figures of Astronomy and Geometry. Though simple, it awakened a thousand scenes and thoughts;—scenes of triumph and of sorrow for Galileo; thoughts of gratitude and indignation towards those who cherished and persecuted him. With a life of philosophic inquiry we associate peace. We imagine, and most often rightly, that it is undisturbed by other than intellectual excitement, and we think that its close must be honorable and serene. Its intercourse is with the forms, or the spirit of Nature,—not with the passions and contentions of the world. The life and death of Galileo do not, however,

realize this thought. Though only engaged in consulting nature ; in listening to, and promulgating abroad her oracles, he was, if we except a portion of his earlier years, subjected to hard sufferings of body and of spirit, which have generally been peculiar only to the great political and moral agitators of an age. I see him upon that tower in St. Mark's Place, observing through his optic glass, the distant stars. He notes their forms, motions, and changes. The truths thus discovered, he, in his meditative closet, combines and so arranges, as therefrom to deduce some of the most interesting and sublime conclusions, that adorn the philosophy of the heavens. Those conclusions he reveals to his age. How are they received? Not alone with scorn and laughter ; likewise with the humility and persecution of their revealer. I see him writing that famous letter to the Grand Duchess of Tuscany, wherein he maintains his belief, that the sun stands still ; that the earth moves round it ; that the Scriptures are given to instruct mankind in duty, *not* in science and philosophy ; and that revelation and nature are from the same great fountain, that their voices are in harmony, and their end the same. For writing these truths, behold him kneeling, but a short time after, before the Inquisition at Rome. At its command, dreading the threatened dungeon and chains, he renounces them aloud. 'I believe that the earth stands for ever at rest ; that it is the centre of the universe, and that around it revolves all that in the heavens is visible.' The Inquisition rises. Galileo humbled,

has abjured his philosophical heresies, and the intellectual supremacy of the Church is reinstated. Seventeen years pass away. The philosopher's devotion to truth triumphs over his weakness. He has again proclaimed those heresies. He is summoned again before a similar tribunal. Clothed in sackcloth, he passes through a deeper abasement. Again he abjures his opinions. Popery and ignorance again triumph; human nature and science are again disgraced and degraded. To make more wide that ignominy, his abjuration is publicly read in the cities of Italy, and even at Florence, where universal admiration had already crowned his genius, from yonder pulpit in Santa Croce itself, within sight of the very spot which his bones were destined to make renowned through all coming ages. At the time of his second condemnation, Galileo was sixty-nine years of age, and was tottering under severe bodily infirmities. By one clause of this condemnation, he was ordered into imprisonment. Thus pined away nine more of his years. The death of a daughter plunged him into deep grief. Deafness soon came upon him, and his eye-sight totally failed. After his death, the malice of his foes still followed him. He was refused burial in consecrated ground. Nearly a hundred years elapsed, before his remains were interred in their present resting-place. The spot is indicated by this monument; a monument of impressive beauty; a shrine frequented by pilgrims from every land, whose hearts feel interest in

'The starry Galileo and his woes.'

As I passed from the tomb of Galileo to the monument of Dante, the shadows were thickening; the kneeling form of the worshipper had vanished almost into indistinctness; the lamp struggled faintly with the sepulchral gloom, and the silence was like that of the dead. There was here no object, no thought, no association, but of solemnity.

By the side of the sitting form of Dante, is a harp. The weeping figure represents Poetry, and the image which points at him in triumph, is of Italy, at length, after five hundred years of neglect, glorying in her illustrious son. By the lamp's light, I read upon the sarcophagus this inscription :—

ONORATE L'ALTISSIMA POETA.

DANTI ALIGHIERO

TUSCI

HONORARIUM TUMULUM

A MAJORIBUS TER FRUSTRA DECRETUM

ANNO MDCCCXXIX

FELICITER EXCITARUNT.

The monument is conceived and wrought throughout, in the spirit of very high art. It does not contain the bones of Dante. Those are still at Ravenna where Dante died, an exile from his native land. Many attempts have been made by the Florentines to obtain them, but invariably without success.

The career of Dante has one strong point of sympathy with that of him, whose tomb I have just left;—its persecutions,—persecutions of the one, by the Pope and the Inquisition; of the other, by the Pope and his

adherents, the Guelfs. The memory of Dante, like that of Galileo, was pursued after his death. John XXII. even sent a Cardinal to demand his bones, that they might be dealt with as those of an heretic, and their ashes scattered to the wind. Galileo observed the natural world, studied its laws, and drew from them practical conclusions. Dante, out of existing fragmentary notions of Hell, Purgatory and Heaven, framed a world for the imagination, where nevertheless may still be seen shadows of the forms among which, the poet and the soldier had moved while on the earth. The minds of both were *creative*, in the only intelligible sense of the word. While Galileo so combined his physical observations, as to make them reveal new and beautiful truths, Dante also combined what he had beheld in human feeling and action, so as to make visible therein much that is lovely, and fearful, and impressive in the heart and in mortal life. Galileo was among the first of the new philosophers; an early pioneer in the yet hardly trodden pathway of the heavens. Dante was the earliest Tuscan bard. He made his intellectual way, through clouds and darkness. Before his efforts, even the language now called Italian, had no existence. Both were persecuted in their lives, neglected after their death, and honored by succeeding ages. Galileo was only a philosopher. Dante was philosopher and politician, and warrior and poet. Galileo did not scorn ignominy, if therewith he purchased life. With his crown of genius, he was not anxious to interweave

the laurels of martyrdom. Dante, stern and uncompromising, hating and intensely hated; loving and deeply loved, would not permit at any price, his character and memory to be blasted by an ignoble act. The Inquisition offered to Galileo some relaxation of penalties, if he would renounce what he knew to be the truth. Humbly kneeling, and penitently, he made that renunciation. After fifteen years of exile, the Florentine government offered exemption from farther punishment to Dante, if returning, he would remain awhile in prison, and then do penance in the principal church at Florence. 'Away from the man,' was his indignant reply in a letter now to be seen in the Laurentian Library, 'away from the man trained up in philosophy, the dastard humiliation of an earth-born heart, that, like some petty pretender to knowledge, or other base wretch, *he* should endure to be delivered up in chains. Away from the man who demands justice, the thought that after having suffered wrong, he should make terms by his money, with those who have injured him, as though *they* had done righteously. No, this is not the way of return to my country for me. Yet if another can be found, which shall not compromise the fame and honor of Dante, I will not be slow to take it. But if by *such* an one he may not return to Florence, to Florence he will never return. What then? May I not every where behold the sun and the stars? Can I not every where under heaven meditate on the most noble and delightful truths, without first rendering myself inglorious,

ay, infamous, before the people and city of Florence?’

Dante's life was full of events. He lived in the stormiest period of the Italian Republics,—not as a spectator, but an interested actor. Such minds as Dante's do not crave rest, rather action and toil. They wish to develop their energies, amidst the aroused energies of the age. In many changes of sunlight and of storm, were his powers called forth. His sensibilities were touched continually by the gentle and the stern; and the entire compass of his feeling and faculties, in the restless and quickening events of that time, was revealed and strengthened. The life he had lived was necessary. It was necessary that he should be in activity with the stormy characters of that age, that he should move in public spheres, that he should meet with sad reverses, and that he should feel the ingratitude of his country. Where else could he have found materials for his divine compositions? What other agents could have so actively excited his peculiar genius? Persecution and misfortune,—these were necessary for the development of such a mind. Had he not suffered them, he would have come down to us as only a small occasional poet, and a very good theologian. He did not cloister himself in solitude, and there dream out soft and pleasant fancies. From his youth upward, he walked abroad among great human passions, and grappled in conflict with stern human events. Some results of that intercourse have been embodied. His great work remains, one

of the glories of Italy, awakening and gratifying genius in each successive age, and quickening a tardy gratitude in his countrymen that has at length found expression in this monument before me.

'Tis the doom
Of spirits of my order to be rack'd
In life; to wear their hearts out, and consume
Their days in endless strife, and die alone:
Then future thousands crowd around their tomb,
And pilgrims come from climes where they have known
The name of him,—who now is but a name;
And wasting homage o'er the sullen stone
Spread his, by him unheard, unheeded, fame.'

BYRON.

As I was moving to the adjacent tomb, which is of Michael Angelo, the bust of whom upon a sarcophagus, I saw overlooking chiseled representations of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture,—a cowed and sable-mantled form approached. The sight and sound of a bunch of keys advised me of his object. The hour for closing the church had arrived. I departed, saddened and still gratified. Whoever loves to meditate, not merely to loiter, among tombs, let him come to Santa Croce. The monuments are not of titled personages, whose name when sounded awakens no associations. They are the monuments, not of great men, but of great minds. Around each, cluster a thousand recollections. Each recalls some great discoveries, or great movements, or great achievements of its age. Machiavelli; Galileo; Michael Angelo; Alfieri;—their names are linked with all that is most worthy of thought or remembrance in modern Italy.

XXIII.

RAMBLES IN FLORENCE.

FRIDAY—My diary of to-day is full of variety; I extract therefrom a few passages. Living in Florence is, as every traveller hither knows, extremely cheap. Your well-furnished parlor and bed-chamber, cost but thirty cents per day. Your well-made boots are furnished for three dollars; your good frock-coat for fourteen; your equally good dress-coat for twelve; and your vest, wherein you are not ashamed to attend the Grand Duke's ball, for two. The other subordinate articles of clothing are in like reasonable proportions. For your dinner you pay fifty cents; and for your breakfast, you pay as follows:—that is, if you take it at my favorite resort,—the central, much frequented Café des Colonne.

Enter said café at ten o'clock. It is half full of citizens and ladies, priests and foreigners. Before each, is a little round or square table, whereon is the *colazione*, and likewise a French, German, English, or Italian newspaper. There is continual coming in of empty stomachs, and a going out of full ones. There is continual conversation in the company, and continual shouting out of orders by the waiters. If you

be a gentleman of weak nerves, you turn about, resolved to seek a breakfasting room of more peace and quiet. If you are bent on observing men, women and things, you sit down at the first vacant table, call for the particulars of your breakfast, which are immediately shouted out by the waiter before you, to a waiter at the kitchen door, who re-shouts the same particulars, to a provider in the kitchen:—‘*Caffè con uova, pan’e latt’e burro.*’ You now take up the Milan Gazette. Accustomed to what are called mammoth sheets, you smile at this before you, which is just eight inches square. Accustomed to encomiums on free institutions, and denunciations of Metternich, you read with much curiosity an anecdote, stating that on Wednesday evening last, this illustrious Prince, returning from an imperial fête, heard certain groans. Alighting from his carriage, the illustrious Prince found that said groans came from a starving man beneath the hedge. The illustrious Prince instantly gave to the unhappy being the aid which his necessities required. ‘We are happy to find,’ concludes the Gazette, ‘that this illustrious Prince combines within himself, the highest powers of the intellect, and the noblest virtues of the heart.’ While enjoying your breakfast,—consisting of an egg beaten into a tumbler with coffee and milk, and of little rolls of white bread with delicious butter bearing, stamped upon it, the ensigns of the Grand Duke of Tuscany,—look around and listen. A fat gentleman enters. He is in the sable livery of the Roman Church. He has just come from

shriving certain sinners. ‘*Mezz’ arrostito,*’ shouts out the waiter, knowing the taste of the priest. Instantly is brought forward in a saucer, a tumbler of sweetened milk with half a toasted biscuit, buttered by a waiter stationed in one corner of the room for that especial purpose, and who is known by the emphatic appellation, ‘Biscuit-butterer.’

A lean gentleman enters. As he takes his seat, the waiter shouts ‘*méscere,*’—that is to say, ‘pour out.’ This gentleman takes hot coffee, and hot milk with bread alone. An individual at your right hand, in outswelled flaming cheeks, who notices no one, and occupies all his spare time in looking over Galignani’s Messenger, is an Englishman. He goes the *entire*, and what with boiled eggs, and coffee, and immense quantities of bread, and immense quantities of butter, informs you that his habits are not dyspeptic. The lady upon your left, with a little white spaniel attached by a silver chain to her wrist, calmly whiles away the time, over a glass of lemonade and a single light cake. She is an Italian.

Having finished your breakfast, you tap your tumbler with a spoon. The waiter comes. You give him a *paul*. He carries off dishes and paul, to a money changer at the counter, shouting out as he walks thither, ‘*cinque resto.*’ You gave him ten sous, and he announces that five remain your due. You declare the breakfast cheap, and depart. You feel clear and intellectual. You have not devoured meat and potatoes, and worse than either, *hot biscuit*. There

is no heaviness of stomach, reminding you of the other side of the Atlantic.

* * * * *

I have just visited the cast for a marble statue of Washington by Greenough. It appeared suddenly to my eye, seated and full of energy. Every part of it is emphatic. I was impressed by its simplicity. How completely is the marble purged of every thing but Washington! An Italian sculptor would have been more abundant in ideas. He would have had there, the Genius of America, a half dozen additional Geniuses, and victorious garlands, with other appendages. Greenough has put into the features of Washington, the stern spirit of his times. An Italian would have made a good likeness, and then placed that spirit by its side. If any thing, the image is too sternly severe. But how admirable is the hand that points heavenward, and how expressive is the arm that delivers up the sword,—expressive of complete, unqualified surrender! A critic would ask, why Washington is to appear thus to the eyes of every succeeding generation, in a form wherein he never, for one moment, appeared to the eyes of his own,—in *sandals*, in a mantle that *half* conceals him, with a sword, *not* revolutionary, but Roman. An admirer of genius will pronounce happy that heart, wherein could arise a conception, so pure, so emphatic, so admirable; and fortunate that hand which could embody such conception so impressively.

* * * * *

In my way this afternoon to the Laurentian library,

I was arrested by a print in a shop-window, representing a *man-bat*. Looking into the pamphlet, what was my surprise to find it an Italian translation of a certain waggish account of the moon and its inhabitants, which first appeared, some time ago, in a New York periodical. 'It is worthy of a poet,' said the shop-keeper, who desired me to purchase it—'there is enough imagination therein to supply half a dozen poets.' The Laurentian library, one of the most elegant apartments of its kind in Italy, was built under the direction of Michael Angelo. The librarian bustles about with his keys, showing you first, the veritable fore-finger of Galileo, whereof the traveller is permitted to make the usual remark, 'this is, I suppose, the *very* fore-finger which its immortal owner was wont to point towards the moon.' The librarian then shows you a volume, saying, 'this, gentlemen and ladies, is a copy of Virgil, made in the third century. You see it is on beautiful, marble-like parchment, and in capitals. It is executed in a style quite equal to the finest printing of the present day.' 'But here,' continues he, opening wide his eyes, and evidently expecting you to open yours wider, 'is a manuscript edition of the great work of Dante, done about the time of his death, with painted marginal illustrations, almost as numerous as the words themselves.' Thus we saw the imagination of Dante through two vehicles, the language of words and of colors. A grotesque picture was shown us, representing Francesca di Rimini and her lover. The librarian, perceiving our interest

therein, recited the story,—the saddest strain which ever came from the sad harp of Dante. ‘This,’ said he again, ‘is the handwriting of Petrarch.’ It was pure and intellectual, purged of all slovenliness, imaging his character, and a beautiful receptacle for his emotions. This library contains nine thousand antique books, each in brass clasps, and *chained* strongly to its place. The literary thieves were, however, making rich spoils thereof. Some twenty gentlemen in quaint black costume, were at work. They were packing up and carrying off the stolen thought, leaving but clasps and covers, leaves and words.

Departing from the library, the first object that caught my eye, was a Catholic procession. Several hundred men and boys in various dress, some bearing torches, and some rods, accompanied by a band and singing voices, and preceding a cross whereon was, large as life, an image of our Saviour, passed slowly before me. The street was here and there illuminated, and ornamented with rose garlands, and tapestry of various colors suspended from each window. The pavement was covered with fresh leaves. ‘What is the meaning of this?’ asked I. A shop-keeper presented me a sheet of Italian poetry. Upon this I read, that about two hundred years ago, a certain house in Florence was destroyed by fire. Miraculously two orphans and a crucifix, with an image of Christ, were preserved. The orphans, half-famished, prayed to the image. Strange to say, they were instantly supplied with bread. Now once, as they were

thus praying, the image was seen to *perspire*. This miracle was made known to certain monks in the vicinity. So wonderful an image must be treated with the proper reverence. The monks took it into their charge, and resolved that, every five years, it should be carried in solemn procession, to the spot of its miraculous perspiration. A quinquennial revolution has just terminated, and the ceremony is now performing. 'This,' said my companion, 'is another centre in the vast Catholic system around, which rally and cling fast, the wonder, the credulity, and the devotional sentiments of the Faithful.'

XXIV.

THE ARMENIANS AT VENICE.

‘WILL Signore visit the Armenians this morning?’ inquired my cicerone, as I settled myself down into the velvet cushion of a gondola. Armenian was a word associated in my memory with the ‘Ghost Seer’ of Schiller. It was a masked Armenian, that dogged the ill-fated Prince through the Piazza of St. Mark, and through the gambling houses of Venice. I seemed to hear his sepulchral voice mysteriously announcing, ‘um neun Uhr ist er gestorben.’ ‘Is it far?’ asked I. ‘A short way only from the Lido,’ was the reply. My gondola left the stairs of the White Lion, and sailing by the Foscari Palace, soon left the Grand Canal, and rapidly approached the island of St. Lazarus.

It was a calm, clear, sweet morning. The little island, surrounded by a brick wall, above which were visible clusters of irregular buildings, themselves surrounded by gardens, and orange trees, soon rose before us, all silent as death, and to me clothed in not a little mystery. We disembarked at some steps leading up to a gate. A bell was rung, and instantly a person appeared, inviting us with a smile to walk in, and begging that we would excuse him for a moment,

while he ran to give notice of our arrival to his superior. We were interrupted in our momentary examination of the little court in which we stood, by the approach of a venerable man, blackly arrayed like a monk, with a bunch of keys dangling from the girdle around him, a sable beard hanging down over his breast, his countenance pale, his eyes intensely black, his forehead expansive, his mouth rather intellectual, and his voice thorough-bred, clear, and vivacious. 'Bless me,' said he, taking each of us by the hand; 'Bless me,' and it was the first English which I had heard at Venice; 'you are Englishmen. I am very happy to have a visit from you;' and then he laughed heartily. 'Many of your countrymen come to visit us; yes, they wish to see where Lord Byron studied and wrote, and to see me, his instructor in Armenian;'—and then he very faintly tried to conceal a little chuckle of innocent vanity. 'We have had here Lord D., pray do you know him?—and the Duke of P.—and Sir John R. I hope you are acquainted with them. They are Noblemen indeed. Bless me, I am glad to have this attention from you; and now, if you please, we will walk a little about the Convent.' The excellent man's good nature took captive our friendship immediately. He seemed to receive us at once into his inmost confidence. He told us what he was formerly, what he now is, and what he soon expected to be. He gave us a brief history of the Convent, of its founder, of its objects, and its present condition. He told us much about Byron; how ungovernable was

his temper, how unhappy he seemed to be, and what were some of his tastes and habits while residing in this vicinity. Nothing was concealed which could gratify our curiosity, and I need hardly add that two agreeable hours swiftly swept away, like so many moments. The mystery about the Armenian's name totally vanished. I was among plain-spoken, benevolent, open-hearted men ; learned and pious Armenians, here apparently isolated from all the world, yet preserving pure their language, their customs, and their literature, and associated together for the accomplishment of many noble, scientific, and religious ends.

The Convent is about one hundred and twenty years old. It owes its existence to the enthusiastic and benevolent zeal of an Armenian, by the name of Mechitar. This man was born in 1676. In his youth, he manifested very strong intellectual powers, and so unremitting and intense was their application, that before the age of twenty, he had made himself a complete master of all the theology, and philosophy, and literature of Armenia. To these high active powers of mind, were joined some noble qualities of the heart. Looking abroad over his country, he perceived that the glory, for which in past times it had been distinguished, existed no more. Violent religious convulsions, originating mainly in differences of opinion with respect to the divinity of Christ, had shattered the fabric of its social and political prosperity. Suddenly, and as if heaven-inspired, he was penetrated with

a wish to do something for the regeneration of that country. His education had been chiefly religious. Its object was to prepare him for the service of the church. His experience of the monastic institutions established in Armenia, was unfavorable to them. They were not on a sufficiently broad, enlightened, and enterprising scale. 'I will found a religious order myself,' said he. 'The object of that order shall be, to spread knowledge, spiritual, scientific and literary, throughout my nation.' This was a solitary thought, born in the solitary meditations of his cell. He had no money, no public friends, no public feeling aroused and tending towards the point before him. He had only a benevolent and comprehensive mind, vast intellectual acquisitions, and a zeal which nothing could quench. I need not record how often his labors at proselytism were baffled; how few of even the most enlightened among his countrymen were able, or willing to embrace his large design; how in the year 1700, he arrived at Constantinople with but three disciples, which city, some suspicious enemies soon compelled him to leave; how, with a small accession to his numbers, he then established himself in the Morea, thence, after a few years, compelled to take flight, in consequence of a war between the Turks and the Venitians; how he laid before the Senate of this latter people, a plan of his enterprise, and therefrom solicited protection and aid. Venice, jealous of societies existing within the city, gave to him in 1717 this little island of St. Lazarus;—an island which, in the 12th

century, contained a hospital for lepers, and which until lately, had long served as an asylum for the poor. Here now, out of funds bestowed by wealthy Armenian merchants, these walls were erected. The few men, whom kindred zeal had united to Mechitar, commenced their labors. Their system of operations was established,—a system under which young men of talents were to be educated for Missionaries into Armenia; under which, not only were suitable works in foreign languages to be translated into the Armenian, but likewise original works on science, philosophy and religion to be composed, and all to be distributed among their unprovided countrymen. Their founder died in 1749. The society continued to pursue its worthy labors. At this time, its condition is flourishing. It numbers in its little circle, fifty devoted minds. It has translated many works into the Armenian from various languages:—the *Iliad* of Homer, the works of Cicero, the *Telemachus* of Fenelon, and among those from the English, I noticed a beautiful edition of *Paradise Lost*, and another of Young's *Night Thoughts*. It has given birth to an admirable dictionary of the Armenian tongue, and to a very comprehensive history of the nation. Among its other original productions, are a *Universal Biography*, and a complete *Treatise on Mathematics*. Even Father Aucher, who was now waiting upon us through the cloisters, had well translated portions of the text of Eusebius, enriching them with copious illustrative notes, and at this time, he is engaged upon a kind of

Conversations-Lexicon, which will help to supply a desideratum in Armenian Literature.

We had now made the circuit of the cells, and arrived at the dining hall. Over its door is written in Armenian, 'Silence should be preserved, while the Scriptures are read.' The members of the society were at their simple repast, and during that time they speak nothing, listening to one of their order, who reads a chapter from the Bible. I have never seen a finer collection of heads, or of intellectual and benevolent countenances, than were these before me. I looked upon them with a feeling, quite different from that with which I had so often regarded the lazy monks, that crowd many Italian monasteries. Before me were men of action, not of idleness; men inspired with noble and comprehensive wishes, not narrowed down to the narrow cells in which they lived. After dinner, they enjoy, by their strictly-followed regulations, two hours of recreation, which they generally spend in walking among the gardens, conversing with each other or the boys under their charge. Seven hours are given to sleep, seven to active intellectual labor, and what remains after that employed in bodily exercise, is given to God.

We now visited the printing office. The press is very finely constructed, and from it have proceeded pages of great beauty and delicacy. I purchased a little gilt-bound volume, containing, in twenty-four different languages, the prayers of Niersis Clajensis, an Armenian patriarch. From the printing office, we

passed to the studio of Father Aucher,—who, I may here say, is secretary of the society. It realized all that I had ever conceived of the studio of an orientalist. It is small, and its walls are quite concealed by surrounding books and manuscripts. Many of these were in wire-protected cases, in binding most strange, and type quite incomprehensible. Here were some translations from the Greek, whose originals were lost. We were likewise shown several works in Sanscrit, in the Chinese character, and in other symbols that looked more outlandish than either. Father Aucher seemed to be delighted at handling them, translated a little for our edification, and then put them under lock and key again. He now pointed to a quaintly fashioned chair, standing by a window that looked out upon the quiet waters, and desired each of us to favor him, by inserting our names in a book for that purpose, which lay on an adjacent table. After this ceremony, he in a little triumph turned to the name of Byron, written by his own hand, under the date of November 27th, 1816. He related to us, that on the first arrival of the poet at the Convent, quite unaware of his title, he addressed him no otherwise than as Mr. Byron. The nobleman asked him if he had a dictionary of English proper names, and if so to look out the word Byron. The hint of the lord was not misunderstood, and no further occasion for offence was given. After a visit to the chapel, we entered the library. ‘And now,’ said Father Aucher, walking towards a table, ‘I am going to show the spot where I was accustomed to

give Lord Byron lessons in the Armenian language. He did not make very rapid progress. He was often very pettish, and complained a good deal of the hardships he experienced in trying to learn it.' 'And is this the very desk?' asked I. 'Why, bless me, it is the very same,' said the monk.

It was to this island that the poet was wont, each morning, to row himself alone in his gondola, from the palace of the Merchant of Venice, with whom he then lived. And why, in this solitary spot, did he begin to study 'the Armenian tongue? 'I found that my mind,'—these are his own words,—'wanted something craggy to break upon, and this, as the most difficult thing I could discover here for an amusement, I have chosen to torture me into attention.' It was hither that he came, heart-riven and yet erect in pride, after his exile from his native land. The bridge between that land and him, had not only been passed, but broken down. He had left behind him many spots blackening his fame, but not yet had he plunged into those dark paths of Venitian vice, which tainted not merely his body but his soul. He had not yet familiarized himself with those elements,—worse indeed than worthless,—which afterwards his imagination wrought up into the scenes and associations of Don Juan. Happier he, and better far some thousands who still enthusiastically admire him, if while intermingling with these venerable men, and receiving their language into his mind, he likewise had engrafted within his heart some of the worthy habits, and principles, full

of purity and benevolence, which characterized their life. It was here that he assisted in the framing of an English and Armenian grammar, for the use of the Armenians, and for promoting whose publication, he advanced a thousand francs. It was here that he translated two epistles,—a correspondence between the Corinthians and St. Paul,—not found in ours, but received into the Armenian version. Byron said, *he* considered them orthodox, and therefore did them, for their first time, into scriptural prose English.

We now accompanied our excellent guide to a little portico in the garden, which overlooking the wall, embraced a prospect of the sea, and rising therefrom, the towers and palaces of Venice. In this charming spot, had Byron often written. And what was here his inspiration? It is embodied in his *Manfred*. That was the composition to which his powers were devoted, in the early months of 1817. I have ever held this drama, which he pronounced ‘mad as Nat Lee’s *Bedlam Tragedy*,’ to be one of his sublimest productions. I now almost imagined that I beheld its noble author, here meditating and alone, working up his own remembrances, emotions, and aspirations into the passionate creation of *Manfred*, and deriving from the heavens, and seas, and melancholy scenes about him, some of the images which adorn that extraordinary poem.

‘Good, or Evil, life,
Powers, passions, all I see in other beings,
Have been to me as rain unto the sands.’

And well, at this forlorn period of his career, might he seem to hear a spirit addressing him in these prophetic strains ;—

‘ And a magic voice and verse
Hath baptized thee with a curse.
And a spirit of the air
Hath begirt thee with a snare.
In the wind there is a voice
Shall forbid thee to rejoice.
And to thee shall night deny
All the quiet of her sky.
And the day shall have a sun,
Which shall make thee wish it done.’

I remembered the passage in which Manfred addresses the witch of the Alps, beginning ;—

‘ From my youth upwards
My spirit walked not with the souls of men.’

What a portraiture does it not furnish of Byron’s own character and career up to this time ! That career, alas ! was not to grow more bright, rather gloomier, clouding his heaven more thickly than ever, and closing at last in darkness and storms. I also fancied that, in the Father Aucher before me, I could discover the prototype of the Abbot of St. Maurice.

‘ *Abbot.*—Peace be with Count Manfred.

Manfred.—Thanks, holy father. Welcome to these walls.

Thy presence honors them, and blesseth those
Who dwell within them.’

And in the dialogue which follows this salutation, I

half thought that I heard Byron and the monk, the latter saying,

‘ Rumors strange
And of unholy nature are abroad
And busy with thy name, a noble name
For centuries—’

And he is answered,

‘ Whate’er
I may have been, or am, doth rest between
Heaven and myself. I shall not choose a mortal
To be my mediator.’

And truly might that dusk and awful spirit,

‘ On whose brow
The thunder scars were graven, from whose eye
Glared forth the immortality of hell,—’

that spirit which Manfred had summoned to destroy him, be but a mournful image of the *will*, stern and resistless, which, always impetuous, now began to hurry poor Byron downwards, more rapidly than ever, to his doom. These, however, are mere idle fancies and recollections, awakened while I stand on one of the solitary resting-places of the poet. Nor was this the only poem which Byron here conceived. The impressions contained in the Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold*, were now beginning to unfold themselves;—impressions which, during the ensuing summer, he embodied at La Mira, in a form which can never perish. Embarking from this little portico in his gondola, the poet was often accustomed to row over to the Lido,—a strip of beach, several miles along the

Adriatic,—and mounting one of the horses which he there kept in a dismantled fortification, take his exhilarating exercise upon the strand to Malamocco, at the other end of the island.

Our attendant was never weary in speaking of his pupil, and he showed us a written testimonial from the bard, quite laudatory of the institution, and wherein he says the virtues of the Brethren are well fitted to strike the man of the world, with the conviction that there is another and a better, even in this life. The moment now arrived for taking leave of our kind friend. We did it with some regret. His own amiable manners; the modest civility of his Brethren; their calm, intellectual expressions; the sweet serenity of the spot; the oriental associations about it, and the good ends which its possessors are striving to accomplish, all seemed like cords mysteriously and suddenly put around our hearts to bind us here. We at length shook our friend by the hand, and bidding him good-by, promised, and that with sincerity too, that if ever we studied the Armenian Tongue, it should be under the superintending eye of Padre Pascal Aucher.

Our gondola bore us to the Lido; and afterwards, having visited some works of art in various palaces and churches, we landed at St. Mark's Place, just as the twilight shadows had settled down around it. The Florian, where we are accustomed to take our coffee, was crowded with Austrians and Germans; with Turks, Albanians and 'Ebrew Jews.' The Venitian ladies and gentlemen,—husbands and cavalieri serventi,—

soon began to promenade beneath the arcades, only now and then pausing to take coffee or an ice, and what with their melodious voices, and graceful forms, and transparent complexions, and fathomless eyes, presented a scene altogether brilliant and impressive, such as can only be beheld on a pleasant evening of spring, in St. Mark's Piazza at Venice. It was near eleven o'clock, before we reached our apartments at the White Lion, and at this late hour do I sit down to record the impressions of a day, among the most interesting in my foreign tour.

XXV.

GOLDONI IN ITALY.

THE opera and the ballet seemed to me the only theatrical amusements of the Italians. In Genoa, Leghorn, Rome, Naples and Florence, I had witnessed no representation of tragedy or of comedy. In the land of Alfieri and Goldoni, this appeared not a little strange. Where are these immortal authors? I said. Surely they are too dramatic to repose for ever on the shelf. At length, as I was loitering through the last-named city, my eye caught an announcement suspended in the Piazza of the Grand Duke. It informed me, that in the evening would be performed at the Teatro Giglio, by 'most famous Comedians,' the play of the 'immortal Goldoni,' entitled *La Donna Vindictiva*. My heart throbbed with anticipated pleasure. At last, said I, I shall witness Goldoni exhibited in his own land. I shall have an opportunity of judging how this great painter of Italian manners, is appreciated by those to whom he should be most dear.

I entered the theatre at eight o'clock, and was somewhat mortified at its small dimensions, and somewhat startled when informed that a seat in the pit might be obtained for about three cents, and that my evening's right to an entire box, cost only two pauls and a half,

a sum equal to about twenty-five cents of our money. When the curtain rose, there were about one hundred persons in the house, and that small number was not afterwards increased. Nothing could well be more wretched than the scenery, the music, the actors,—in short, the whole establishment. The prominent and most repulsive feature of all was, the total and absolute ignorance in both actresses and actors, of each and every word of what they were to say. A remedy for this was supplied by a prompter, who in black cap surmounted by a gilt tassel, was perched up before the orchestra, in a semi-circular, projecting screen, not unlike the *banquette* of a French Diligence. With a book in his left hand, and in a voice so pitched as to be in scarcely audible harmony with the buzz and hum of the pit, he dictated to each speaker,—suddenly designating him or her with his right hand,—the sentence which was to be pronounced. This necessarily concentrated the performers about himself, and while it limited the freedom of motion, gave to the whole representation the appearance of a school-boy recitation. My box was next the stage, and I had thus the means of seeing through the whole. I had before me an open pamphlet-copy of the comedy, and as I followed the speakers, was enabled to perceive how much was interlined, and how much was omitted. There was not so properly an action of Goldoni's comedy, as an action of his *plot*, by very wretched improvisators. Is it possible, thought I, that while the miserable, characterless music of Donizetti,

and Persiani, is nightly given forth to the most polished ears of Italy, in theatres most spacious, and amidst scenery most rich, the admirable intellectual productions of Goldoni,—the glory of this land, and indeed one glory of dramatic genius throughout the world,—are given over to the cherishing care of this small company, assembled within the walls of this wretched, narrow, and filthy house? Truth, nature, wit, pathos, intellect,—these are all postponed; only more sensual agents can now give pleasure. The ear must be charmed with sweetly falling cadenzas, and the eye made dizzy by most elaborated pirouettes. Goldoni is quite forgotten in the presence of Signora Unghuer the singer, and of Signorina Brignole the dancer. I left my box, somewhat saddened at this strange appreciation by Italians, of one whose purpose had been to give them pleasure, and do them good. What encouragement can there be for the dramatic heart and mind, where only the voice and feet are liberally patronized?

* * * * *

Bologna.—I have just returned from witnessing the representation of one of Goldoni's comedies, in the Teatro del Corso. The house was large and well-filled. The performers were very good, and were listened to by a most attentive audience. I can almost feel an emotion of gratitude towards those, who here have fresh in their breasts an enthusiasm and admiration for Goldoni. How different this, from the disgraceful neglect of him by the Florentines! And yet

we are not taught to believe them less intellectual, or less disposed to appreciate worthy genius than the Bolognese. I observed here likewise, the same disenchanting feature of the prompter, protruding himself up through the stage, and reciting to each performer the sentence which he was to pronounce.

* * * * *

Milan.—This evening at the Teatro Re. *Il Barbero Benefico* was the play. It is one of the masterpieces of Goldoni, written by him originally in French, and first performed at Paris. I much enjoyed its representation to-night. Never till now have I had a true conception of the deep character, and meaning which pervade it. And how intensely did the house appreciate the shadowing,—no, the *sculpturing* forth of that character and that meaning! There was no indifference, miserable and damning,—by some called genteel. Every point of pathos, and of nature, was perceived, and felt and responded to. Certainly, to an admirer of Goldoni, nothing could be more gratifying, than the listening silence of the male part of the house, and the breathless spectacle of Italian ladies, extending far forward, from every box, their countenances all intent, and fixed as if from marble chiseled, upon that brief fragment of human life and character passing before them. The actors and actresses were all very excellent. The enacting of the part of Geronte was, I must believe, the conception of the author completely embodied. Seldom have I witnessed a finer personification upon the stage. In gratitude do I re-

cord *thy* name,—Luigi Taddei,—for a remembrance of the new delight, which thy inimitable acting has this evening given me. It is a noiseless unknown tribute, yet all that a soon departing traveller can express of his admiration for thy genius, and thy masterly appreciation of Goldoni.

XXVI.

LAST DAYS IN ITALY.

‘ How long delighted
The stranger fain would linger on his way !’

LAKES Como and Maggiore are the last of a thousand links binding me to Italy. I write this page of my diary at Baveno ;—at an open window in a chamber of mine host’s Cross of Malta,—a window that looks out full upon the last named sheet of water. The sun is going down behind the Alps. Its last golden rays, flooding the lake now tranquil and clear, as if of crystal, create for it a new aspect, quite different from any of those which heretofore it has worn ; an expression of mild evening beauty, that surpasses any thing, in this class of scenery, I have yet beheld. The two last days have been spent upon the borders, and the bosoms of these lakes.

On the evening of the day before yesterday, I exchanged the stirring piazzas and gardens of Milan, for the still solitudes of Como. Through what swiftly and widely contrasted scenes, does not the traveller to these regions pass ! From the roar and rush of city life, he moves through the humbler bustle of villages, to the still soft voices of nature in the fields. This moment in hospitals, and prisons, and mad-houses ; in

the next among the gay and beautiful. He rushes from tombs and churches, to the thronged theatre and café. That solemn chant in the chapel, and those peals of the cathedral organ have scarce ceased to sadden him, when in their stead, he hears the martial trumpets of Austria, the blind ballad-singers at the street's corner, the rumbling of a hundred equipages, and the discordant sound of a thousand chatting, laughing, wrangling foreign voices. The majestic and beautiful in nature, are followed by the ludicrous, the mysterious, the melancholy in man. Swiftly move before him the new, the strange; the mournful, the merry; the squalid, the magnificent; the worthy and the ignoble; religion in sable liveries; pride in its gorgeous trappings; the quick motions of industry; the lazy strollings of idleness; palaces and hovels; princes and beggars. Objects like these, multifarious and contradictory, address each hour his eye and ear. His mind is stirred into quick motions; every heart's string is touched; all feelings, high and low, are aroused; one emotion rushes up rapidly after another; he is indignant, and sad, and mirthful; he frowns, he weeps, he laughs.

Within a few hours, I passed from a mad-house in Milan, through its brilliant promenades, to the stillness of Como. A mad-house is terrible any where. But an *Italian* mad-house! This was situated in some lonely suburbs, about two miles from the city. Our letter of permission to visit the establishment, was long and closely scrutinized. At length bolts and bars rat-

tled, a huge door opened, and we stood in a narrow court. Listening, I heard far off screams and singing, and broken laughter and groans. Our guide conducted us through all the apartments. In one were about forty men and boys, chained in their hands, or chained to the wall; in all attitudes, all expressions, and uttering all sorts of unearthly sounds. When I entered this room, one of the men addressed me with a majestic inclination of the head, announcing himself as the Viceroy of Italy, and expressed happiness at receiving a visit from so illustrious a personage as myself; was anxious to show me his palace; desired me to look at the happy subjects by whom he was surrounded, and concluded by requesting me the favor of a chew of tobacco. Never was there a sadder spectacle of human nature, than this room contained. Therefrom we passed into another, of which the tenants were convalescent. Of the myriad forms, which their malady assumed, I note but one. It appeared in a lawyer, who had made out a *brief* in Italian poetry, whereof the subject matter was his false imprisonment. He commenced reading it to us, taking, at the close of every period, his spectacles from his nose, and looking into our eyes, as if for our assenting judgments. In the midst of his pleading, he was interrupted by a gentleman, who announcing himself as the famed Rubini, began to give us audible evidence of the identity, in sounds which sent a thrill through every nerve. We took advantage of the interruption, and departed for the chambers of the females. As we entered, twenty

aged crones cried out, '*giovine, giovane,*' and one of the most haggard, putting her finger upon my shoulder, whispered, 'I *once* was young.' But why do I dwell upon these scenes? They gratify but a poor curiosity; they give no pleasant thought to the intellect; they awaken no fresh emotion in the heart. All is appalling, soul-sickening, barren,—an intellectual desert, the mind in the dust, its sweet bells jangled. Yet there is one remembrance haunting me still; a youthful form, from whose face grief has wrested the bloom, around whose shoulders flows the thick and raven hair, whose eye stares wild on vacancy, whose hands are wringing, and whose voice, faint and trembling, still whispers to itself, '*infelice, infelice,—promessa sposa.*'

We left this scene, and ascending our carriage, in a short half hour, were at the Royal Gardens. Thousands of the Milanese, in gayest dress, and gayest countenances, thronged those magnificent promenades, listening to the music of a fine Austrian band. This is the spot upon which they each day assemble, and here you may study one phase of their public manners. They are indeed a graceful people. How admirably do they understand the art of walking, of recognising, of chatting! Their words are few. As the exculpatory word, *pardon*, will enable you to travel safely through all France, so the phrase, *vostro servitore*, is all you want here. There is no indifference to each other in this multitude. Men, women, and children are, one and all, most thoroughly scrutinized.

Not a ribbon is well tied in vain. Not a dress is tastefully wrought, and arranged for nothing. Not a movement of grace, or of style is unappreciated. You are to be sure in the open sky, but every moment are you reminded of the finish, fashion, and criticism of the ball-room. There is no striving, no *effort* in all this company. With what ease do smiles, and words, and motions glide into, and out of each other! Here is gesticulation in all its shapes. Is the Italian language inefficient, or inexpressive, that to unfold a thought, so frequent recourse is had to the muscles? Or is it rather southern elasticity of feeling, that marshals all forces of voice, and countenance, and arms, and body, to enunciate the simplest idea? And among the thousand ever-varying motions, here shall you see in all its glory, the ever-active, the many-tongued, the indescribable *shrug*; the language of the shoulders; the embodiment of doubt, of ignorance, of dissatisfaction, of content—the very short-hand of gesture. Mighty is the shrug with your Frenchman; with the Italian it is omnipotent. Look now at yonder aged gentleman. He is in high white cravat, white vest, neat natty frock coat, and polished tasselled boots. He twirls a little black cane, and a rich eye glass dangles upon his breast. His moustaches look out fiercely from each side of his nostrils, and though sixty winters with their frosts, have swept over him, still does his pert and most significant hat rest upon locks as black and glossy as the raven's. Ah, Time, thou hast been completely cheated out of thy triumphs here! Vivacity of spirits,

and the art of the *perruquier*, have quite kept the better of thee! But mark. With his fore-finger, he touches the elbow of that equally aged gentleman walking at his side. They pause in the midst of the moving throng. Surely our friend is engaged in some momentous communication. His hands fly to and fro before the face of his companion. His head jerks convulsively back, while his arms branch out themselves. And now the forefinger of his left hand is directly upon the tip of his nose, while that of his right reposes impressively upon the bosom of his hearer. This is a most important moment in the conversation. All that quick and spasmodic action has been sprinkled with some twenty recognitions of passing acquaintance; with a thousand sudden dartings of the eye, a thousand sudden contractions and expansions of the brow, and with shrugs innumerable. Here is not so properly conversation with a good deal of gesture, as gesture with some conversation. Gesture is central; the voice and words are circumferential. But he has concluded. His friend now takes out a snuff box, and with a violent shrug, taps it. They both take snuff, and thereupon resuming their promenade, shrug off their feelings and conclusions at least six times. What *was* the communication so dramatically made? Only the common-place fact, that a certain Russian Countess had made the acquaintance of a certain young Englishman in the Austrian service.

But here stalks an object, deeply capped and booted; and what with his cap and boots, measures you at

least seven feet. He is a huge German officer, transported hither to aid in carrying out the despotic policy of Austria. The gentleman who has just passed him, with an expression upon his brow of sadness and of scorn, is an Italian well born and well educated, and imbued with some of the enlightened liberty-principles of the time. A few years since, his property was confiscated, because forsooth, when forbidden, he had passed beyond the boundaries of his country. Desiring to visit Naples, he three months ago applied for a passport. Week after week, the granting thereof is postponed. Yesterday he called at the police office, and upon asking if his passport was made out, received this reply: 'It is not deemed fit to allow you a passport for Naples—if you wish to travel, why do you not go to the capital—to Vienna?' To him, his home is one large prison house. He is but the type of thousands—ardent, enlightened, revolutionary spirits, who feel this nightmare of Austrian despotism. They have clear ideas of their political rights; they each moment whisper the Aulic Council into destruction, and are ready, whenever the back of their foreign oppressor is turned by a European war, to leap forth from secrecy, and plunge therein a thousand daggers.

But the music ceases, and therewith the promenading. The multitude disperse, some to their homes, and some to restaurants, to enjoy their hour of dinner, previous to a re-assembling at six o'clock, for another still more dazzling display. It consists of the moving to and fro of some thousand elegant equipages. It

takes place in the vicinity of the just named gardens, upon what is called the Corso. The course traversed, is so elliptical that the finest opportunities are momentarily given, for each to inspect and criticise the style of the other. How cool and grateful to the eye is the freshly watered course, bordered by Lombardy poplars, and wherein, for the preservation of order, are stationed at regular intervals, Austrian cavalry richly plumed and caparisoned ! Upon your right hand is the famous Lazzerétto ; upon your left is the villa presented by the Milanese to Napoleon ; before you are the prisons where pine away political offenders, and every instant are passing by your side, the beauty, the nobility, the pride, and the wealth of this luxurious city. These surrounding objects are not all in harmony, and your thoughts are various and conflicting. The Corso is now full.

Mark yonder carriage. It is drawn by four horses, guided by postilions and a coachman, whose beards extend down to their middle. Behind, are two footmen, and all are in livery *à la Cossaque*. Who is that lady, pale and with folded arms, thus attended and borne along ? It is the rich Russian Countess S. You may perceive two dogs, immense and from the great St. Bernard, who are her *compagnons du voyage*. She affects the dog. Her predilections are intensely canine. She supports thereof a family of thirty. She has for them a coach especial, with apertures in its sides, wherethrough, as they ride out airing, they may project their heads and ears. 'Tis but a few days, that by elegant card, the dogs of a friend were invited

to visit the kennel of her highness. The consequence was a grand *déjeuner à la fourchette*. The Countess has evidently exhausted the simple sources of enjoyment. She is driven to these fantastic freaks, that life may not be every moment merged in ennui. Upon the Corso, she appears invariably. Last night she galloped over it, accompanied by five gentlemen. The night before, however, she was absent. Alas, for the style-gazing gentry of Milan, the Countess had seen a handsome English officer, aged only twenty-three!!

But here is another equipage, with six magnificently caparisoned horses, and postilions, and an *avant-courier*. It is the carriage of the Viceroy, uncle to the present Austrian Emperor. It is filled with ladies, and yet you look about in vain for the civility of bended body, and uplifted hat. These respectful symbols universally accompany the public appearance of any members of the grand duke of Tuscany's family. That grand duke's government is popular. This is detested.

But I leave this scene,—this animated exhibition of public manners in the Milanese. I ascend my travelling carriage, and moving rapidly through a clear moonlight, arrive at Como, near the hour of twelve. The beautiful lake spreads out before my chamber window. I hear the soft sound of its waves, and the voice of nightingales. The hour is in soothing contrast with those through which I have this day passed.

* * * *

By this lone lake in this far land,
Thy loose hair in the light wind flying,
Thy sweet voice to each tone of even
United, and thine eyes replying
To the hues of yon fair heaven.

SHELLEY.

I am writing my diary, still from this window at Baveno, which looks out upon Lake Maggiore and the Borromean Islands. Yesterday I sailed through lake Como. The day was favorable. A warm, misty hue softened down the near, as well as the distant. We passed the beautiful villas, Tanzi, Pasta and Pliniana, and in two hours, were between the palaces of Count Sommariva, and the Duke Melzi d'Eril. Untenanted now, we walked through all their halls. The feeling of solitude had never to me seemed half so beautiful. From an elevated terrace, I saw redoubled the opposite shore of the lake,—once in the air, and once distinctly reflected in its glass-like wave. I listened—all was in stillness. 'This is a spot,' said my companion, 'wherein the most world-weary might find rest.' Never indeed was there a finer combination of outward things, to awaken images of intellectual and moral peace,—nature not slumbering, but in deep sleep. There are but few human associations to distract you. Here meditating, haply some sounds of social life, late left in villages and in cities, may be heard. But they disturb you not. Rather are they blended into order and soothing harmony. Lake Como is all that one could desire, enjoyed in silence and in solitude. And yet, the finely colored waves ;

the grand mountains that surround them, from whose summits are, here and there, leaping downwards to the lake, snow-white cascades; and clothing whose sides, are green groves of olive and the chestnut, through which are shining fair country seats, and the frequent spires or churches, do not impress you with all their power, if while surveying them, your ear do not catch the song of Swiss maidens, resounding over the still lake, in time with the oars, which moved by their own hands, are slowly bearing them to and fro, in their evening pleasure-excursion upon the waters. That combination of sights and sounds was the last I enjoyed, previous to leaving for lake Maggiore. This lake now spreads out before me. Its objects have all been seen. I contemplate them with fresher, and a sadder interest, for they are the last of Italy, upon which my eyes are to rest.

What pilgrim to these shrines of nature and of art,—particularly if he journey hither from a far distant shore, whereunto he is now destined to return for ever,—does not, in reluctant sadness, withdraw from them his eyes, his mind, his affections? Let me not say his affections. Happily these are not subjected to the laws, which rule and bind the body. The body departs, the affections long remain. Wonder—love—gratitude—admiration—guided by memory, wander still among the ruins of Rome; the gay, laughing scenes of Naples; the mysterious beauties of Genoa; the intellectual associations of Florence; the sorrowful, noiseless, dream-like grandeur of Venice; the won-

drous offspring of the chisel and pencil, which enrich these great centres of mortal interest ; and more than all, among the scenes of nature, every where interesting, yet rendered a thousandfold more impressive here, by deeds of human hands, and conceptions of human hearts, with which they are irresistibly associated. I have now passed through these scenes, and these centres of interest. My eyes have surveyed, thoroughly as the traveller swiftly passing can survey, the magnificent succession of pictures, whereof these Passages reveal but brief and shadowy glimpses. Italy is now in the past. I turn to her once more, and she rises before me, vast and ever-changing, and lovely like a dream. Her palaces are again distantly visible. Her sculpture and her paintings still breathe with life. Her music still sounds not faintly, but in tones distinct and clear. I sit by this far removed lake ; yet do I hear the voices of her sons and daughters, and I see their shadowy forms and impressive features, as they throng through the arches of St. Mark, or enjoy their holiday thoughts and peasantry sports, upon those happy plains of Lombardy and of Tuscany.

What topics for memory and meditation, does not the traveller through Italy secure ! And more intensely full of thought will they be, if passing beyond the sight which catches the eye, and the sound which falls upon the ear, he penetrates to the spirit—the soul,—whereof those sights and sounds are but the letter and the form. Vulgar and wretched indeed is that curiosity which pauses at these outward, these

merely physical symbols ;—which stares at magnitude because it is great ; which visits the tombs of the gifted and the prison of patriots, merely pronouncing the one damp and the other strong ; which gazes at penciled or sculptured groups, merely because they are well executed ; which notes certain forms of foreign life, only because they are different from any which have heretofore passed beneath his eyes. Such observer can hardly enjoy Italy, whose objects of interest are emphatically for the heart and mind. And not the hurrying traveller can enjoy and understand them, as they may be understood. A residence at important centres, such as the mere tourist can hardly appropriate, is essential. Thus only may he pass into the spirit of men and things. Thus only can he appreciate their designs and bearings. For myself, but a few months swiftly passing have necessarily sufficed. In those few months, what multitudes of wishes have been gratified ! I well remember the feelings, with which I first embarked from the south of France for Italy. I was about to realize what till then, had been to me as a vision. Italy, that so often I had seen, only on the pages of her poets, and orators, and historians ;—Italy, once world-triumphant, now chained to the earth ;—Italy, the ever-memorable, the beautiful, the oppressed, the wronged,—was soon to be more than a dim, distant image. She was to become a present, actual enjoyment. Resting at evening upon the deck of the vessel which was hastening me towards her clime, the very airs seemed to be borne on

fresher wing; the sky was clothed in fairer colors, and the waves themselves, as they broke around the prow, made music to my glad ear, for they were the waves of the Mediterranean, and had washed the classic shores, I was so soon to stand upon. At length, I was among the palaces of Genoa. I heard unknown voices. I saw a strange costume. Behold, said I, this book of human nature and human art, at length opening for my inspection. I felt, as seldom we feel, thronging in upon me thoughts of gladness, of high rejoicing hope, which to all but the young, in their first voyage hither, might appear weak and unworthy. The scenes in the future then, are in the past now. The objects of hope have become the subjects of memory. The poetical part of my travels seems almost to close. A voice is calling. The carriage waits to transport me into the mountains, and thoughts of Switzerland. I shut one volume; the pages of another open before me.

XXVII.

CHILLON.

'Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar.'

LEAVING Geneva in the steamer, at eight o'clock in the morning, I arrived at Vevay at four o'clock on the same day. I say nothing of the deeply blue waters through which I passed, and the fine scenery of either shore. Transferring them to words, will make not more vivid their image on the memory.

While taking a lunch at 'The Three Crowns,' in Vevay, I desired the landlord to send me a *batelier*, as I wished to arrange for a visit, by water, to the Chateau of Chillon. In a few minutes a woman, under an immense straw hat, ornamented with a single blue ribbon, and whose broad rim, at her every step, flapped—gracefully if you please—upon her shoulders, entered my apartment.

'Ah, is this the oars-woman?' inquired I.

She courtesied.

'Eh bien,' I continued, 'I wish to see Chillon,—I am alone, you see—I wish to move quick, and perhaps shall remain there long.—What's the fare?'

'My boat,' replied she, 'is very handsome, *très*

jolie. You shall have two good bateliers. Eight francs, Monsieur. I have taken many English to Chillon.'

'Eight francs,' exclaimed I; 'too much, altogether too much.'

'Ah, Monsieur, it is two hours away from here, and my boat is very good.'

'I'll give you two,' said I.

She shook her head.

'Eh bien, landlord, call me another batelier.'

'Six francs,' said the Swiss dame.

'Be quick, landlord,' said I.

'*Four* francs, Monsieur,' said the woman.

'And who are to be my bateliers?' asked I.

'Myself and my daughter,' she replied.

'Aha, your daughter! Is she young, and does she sing?'

'Oui, Monsieur.'

A bargain was closed. In two hours I was under the walls of Chillon. I saw upon them largely written, the words,—'*Liberté et Patrie.*' They belong to the ensigns of the Republic of Vaud. Tyranny, said I, has at length here ceased, and over *one* of its strong holds, its foe is now triumphant. While surveying the Chateau from divers points, I read out of a pamphlet before me, some passages touching its history.

It was built by order of a Duke of Savoy, in 1238, as a prison of State. For that purpose it served until 1536, when it was besieged and subdued by Charles V., assisted by troops from Geneva and Berne. De-

ascending into its vaults, the conquerors there found, among other prisoners, three citizens of Geneva, who once had been among its magistrates, and François Bonnivard; an illustrious name in the annals of that Republic. It is his character and career, which have surrounded these desolate walls with interest. He was born in 1496. He studied at Turin. On the resignation of his uncle, he became Prior of St. Victor, at Geneva. This Republic he adopted;—drawn, he says, by love of its liberty, whose interests he now ardently espoused. Marrying those interests, his offspring, was alas, but a dungeon and chains. He declared himself the defender of Geneva, against the Duke of Savoy. By that Duke, was Geneva captured. Bonnivard taken prisoner, was thrown into the dungeons of Chillon in 1530. In the vigor of his years; in the full vivacity of his spirit; in the highest energies of his intellect; in the perfect bloom of his affections, we find him torn from the sphere wherein those qualities are so useful, and so graceful, and chained to the pillar of a damp dungeon. There he pines away, without the satisfaction of feeling that his miseries tend to redeem, or in any way to benefit, his adopted country. But, Martyr-patriot, your sufferings have been not altogether in vain. Thinking of you, shall hearts in every age feel their devotion to liberty waxing fresher, and more strong;—and deeper, sterner, and more destroying shall grow their hatred of oppression. It is the sound of chains like yours, which arouses to deeds of retribution the free spirits of the world, and out from your

dreary dungeons shall go for ever forth, 'appeals from tyranny to God.'

Entering beneath the huge portals, I found myself soon descending into the cells, under the conduct of a female. 'The jailer of Bonnivard had not so pleasant a voice as yours,' said I. God hasten that time, when all the political dungeons on the earth, and under the earth, shall be entered only by persons with motives like mine, and I well may add, under like fair guidance.

'There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,
In Chillon's dungeons, deep and old;
There are seven columns, massy and gray,
Dim with a dull imprisoned ray.'

Among these columns I now passed. 'This is the ring of Bonnivard,' said the damsel. 'He was chained here for six years. Here are still traces of his footsteps in the stone pavement.' I walked around the pillar, and seating myself upon an adjacent rock, perused the 'Prisoner of Chillon,' by Lord Byron. The name of its author, carved by his own hand, was upon one of the columns before me. But how indifferent seemed to me the poem! I knew the truth about Chillon, and I was now reading Byron's fiction. That truth is far more impressive than that fiction. Byron's prisoners are all from his brain,—three brothers, two of whom die, and their survivor whines out lamentations, that never could have come from the soul of Bonnivard. Why did not the poet take the simple truth, and surround it with illustrations from his great

genius? Then might the poem have been worthy of the spot. Now, Bonnivard's praises, his noble self-sacrifice, his lofty patriotism, his onward courage, are all unsung. And what are these walls without that associated patriotism, and courage, and self-sacrifice? Chillon may give some interest to the lines of Byron, but, in my mind, those lines add nothing to the interest of Chillon. They are quite merged and forgotten, in the mightier impressiveness of those other associations, full of truth, and full of dignity, that invest these sad memorials of the vengeance of the Duke of Savoy. And yet how many are there, with whom this spot is interesting, only because, forsooth, Lord Byron rhymed about it. 'Have you made the visit to Chillon?' asked I of an Englishman, a few days ago. 'Chillon—Chillon?' muttered he, half-inquiringly. 'Yes, dear,' interrupted his wife, 'Chillon, the castle about which Byron wrote that beautiful poem, you know.' 'Ah, yes,' said the gentleman, 'I'm told its quite a place since Byron wrote about it. A good many English visit it, I'm told.'

I desired to climb up to the grated window, and get a view of the exterior scene. 'Oh no, Monsieur,' said the guide, 'you will have a much finer view from up stairs.' I was resolved, however. What did I care for the view from her kitchen window? I wished to look abroad from the crevice, through which the prisoner's eyes, all glazed and lustreless, had so often looked. Lake Lemán lay before me. The sun was just setting. Had Bonnivard ever turned sighing, from

a scene so fair, back to the desolation of his prison ? Of all the lovely forms of nature about this far-famed lake, the one before me outrivalled any I had yet beheld. No wind was stirring, and its waves were still. The sun, descending behind a cluster of clouds, was reflected therein. Its image was like a vast ingot of burning gold. A moment after, the appearance was changed, and by a fortunate position of the clouds, its light streamed down into the far depths of the lake, and for an instant, I seemed to behold therein a city with a thousand golden spires. As the sun disappeared, the picture was again changed. The light, many-colored, was scattered far over the waters, and Leman was as if a thousand rainbows had been broken into fragments upon its polished breast. The shadows came down. Once more was the scene varied. The last expression was the fairest. Words can give no conception of it. Imagine one vast, wide-wavering, out-spread mantle of changeable silk. But I forget the snow-blanchèd Alps, rising high in the distance. I forget 'Clarens, sweet Clarens,' upon the right ;—the Rhone upon my left, bursting, as it were, through a garden into the lake ; and those little vessels of delicate construction, faintly and far distant seen, as if painted upon the sky. And there is a moral association about these objects. It lends to them one fairest charm. It is of a later time. For a moment Bonnivard is forgotten, and Rousseau arises. This is the scene of his Heloise. *There* are the mountains and the waters, which he once peopled with affections. The heart of

Rousseau seems to live and beat in all things, within the view of yonder Clarens,—the home of Julie, of Claire, and of St. Preux. I turned inward to the cell. The darkness had descended. Already were the damps and solitude beginning to oppress me. A single hour had sufficed to fill me with chills and with dreariness. Alas, for the wretched prisoner of six long years!

The other apartments of the Chateau were visited,—the chamber of the tyrant Duke, and many cells. They have but little definite history attached to them. I took leave of my fair conductress, and as the boat bore me swiftly from the lessening castle, I fell into some reflections.

Since Bonnivard's death, three hundred years have passed away. Great have been the revolutions in the civilized world. Mighty and many truths have been revealed. Each generation pronounces itself wiser and happier, better and more free, than that which preceded it. Man's destiny and his rights have been more clearly revealed, and more widely promulgated. Tyranny is denounced with a louder, and more general voice. We look back with horror upon the chains and dungeons of the feudal age. The memory of the Duke of Savoy is blackened by the sufferings of Bonnivard;—Bonnivard, the worthy gentleman, the enlightened scholar, the noble patriot, and the martyr. The small province once lorded over by the Dukes of Savoy, is not far removed from the present dominions of the Austrian Emperor. In these dominions, I see a prison far more fearful than that which I have just

now left behind me, and lingering out life within its dungeons, are some of the first gentlemen and scholars of Italy.

Alas, thought I, for the political prospects of the human race. The voice of liberty is loud, but the power of its foes, though noiseless, is strong and still unbroken. The sufferings of Bonnivard, of Pellico, and Maroncelli, are but links, a little way apart from each other, in a chain of wrong that will be forging until the end of time. History proves that the spirit of tyranny is immortal, as the spirit of freedom. They are both born from one womb,—ambition in the human breast. Destroy that ambition,—the wish to excel, to be great, to be *above*,—you indeed kill the spirit whose action we call tyranny, and you lay likewise waste some fairest realms of the intellect and the heart. And yet fondly do we look forward to a worthier political life, among this portion of the earth's inhabitants. We hope for an age, when chains shall cease to clank, and dungeons for the free shall be forgotten things; when men shall stand erect in the presence of each other, conscious of equal political rights, and what is more, actually enjoying equal political privileges. Shall that age ever be, as for thousands of years it has ever been, a beguiling dream?

* * * * *

When our boat touched the shore at Vevay, it was after ten o'clock. A knot of Swiss damsels was waiting for the long delayed bateliers. I had forgotten all about

the songs. Mentioning the subject, four of the party rowed a little distance from the shore, and began what they called the 'Vaudois,'—a *cantonal* song. The sentiment was patriotic and affectionate, and the words were very impressively sung. It was the first Swiss song I had heard, at such an hour, on a Swiss lake, among Swiss mountains. Thus heard, it has a character and impressiveness that totally vanish, when transplanted into some dry street, on the other side of the Atlantic. I had heard the Swiss song from various instruments, and likewise from American voices in crowded theatres of my own country, but they did never worthily embody it. Its only fit harp is the Swiss voice; its only theatre is the Swiss lake and mountain; its only worthy auditors are Swiss ears. I enjoyed the present song much, but the native listeners around me, seemed to enjoy it far more. And why should they not? To me it had but the vulgar interest of novelty. To them it was one of the finest teachers. It was an agent in their system of education. It was an influence that wrought kindly upon their character. Its words embodied their recollections, and their hopes; its strain sent quicker pulses through their hearts, and a warmer grasp into each hand. For an hour, I could have passed gladly from an American into a Swiss. One mode, and that not the least interesting, of enjoying a Swiss song, is, closing your ears, to open eyes upon the natives who are listening to it. You will perceive how deeply those tones go beyond the auditory nerve. They touch a thousand heart-strings.

XXVIII.

BERNE AND ITS BEARS.

THE canton of Berne is the largest and most populous of the Swiss cantons. It includes a surface of one hundred and seventy-five square miles, and contains about three hundred thousand inhabitants. It is the second in rank in the Swiss Confederation, and alternately with the cantons of Zurich and Lucerne, presides in quality of Canton-directeur. Its capital city bears the same name, and numbers a population of some fifteen thousand.

Taking my breakfast at the Falcon, the morning after my arrival, I desired the garçon to send me a good valet-de-place. 'And are there any curious things to be seen or heard here?' was among my first questions to him after his entrance. He shrugged his shoulders, and answered that perhaps Monsieur could spend a few hours agreeably in walking about the city. Quite ignorant of what was curious in Berne, and really looking forward to a tame day of it, I put myself implicitly under his guidance.

The first place I was shown into, was the Arsenal. It contains, among its antiquities, the veritable armor of Berthold Fifth, founder of the city. Upon the breastplate is written, in outlandish letters, his name.

His sword is of a weight, which my single arm could with difficulty bear up. The Arsenal is admirably furnished with arms, and speaks in many words, of the warlike part of the Bernois character. 'Every citizen is a soldier, and every soldier is a citizen,' said my guide. The republic is one of citizen warriors. Each man comes up to Berne to be drilled for a month, at the end of which time he returns, a citizen-soldier, to his plough. The administration of the police is simple, and by no means oppressive. Soldiers are not, as in Italy, thronging every resort, and prying into your every thought. Those you meet, look like substantial yeomen, not like ruffians. An Austrian soldier is a personification of the impudent ruffian. A Bernois soldier looks only a little more martial, than a major of your New England militia. An Austrian soldier speaks seldom, and communes not with the citizens around him. His horrid eyes look out frowningly upon them, from a stone-colored visage, whose upper part is made savage by a shaggy bear-skin cap, and whose lower seems far more savage, armed as it is with moustaches and whiskers. A Bernois soldier bears a pleasant phiz; his dress has nothing threatening about it; he speaks neighborly with the poorly clad citizens around, has a smart sentence for any blooming Bernoise *jungfrau*, and chats cozily with the wrinkled antique dames. 'Stand back,' growls the Austrian, lowering his bayonet. 'Old woman,' says the Bernois, tapping her shoulder with a bit of switch, 'you ought to move your basket of butter back a little,

so as to give the passers-by a chance.' The Austrian is obeyed sulkily by foes, by men who frown. The Bernois is obeyed cheerfully by a friend, by one who smiles.

From the Arsenal, my guide moved on to the Cathedral, a gothic structure commenced in 1421. It contains the tomb of the aforementioned Berthold, and tables like those in the Pantheon at Paris, whereon are written the names of martyrs who fell fighting the French, bearing this inscription :—

'Dem Andenken der im Unglucksjahr 1798 für das Vaterland gefallenen.'

Ascending to the belfry, the guide observed, 'this bell is the largest in Switzerland; it is rung only at great festivals, and at the close of the year; and this other, on which you see written the words, *'Castigo Nocentem,'* is sounded only at the execution of a criminal.' 'You are an excellent people,' said I. 'So wide would you have the chasm between guilt and goodness, that even the bell which represents the rejoicing of the one, shall not sound the knell of the other.' My valet was resolved that I should be pleased with every thing in and about Berne. Indeed he subsisted upon the curiosity of travelling beings like myself. His end was to keep that curiosity alive. 'From this point,' said he, 'you get a fine view of Oberland. It is the most interesting part of Switzerland for scenery. Yonder is the Jung-frau.' I looked. The glacier top of the distant mountain shone, like a mass of silver in the sun. 'Nothing can be more beautiful

than the regions about that mountain,' continued the valet. 'English and French often visit that spot, and that only. They come to Switzerland, and having seen Oberland, thereupon depart, deeming nothing else of interest after it. Monsieur will certainly go thither, and if he should want a guide,' insinuated he, touching his hat, and slightly inclining his shoulders, as he took a volume of recommendations from his pocket. I understood him, and half resolved upon the excursion.

He now conducted me through two hospitals, the museum, a library of thirty thousand volumes, and among the very numerous and lovely promenades, which thread and surround the city. We had now seen up all the lions, and were returning home, when pausing before the tower of the clock, he bade me look upwards, as twelve was about striking. At one third the distance between the ground and the belfry, was seated in a niche, a bearded old man, with an hour-glass in his right hand, and a rod in his left. Upon one side of him was a cock, and upon the other a lion erect. Over his head, was a little image at each side of which was a bell, and *below* him was a procession of very grotesque figures. 'Hark,' said my guide, 'the cock is crowing.' I observed his wings spreading, and his neck extending. When he had finished an effort, that sounded like a splintered fragment from the strain of some hand-organ, the little image above the head of the old man, Time, commenced twelve alternate strokes on the bells beside it, and at the same instant, that grotesque procession below,

began to move circularly,—coming out at one door and disappearing through another. That procession was composed entirely of *bears*. One was mounted on a horse ; another was beating a drum ; another played a fife ; another armed, held a spear in rest ; another was dressed like a burgomaster ; and still another moved in its own natural position, with a gilded crown upon its head. The image soon ceased striking, the procession ceased its motion, and the cock again crowed. A large statue in the belfry far above, now solemnly began to strike the hour of twelve. The hour-glass suddenly turned in the hand of Time, while at every stroke, his chin fell as if gasping for breath, the rod in his left hand was spasmodically jerked, and the head of the lion erect was twitched to this side and that, without mercy. The cock concluded the performance by again crowing. As I moved away, I recollected that the figure of a bear had met me at almost every corner. When I entered the city, two huge bruins perched upon the gate posts, as invitingly as they could looked out upon me. In the library, every book bore upon its cover the image of a bear. In the museum, his form was preserved, from the tender age of eight days, up through to the shaggy period of eight years. On one of the fountains, I had seen him largely erect, armed cap-à-pie, a sword on either side, with visor down, and bearing in his right hand a flaming standard, while a cub beneath, in the attitude of a page, was peacefully working away at a bunch of grapes. ‘What does all this mean?’ said I to my

valet. 'Aha,' replied he in the Swiss style, 'I will explain it to you, and in the mean time, we will go and see the veritable bears themselves, living and breathing.'

In bad German and worse French, he related that when, in 1191, Berthold Fifth had founded the city, he was in great perplexity about a name for it. Not being of quick invention himself, he assembled all his chief warriors at a sumptuous banquet, and for three days they all cogitated and ate, and ate and cogitated. However, at the end of that time, neither intellectual nor physical digestion had produced any desirable result. They were as far from a name as ever. The child was still unchristened. At length it was resolved that there should be a general hunt, and that the name of the animal first brought down, should be adopted. That animal was a stag. Berthold was indignant that the name of the emblem of timidity, should be given to a city founded by a warrior,—and likewise, as some wickedly say, being fearful of the wags, since, while *he* was old, his *wife* was young and pretty. He commanded the chase to recommence. A bear was the next trophy. The city was named Berne, from Bar, the German for bear. Bruin was now taken into almost religious consideration. He was made part of the ensigns of the canton. An enclosure was set apart near the city, for the residence of a male and female. A rich lady dying, left sixty thousand livres for their support, and for centuries have the honors of those original progenitors been transmitted from parent to

child, until at length they abide in the four shaggy individuals now before us. On looking up, I found that we had arrived at the just named enclosure. It is divided by a wall into two parts, one of which is destined for the parents, the other for their offspring. Of the elder bruins, the husband was taking a nap under a shading tree, while his antique bride, seated on her haunches, was, with open mouth and paws, catching the bits of bread flung to her by the straggling Bernois, who hither come at all hours of the day to manifest their reverence, and have refreshed their recollections of the heroic age of Switzerland. When these veterans perish, their young take their place, and go on propagating the Bernois glories as usual.

I confess that while looking at them, I felt an emotion towards the general bruin race, which till now had been quite a stranger to me. While I could not but smile at their pacing awkwardness of gait, their ludicrous brevity of tail, their quizzical expression of countenance, their continual apparent effort to make fun without being able; I still remembered that before me were links of a chain, that hold together some most pleasant remembrances of this people,—the deeds of a fierce and chivalrous age, through them associated with the peace and pastoral enjoyments of this less martial day. Bruin arose into something like dignity. The honors paid him here, seemed to be some remuneration for the obloquy heaped upon him every where else. Let the bruins, said I departing, though persecuted in every other land beneath the sun,—though doomed for hours

to dance on plates of red hot iron; though shown in cages, merely that ragged boys may laugh at their awkwardness; though exhibited in literary servitude, with chains about their neck, to a most wretched curiosity under the soothing appellation of 'learned bears,' and though serving to thousands as an emblem of incivility, or of gluttonous hunger;—let them still be consoled. Not totally are they outcasts. If every where else they are but bears, in one spot are they assuredly lions. In a fair city of a fair canton of Switzerland, by worthy men and beautiful women, they are regarded as types of heroism; as the memorials of a glorious age; as worthiest ensigns of a flourishing republic; as centres around which may well be gathered some most enthusiastic recollections of a most chivalrous people.

XXIX.

OBERLAND.

HAVING resolved upon a short tour through Oberland, I engaged a place in the *coupée* of the Diligence, departing from Berne for Thun, at four o'clock of the afternoon.

A Diligence is not like an American stage coach, in which every passenger has an equal right to any and every place,—always excepting the back seat, which the gentlemen are invariably expected to resign to ladies. Every place therein is *numbered*, and its number is appended visibly thereunto. Purchase No. 14. It entitles you to a seat, like mine, in the *coupée*. You feel sure of your place. You look not forward to any interruption. There is no rushing for seats. There is no desiring of gentlemen to change places for a moment, as one of the passengers is unfortunately made sick, by riding backwards. There is no door-opening, just as the Diligence is setting off, for the squeezing and boosting in of a fat woman, to oust three gentlemen from their comfortable lodgings on the back seat. All is admirably regulated. At least, it is so in theory. Sometimes here, as in other important cases, the application of the theory may be attended with some difficulty. I have

just had an illustration in this way. When I arrived, five minutes before four, at the bureau of the Diligence, I found, that although the horses were not yet harnessed in, the coupée was completely filled by two smoking Germans, and a lady. I respectfully gave notice, that I was entitled to a seat in this part of the Diligence. As no one took particular heed of my suggestion, I was in doubt as to who was the intruder. On application to the *Conducteur*,—whose business, quite distinct from the driver's, is to superintend the baggage and behavior of passengers,—we ascertained, by a calling of names, that the intruder was the aforementioned lady. 'Madam, the gentleman is entitled to No. 14. Yours is No. 8, will you please to take it?' Now No. 8 was in the *interieur*, a far less favorable situation for enjoying the air and looking abroad, than was No. 14. The lady talked German words; she had a red face; she had a big fiery nose whereon were several carbuncles, and moreover was in frame, of most stout, expansive Dutch dimensions. There was nothing here that warranted immediate chivalry on my part, and so I let the conducteur pursue the usual course. The woman stuck firmly to the seat. 'Madam, you *must* descend,' said the conducteur, slightly strengthening his tone. The woman now shouted out that she would not. She had *sent* for No. 14. The boy, by mistake, had purchased No. 8. She was not going to sit in No. 8. She was in the place she sent for, and she would keep it; and thereupon she settled back in silence. There were two immense

obstacles to removing her,—her obstinacy and her weight. The conducteur looked disconsolately at me, I looked dubiously at the conducteur, and the stable boy laughed aloud. There was no longer any doubt as to what should be my course. I sprang into No. 8, denouncing the boasted superiority of the Diligence system ; denouncing fat women, who with their fatness unite obstinacy, and vainly striving to console myself for an almost total loss of the beautiful scenery between Berne and Thun, for the purpose of enjoying which, I had been very vigilant in securing a right to No. 14.

We arrived at Thun at seven o'clock in the evening. I took a chamber in Knechtenhofer's hotel, on the strength of a card, in which it was represented as commanding some of the 'most ravishing scenes in nature, unsurpassable not only in the beauty of its site, but likewise in its *agrémens et commodités de la vie.*' I was pleasantly situated. The Aar, which has its source among the glaciers, flowed beneath my window ; lake Thun, one of the loveliest in Switzerland was in sight ; and far away in the evening sunlight shone the summits of the Jungfrau, the Blumlisalp, and the Schreckhorn. The music, which is usually heard about Swiss hotels on pleasant evenings, lulled me to slumbers, in which I dreamed of happy hours on the morrow, in the far-famed Oberland.

This name is given to a tract of country, lying in the southern part of the canton of Berne. It is composed of four valleys, around and through which run

the Alps, in their every form of beauty and sublimity. In a vast region, characterized for lovely scenery, these spots hold pre-eminent rank. Talk to a Swiss of the beauty of Geneva, or of Zurich, or of the Tyrol. 'Ah, but you should go to Oberland,' will be the answer. I *am* going to Oberland, said I, and on the morning after my arrival at Thun, I rose at five, and with my guide walked to a summit, that commands one of the first views into that fine region. We were anticipated. Half a dozen damsels were there, thus early plucking flowers for presents to the strangers, from all parts of Europe, at the inns of the village below. I shall say nothing of the view before me. Seen in this freshness of the morning, no pen can describe it; nor yet is it the fairest in Oberland.

At ten o'clock, the steamer moved off for Inter-laken,—a little village situated in a vale, at the eastern extremity of lake Thun. 'Avoid a steamer, if you would enjoy lake scenery;—take a small boat with oars,' says somebody. The remark is well enough, but can hardly apply to the fairy-like, noiseless craft constructed of iron, in which I am now sailing. It is small, and ornamented like something intended for the eye alone; no motion is felt; no mechanical noise is heard—while swiftly and mysteriously, as if impelled by water nymphs, it glides through the waves to its destined port. A sort of organ, placed upon the prow, is playing Swiss airs to some dozen listeners in the '*premieres*,' and to some twenty youth in the '*secondes*,' whom, clad in rough

hunting-shirts, with wine-flasks suspended from their necks, I ascertain to be Bernois school-boys, about to make with their teacher, a health excursion among the Alps.

Having arrived at the port, my guide engaged a *char-à-banc* to convey me to Grindelwald. Now a *char-à-banc* is a vehicle so very ridiculously inconvenient, that seemingly it could have been invented, only to prove that no one mode of carriage-construction is superior to any other. It is drawn by one horse, and is generally designed for three persons; and so placed is the seat, that these three must inevitably *'ride sideways*. Hence, exactly one half the world through which they are passing, is quite shut out. Now as the face of the vehicle, instead of looking out, as does that of all other vehicles, boldly in front, only looks out upon one side; the part designed for the feet necessarily comes tapering down, almost to a point, between two of the wheels. The three travellers are thus compelled to put their toes and heels, all close together down into a common foot-bath, and so they jog along, side-foremost, looking out disconsolately upon one half the world, and presenting a sort of culprit, gallows spectacle, which you are in doubt whether to pity, or laugh at. The idea of such mode of conveyance, could certainly have never been conceived by a man accustomed to walk straight forward through the world, or who had more than one eye.

I had no sooner entered the engaged *char-à-banc*, than I sprang out again. A visit to Alpine scenery in

such a box, seemed not unlike witnessing the play of Hamlet, wherein the part of the prince of Denmark is, by particular request, omitted. I moved swiftly away, on foot, notwithstanding certain sorry ejaculations of the driver, who still in hope, drove his vehicle for some distance by my side, occasionally tapping his horse with his whip, and informing me by way of bait, that the *English* preferred this mode of conveyance to any other.

We walked on through Interlaken, now alas, no more a village of the Swiss, but crowded with hotels and English; a village in which the original natives have merged half their simple, captivating manners, and half their costume, in English surliness, and attempts at English fashionable dress. We pass along the banks of the stream Lutschinen, through a pleasant vale. Upon our right are seen the ruins of the château of Unsprunnen. A warrior of that name once lived here, famed for vast possessions, and wide influence in the canton of Berne. His castle, one of the many relics of the stern and chivalrous age of Switzerland, is half-crumbled. The ivy hangs thick around it. Crossing the little brook of Saxeten, we enter the valley of Lauterbrunnen. The valley is beautiful. The green gardens and pasturages, are overlooked by ice-capped mountains. Flowers and snows in strange proximity,—winter and summer joined hand in hand. My guide pointed out to me a rock, wherefrom I translated the following inscription: ‘Here, by his brother, was slain the Baron de Rothenfluh. The murderer, obliged to

fly, ended his life in exile and despair. He was the last of a once wealthy and powerful family.' For the legend attached to it, I am indebted to the research of Alexander Dumas. Near it was formerly a château, the residence of two brothers, named Ulric and Rudolph. They chanced to fall in love with the same lady. Ulric was preferred. For some time, the rejected concealed his grief and hate. At length, on the morning of the day on which the nuptials were to be celebrated, he invited his brother to join him in a chase upon the mountains. The invitation was, without suspicion, accepted. Having arrived at the above-named rock, where all was solitude, Rudolph drew a dagger and plunged it into the bosom of his brother. Ulric fell. The murderer buried his victim, and in the Lutschinen washed from his hands the blood with which they were crimsoned. Having removed all stain, he rose and looked once more towards the scene of his wickedness. The body of his brother was visible upon the grave! Not knowing what to make of this, Rudolph dug a new grave, and once more interred the body. When the interment was completed, he found himself covered with blood from head to foot. To the stream again he went, and once more washing his person, he once more looked towards the last dug grave. A scream was heard; the body still unquiet, had once more risen to his view. The story goes, that by Ulric's retainers was his body secured, and decently interred in the castle. Rudolph perished with hunger among the mountains.

We continued our course up the Lutschinen, which like all the streams among the Alps, plunges, and roars and shoots about to this side and that, as if possessed of mountain-demons. The Alps ascended thousands of feet on every side. Each moment I expected to be stopped in our course by the elevation before us, when a little further advance revealed the path still continued amidst ever-varying scenery. At length, we arrived at a hotel, and having taken lunch, moved forward to the central curiosity of the valley—the cascade of Staubach. Its waters are precipitated perpendicularly *nine hundred* feet. Falling that far height, they are in part converted to light mist, and may be seen re-ascending ere they have touched the earth. When beheld in sun light, the fall is beautiful; under any other circumstances it is nothing more than a very ordinary, common-place affair. The rock, adown which is made the plunge, presents a dreary and barren sight, but below, you have fresh verdure, with spring-like beauty, and thousands of flowers there alone growing, daughters of the cataract, their frail forms contrasting impressively with the roar and majesty, amidst which they live. I recall many images made use of, to give others an idea of this waterfall. In the last description I read, it is likened to the white tail of some giant charger. That image is expressive, though it certainly elevates the tail, at the expense of the cataract. That body of water, solid and thick at the top, soon separates, and growing lighter and still more light, terminates in a dim vapor. Looking at it

long, I seemed to see the continual falling of innumerable snow-white, exploded sky-rockets. This is one of the most boasted cataracts in Switzerland, and in point of beauty, may deserve its reputation. As for sublimity, *that* is an emotion it was never designed to awaken. Departing from the sound of water, the sound of voices approached. They came from damsels, who while knitting together in a little group, with great assiduity, were trying to make an impression upon our purses, through one of their wild mountain songs. After their music had been despatched, an old woman presented me a basket. 'What's here?' inquired I. 'Beautiful mountain crystals,' responded she. 'Every traveller buys some.' Having despatched the crystals, another woman held at my breast something like an ancient pistol. 'What's this?' asked I. 'Surely the gentleman wishes to hear the fine echoes among the mountains,' was the reply. The pistol having been discharged, and the long reverberations heard, we departed, and after three hours' walk, were at the inn of the valley of Grindelwald. I had hardly finished my dinner at the inn, when the garçon entered to inform me, that the band of singers belonging to the valley, desired permission to enter and give me a specimen of their art. So reasonable a request could not well be refused. They sang well, though three of them had enormous goitres, and only one could be called even passably beautiful.

After the songs, I accompanied my guide to the glaciers of Grindelwald. To one, has been given the

epithet 'Grand.' It is the largest I have seen, but cannot be compared in beauty with many others, It came on to rain, and I was compelled to take refuge in my chamber. The storm increased and soon raged. Opening my window, I enjoyed what I had often longed for, a thunder-storm among the Alps. Certainly a grand spectacle!—Clouds flying, as if affrighted, from the storm; the lightning flashing through them, and loud thunder pouring its volleys, a thousand times re-echoed along vales and mountains. I flung myself back into my arm-chair, and contemplated the scene. What is it to be a traveller, but to forget the past, and think not on the future; to enjoy intensely the present; to call every thing your own; to mingle with the mountains and the storms; to imagine all smiling on you in kindness; to laugh at every vexation; and to be content with every form of your wandering life? Surely it is no more difficult thus to feel and act, than to eternally growl at garçons; grumble every night at lodgings; to be vexed at shifting climates; to imagine all civilities extended, merely for the purpose of getting your money; to be indifferent to the sight or sound before you, because forsooth, it is not quite so fine as some sight or sound you may have previously enjoyed. Sudden is the coming on, and going off of an Alpine tempest. I had hardly concluded thoughts, into which every traveller must now and then fall, when the clouds partially disappeared, the moon shone full upon the glacier surpassingly brilliant in its beams, and, what somewhat startled me, the sound of Swiss songs arose from be-

neath my window. Surely this is a land of music and romance, thought I. The voices of nature, and the voices of man intermingle in harmony. The grand and beautiful of one, the simple, and affectionate in the other, are in close brotherhood. The world's jars and discords do seldom enter here. Religious rancor, political strife, all those hoarse things that unstring the heart, and make mortal 'life unsweet,' are far removed.

The storm and music had now both ceased. Looking from my window upon the clear silent night, I heard suddenly, a loud, far-distant moaning sound. I was at a loss what to make of it. It grew fainter and more faint. At length it ceased, and all again was still. I heard a whisper from one of the singers below ; ' it is the avalanche.'

I retired to slumbers and refreshment, for the morrow was to be a day of toil, in crossing the Grand Scheideck.

* * * * *

I left the inn, still attended by my guide, at six o'clock in the morning. The ascent of the grand Scheideck is not very difficult. You forget the labor, thinking of the objects which attend your path. What for scenery, and picturesque costume, the eye is continually upon the lookout. I was greeted at every moment, by groups of peasantry. Seeing the traveller's approach from a distance, three or four young Swiss perch themselves upon a convenient point, and as he is passing they commence a song, and extend to him, with a pleasant face, bunches of

flowers, plucked from amidst the snows. On reaching the top of this mountain, which lies between the valley of Rosenlaur and the valley of Grindelwald, I looked back upon the latter for the last time. Were it not rather irregular, it might be likened in form to a tunnel. On every side, the Alps slant up from it, clad one half in green, and the other in snowy white. All over the inhabitable parts, are scattered hundreds of wooden huts, of a reddish brown color, where in winter dwell the peasantry, and higher up are the little *chalets*, or manufactories of cheese, used only in mid-summer. The herds are seen grazing near them, and often will the green carpet on which they stand, be variegated by streams, all foaming white, which shoot at random through it. Those huts are tenanted by hard working men and women, and by blooming youth. Their serious moments are given to the Protestant faith, their merry ones to the dance and the song. Their thoughts seldom go beyond those hills, and their bodies still seldomer. They are born here; they grow up here; they love here; they marry here; they die here, and here are they buried. They pass from their cradles to their graves, not hurriedly, in whirls of passionate excitement, but calmly, humbly, contentedly. I know nothing more delightful than the images of peace and simplicity, which the contemplation of a vale like this, is calculated to bring into the heart.

The descent of the Scheideck was more difficult, than the ascent. The snow crossed our path frequently, and often were we half buried in its depths.

We descend into the sweet vale of Rosenlaui. We come amidst fir trees and flowers. The splash of cascades greets again the ear. We are in the vicinity of a glacier. Arriving at the inn, we made preparations for visiting the latter, situated at a distance of three quarters of a mile. We happened by chance to meet a party of English here, bent at this moment on the same little excursion. Some one, I think it is Bulwer, says, that English travellers, by reason of certain manners, easily described as well as conceived, are universally abominated on the continent. They have funds, and of course are endured. They are endured and disliked. What they are at home, we pretty well know. Abroad, they centre about them no affectionate interest. At Rome, I heard an Englishman, himself a curiosity, remark, that 'two things in the world he much abhorred, an English flirt, and an English puppy, and'—after a pause he added,—'particularly an English puppy in Italy.' Whether his abhorrence might with propriety be extended to English among the Alps, I shall not now say. It certainly might embrace an English *Buck* in those regions. There was one in this party. He had not left at home even the trim fashion of Regent street. Before him chanced to stand, a Bernoise damsel in her native costume. The personifications of affectation and simplicity within three feet of each other! The one, though not confused, is not at ease. She stands with hands folded upon her breast. She looks at random, now on the mountain top, now at the glacier, and now at the dog

by her side. What is the cause of this little embarrassment? The tall London loon has been staring at her some ten minutes. He surveys her from head to foot, through a little round glass suspended from between his eyelid and his eyebrow. He is bobbing a switch complacently against his snub of a nose, and finally after a long impertinent scrutiny, he walks off with the single remark drawled out, 'Well, she *is* pretty.' What has such a specimen to do among Alpine scenes? He wishes to say to his friends in Lun-nun, that he has seen a glacier.

The glacier of Rosenlauri is reputed the most beautiful of any in Switzerland. In a region containing more than four hundred, this is some ground for celebrity. After all, it is but a small *part* of a glacier. Each mass of ice, to which that name has been applied, is reckoned to be from one to seven leagues in length, half a league at least in breadth, and from one to six hundred feet deep. The mass before me does not extend half a mile in length; it is about three hundred feet wide, and perhaps one hundred deep; so that, as I have hinted, it is but a little end, or overhanging corner, of the great mass of ice above. It comes down towards the plain, from between two high mountains. Imagine a sea above to have broken its boundaries, and while plunging a part of its waters into the valley, to have in an eye's-twinkling, been congealed by chillest powers of the arctic zone. You will have something like the glacier of Rosenlauri. Within, are some small caverns. I entered several of them.

I have seen no colors more beautiful, than the blue and green there combined. The continual action of water has wrought upon the roofs and sides, so as to give them the smooth polished beauty, and graceful curves of the sea shell. Far below, we heard the roar of waters. A river was commencing its course at its fountain. Indeed, the glaciers are springs to some of the principal rivers in Europe.

We left this scene and moved along the vale. On every side, cascades were streaming down in profusion most dazzling. Arriving at a platform which overlooks the valley and village of Meyringen, we counted *nine* within the eye's embrace, each falling at least a thousand feet. And never surely was there a vale of more surpassing loveliness, than that into which they descend. The traveller rests his eye upon it long, as on a scene of sweetest repose. What a refreshing pause in his toilsome pilgrimage! Wherever his eye turns, a new beauty starts forth to meet and gratify it. And from the famed cascade of Reichenbach, down the vale towards Brienz, upon the banks of the Aar new and impressive views are continually unfolding themselves. They are not for the pen, but the pencil. They are not for the mere scribbling tourist, but in their never-ending variety, for the Brills, the Claudes, and the Salvator Rosas.

Brienz is situated at the head of a little lake of the same name. It is a purely Swiss village. It stands right under a hill. The houses are of the simple Swiss make. They seem to skulk away under their

immense, overhanging roofs. When distantly seen, they remind one of those large buildings, in which are constructed ships of war. Then again, they look like huge tortoises slyly couched under their shell. That part which is not roof, is crowded with windows composed of numerous little round panes of glass. Sometimes, at the end looking streetward, will be puffed forth through a little pipe, the interior smoke; and often may you read thereon in large German letters, the name of its builder, some pious verse from the Bible, or a prayer that it may be saved from thunder and lightning. There can be nothing more serious than this aspect. You are reminded of Dutch parsons under broad rimmed hats, soberly smoking Sunday pipes. If you enter, you find the building parcelled off into little rooms, destined each for some peculiar ends. Those which are not filled with pans and children, are appropriated to the pigs, cows, and horses, that with their masters, here live in a state of hand-in-hand equality, with which the most radical leveller of the age, could not for an instant possibly find a jot of fault. At the other end, upon the outside, will you see some dozen or twenty bee-hives, and in a sort of portico, five or six leathern buckets to serve in case of fire. Around such buildings, at evening stroll the men silently smoking their pipes, the old women knitting and exclaiming '*ja, ja,*'—and the young, in groups of four and six, walking arm in arm, and as they laughingly chant portions of their native songs, affording another illustration of that abounding happi-

ness, which meets you wherever you go among these mountains.

I had no sooner descended from a lofty point commanding some fine evening prospects, and made my jaunt through the village, when the garçon announced that the singers were ready. I was somewhat startled at the abruptness of the announcement. I afterwards found, that here was one of the finest musical corps in the Oberland, and that its members made it a point to wait upon all travellers, and entertain them, with or without remuneration. I'll hear their music, by all means, thought I. It is a part of Switzerland. The song is the literature of this people. It is their theatre, the expression and reflection of their character. I look upon it as an intellectual and moral type, worthy of some attention. 'I am ready for the song,' said I. Six damsels entered a boat. I was desired to enter another. We were rowed beyond the noises of the village. The shadows of evening prevented any knowledge of the age, or comeliness of my entertainers. Here, as every where else, these songs were very impressive. They were the genuine Swiss mountain songs, free and fresh as the air which bore them over the lake. And I do believe that nowhere, save among these mountains, were they ever heard in their pure simple beauty. Pieces are sung at Paris, London, and New York, in a style pretending to be the true national style. Never was there greater deception. That style has been created by some music-master, and invariably smells of the theatre. The

style of singing among these mountains and on these lakes, is the result of an education by the Swiss themselves. It is the child of their own taste. The same song is often sung differently, in different parts of the same canton, because the taste determining it is different. But however they may differ, they are invariably pleasing. Their harmonies are generally very perfect. Seldom is your ear offended by false notes. But let a false note now and then appear, and a harmony be now and then imperfect; what care you, if you can but get therewith the song in its own natural home, in its pure mountain freshness and vigor, from hearts and voices whereunto it seems native as their speech? I heard this evening some twenty, and of them all, how expressive and beautiful were the Ranz de Vaches of Oberland, and the Ranz de Vaches of Schwytz. The Ranz de Vaches—the chime for the cows—is the song sung by peasants when driving their herds to and fro the *Alpage*, or summer pasturage among the Alps. Each canton, nay, each valley, has its Ranz de Vaches. In this little excursion, I have heard at least thirty. The sentiment is in praise of the spring, the happiness of a herdsman's life, or in encouragement to virtuous industry. The Ranz de Vaches of Oberland is to my taste the finest. It is a most sweetly modulated succession of most musical echoes.

It is, however, the moral association about these melodies, which has ever kept most fresh my interest in them. They are the fine poetical inheritance of this people. The strains embodied by the young

voices before me, were the strains known to their fathers. They extend back through many ages, and in their airy bonds, hold together many a sweet and affectionate recollection. They are interwoven with their earliest infancy. They grow up with them as necessarily as their language or their costume. They are various, and thus adapted to many occasions. They are sung in the laboring fields, at the tranquil fireside, at the festive dance, at moments of departure for distant shores, in hours of sadness, and at the graves of the dead. These circumstances have, for me, invested them with an interest and significancy, which otherwise they might not have possessed. One of the *adieux*, or parting songs, I heard on the subsequent day, at Giessbach. It was performed by an old man and his five children. On inquiry, I learned that the parent had witnessed the departure of one of his sons, for the other side of the Atlantic. The strain was full of pathos, and of pathos in very good taste too. I had seen upon those distant shores, many sons and daughters of Switzerland, whom that music had sounded from their homes. I had seen them, neglecting their costume, forgetting their characteristics, and melting themselves away into the mighty mass of the western world. I reflected upon the pain of parting. I saw them leaving these valleys, and mountains, and streams—scenes into which even I, a stranger, wandering but briefly through them, had become attached, and strongly linked, as to a friend. I saw their houses deserted—these vales no longer visited by their voice—

their faces saddened and turned towards an unknown shore. I saw these pictures, for they were embodied in the song to which I was listening.

The cascade of Giessbach, notwithstanding the numerous waterfalls I had seen in Oberland, seemed well to repay a visit. Like all the cascades in this region, it is made up of a small quantity of water, falling from a great height. After five or six leaps, it plunges into lake Brienz. It rushes among yawning crevices, and often may its white foaming waters be seen, by glimpses, through green foliage which here and there overhangs it. Other cascades fall directly into the lake. Seen from a distance, they are graceful ornaments, streaming like ribands from the mountain tops. We sailed through the lake in a little, half-covered boat, impelled by three oarsmen. A few hours sufficed to bring us safely to Interlaken, having performed a circuit of some twenty-five leagues, in the fairest part of Switzerland.

Thus ends my excursion through Oberland,—an excursion to be remembered, through many coming years, with a peculiar pleasure,—an excursion, whose events may well be chronicled as a pastoral chapter in my life's volume. If haply any one should glance his eye over these Passages, whom real or fancied wrongs have made weary of his fellow-beings and of the world, I could for him perform no kindlier office than to advise a tour through Oberland. Let him for a few days pass from strife, and toil and passion. Let him enter these scenes. Let him strive to mingle

with the mountains and streams,—themselves, like him, a part of universal nature. Let him contemplate the calm and passionless forms, which that benignant parent here assumes. Certainly some calm, sympathy-awakening emotions will be breathed into his heart. Let him, moreover, look at the forms of peasantry life here existing,—their simplicity ; their affectionateness ; their uncomplaining contentment. Nowhere in the world can friendships be created so quickly, and at so little cost. His kind words will always be returned with like kindness. His smile will be warmly reflected in every face. Wherever he goes he will be greeted with respect, not distant but near like a friend's, and when he bids an adieu, voices will follow him, wishing that his journey be happy, and his path of life sweet. Surely influences like these may move him to kindlier regards for his race, and to better resolutions for the future. If he do not return into society, with stronger attachments to life and to duty, he must at least feel, that there are some regions of the world where human nature is not altogether to be loathed, and some objects of grandeur and of beauty, for enjoying which life is not altogether in vain.

THE END.

2.4,

15

